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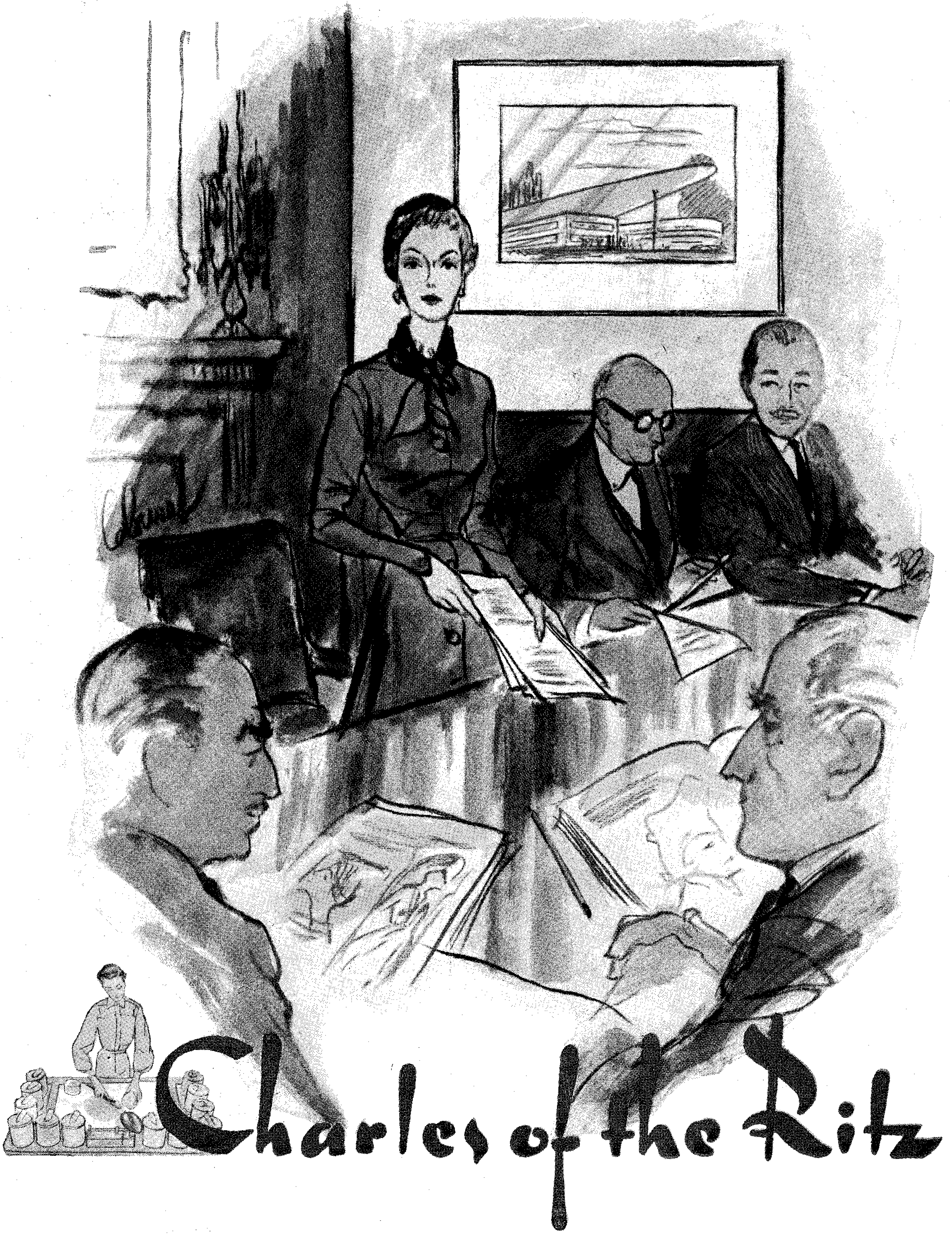

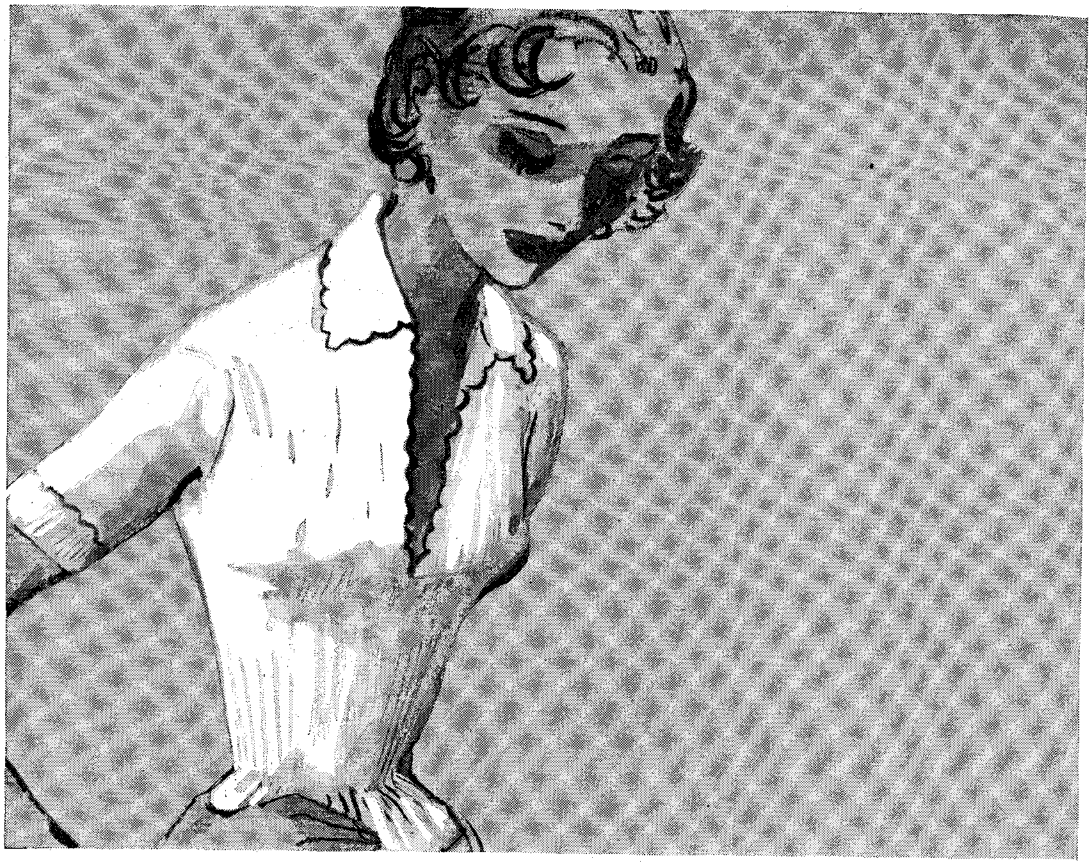

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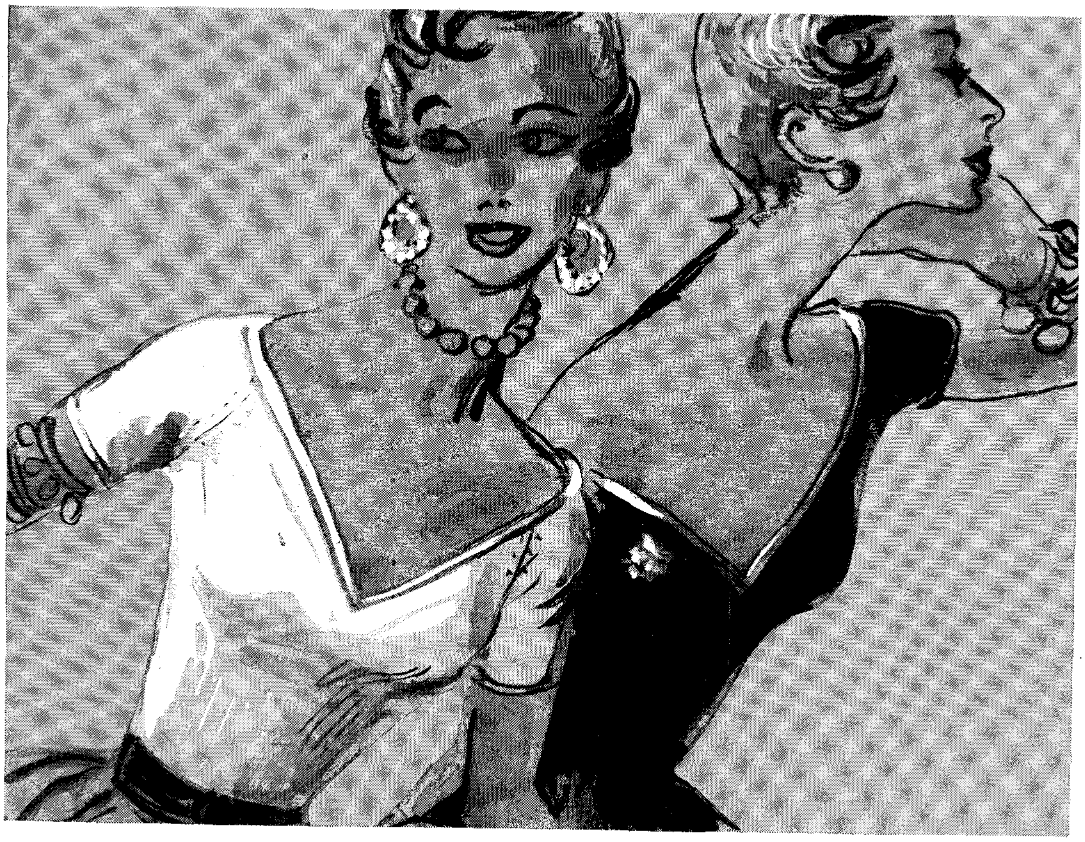

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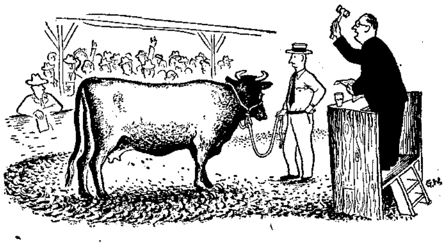

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Season—Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik providing most of the laughs. Richard Whorf shares the showroom with Mr. Skulnik. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—An excellent comedy, derived by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French original. It concerns some droll convicts in Cayenne who want to see justice done according to their own eccentric notions. Boris Aronson has contrived an efficient set, and Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler fulfill the authors' fondest expectations. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A fine play by William Inge, which was directed by Joshua Logan and has Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin in its cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take a Giant Step—The problems besetting a young Negro coming of age in a white community are interestingly stated in this play by Louis Peterson, but the answers are not very conclusive. Louis Gossett, Frederick O'Neal, and Estelle Hemsley give outstanding performances. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Robert Anderson's play has its affecting moments, but on the whole it doesn't quite come off. Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are admirable in the central roles, and the cast, which was directed by Elia Kazan, includes Leif Erickson, John McGovern, and Richard York. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**dial "m" for murder:** An English melodrama, by Frederick Knott, about a man (Maurice Evans) who hires an old college mate to murder his wife. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell plays the protagonist and Vanessa Brown is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Little Hut—André Roussin's comedy, adapted by Nancy Mitford and imported from London. In the cast of five, under the direction of Peter Brook, are Roland Culver, Anne Vernon, and Colin Gordon. Presented by John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

At Home with Ethel Waters—Miss Waters, as ever was, in a longish program of songs she's sung before. Reginald Beane is at the piano. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.)

Can-Can—The choreography by Michael Kidd, the scenery by Jo Mielziner, and Motley's costumes are chiefly responsible for the appeal of this play about Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, Abe Burrows did the book, and the cast is distinguished by the presence of Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—That favorite theme, backstage life, has now been given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. The best things about the result are the breezy choreography by Robert Alton and the inventive settings by Jo Mielziner, a busy man around town these days. With Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—On its third time around, the Gershwin folk opera seems brighter than ever. With Porgy played in rotation by LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes, and Bess by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, and with Cab Calloway taking the part of Sportin' Life and John McCurry that of Crown, the music and attendant uproar are in good hands. Directed by Robert Breen, the revival has the services of Alexander Smallens as conductor. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	138
THE CURRENT CINEMA	135
FOOTBALL	80
LETTER FROM LONDON	100
LETTER FROM PARIS	82
LETTER FROM VIENNA	120
MUSICAL EVENTS	118
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	104
THE RACE TRACK	136
THE THEATRE	68

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Wonderful Town—"My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and direction by George Abbott. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, who dramatized the Ruth McKenney stories in the first place, concocted the lively book, and Rosalind Russell proves to be a versatile comedienne, with plenty of humor to compensate for a rather sketchy knowledge of singing and dancing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**guys and dolls:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon. Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight portray some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King; Constance Carpenter is the English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Went over big with the Druids. Now with Martha Wright and George Britton. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Life in a summer resort in the Catskills. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Late Love—Arlene Francis, Lucile Watson, and Neil Hamilton in a comedy by Rosemary Casey. Staged by John C. Wilson and presented by Michael Abbott. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 13. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

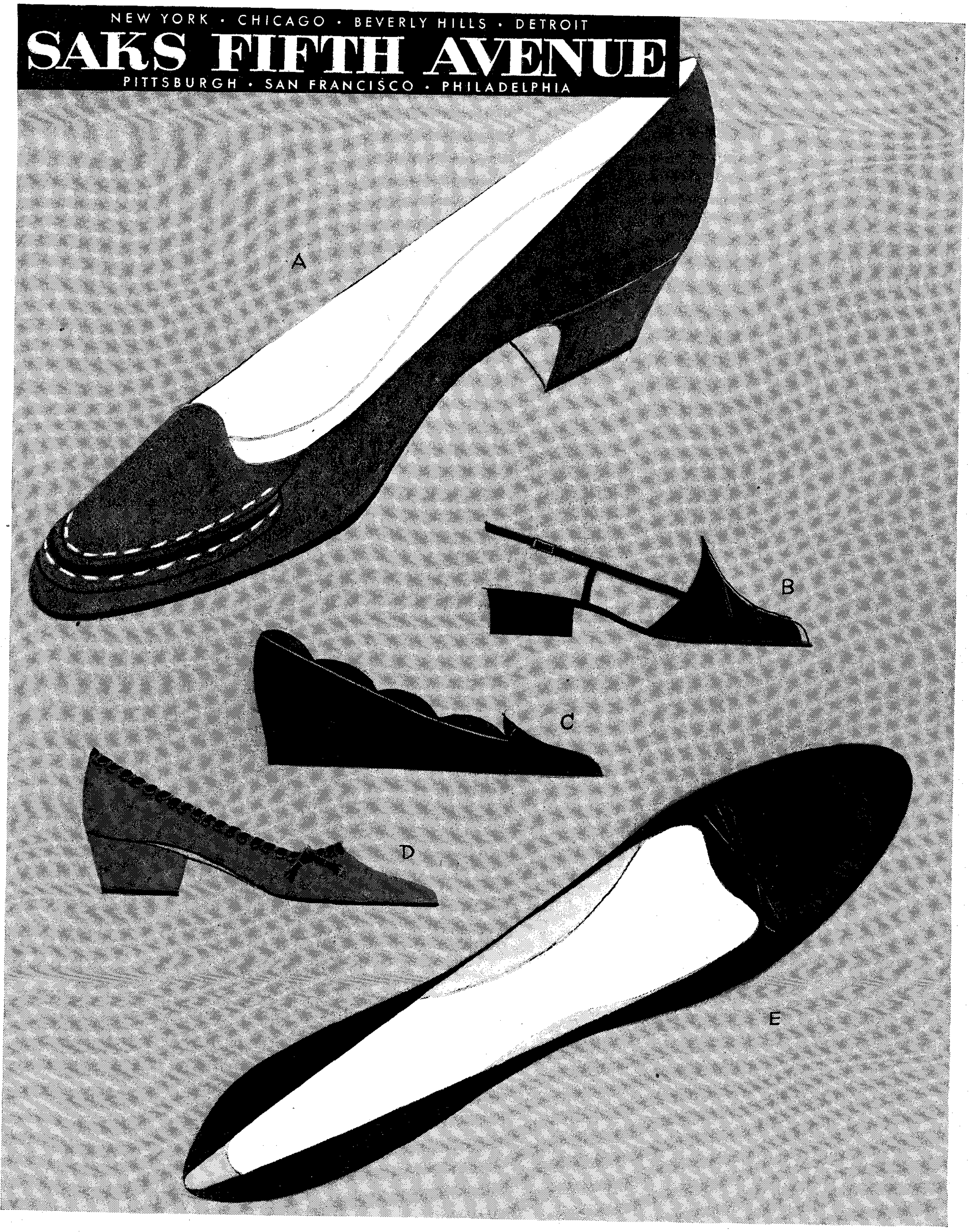
End As a Man—Calder Willingham's dramatization of his own novel, with Ben Gazzara, Frank M. Thomas, and William Smithers. The producer is Claire Heller, the director Jack Garfein. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 14. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—A comedy by John Patrick based on the novel of the same name by Vern Sneider. David Wayne and John Forsythe head a cast directed by Robert Lewis. Produced by Maurice Evans in association with George Schaefer. Opens Thursday, Oct. 15. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Sylvia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Don Juan," "Daphnis and Chloë" (with the Schola Cantorum singing), and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 11: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. CH 4-4594. Eve-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXIX, No. 34, October 10, 1953. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1953, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nings at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Loved by children, and by any adults who have the strength for it. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 18.)

Vaudeville—Betty Hutton, Los Chavales de España, Trini Reyes, the Trio Charlivel, and others in a show that opens Wednesday, Oct. 14. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Mikado."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Patience."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Mikado."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Pirates of Penzance." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra strums away at dinner and supper in the opulent Garden, buried deeper under Park Avenue than any time capsule. Off and on, there's even concert piano. The Trianon Room will reopen on Thursday, Oct. 15, with the Lande orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band, and there will be cocktail music in the adjoining Rotunda by William Adler's quintet. Silence in both rooms on Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where those who have no problems go to get away from them all. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Joan Walden is one of the pretty skaters in the new dinner and supper ice show in the Terrace Room. Ernie Rudy's orchestra makes the music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Hildegarde, a past mistress of all the tricks of coquetry, an artful singer of not particularly artful songs, and a pianist who doesn't always let her right hand know what her left hand is doing. As is customary, Stanley Melba's orchestra (augmented by a new string section) and Chico-Relli's band emit dance music after seven-thirty. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays.... ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Marge and Gower Champion, specialists in the art of walking on air, are doing the dancing in the Persian Room, and a group of youngsters called the Cheerleaders are doing the singing. The music is the product of Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, and his collection of virtuosos, as well as Mark Monte's group. On Thursday, Oct. 15, Celeste Holm will become the floor show. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the good old-fashioned way. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Lombardo family, the oldest dynasty in the world of dance music, is singing and trumpeting away in its winter palace, the Grill, every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, where the sun shines bright and the inhabitants are happy as the day is long, Fernanda Montel, the Parisian fashion plate, sings at dinner and supper. Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a small and jovial triumph of the lily painter's art, offers almost continuous dance music and, at dinner and supper, some remarkably tense singing by a young lady named Amru Sani. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Frankie Carle's orchestra is in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. On Friday, Oct. 16, Russ Morgan's orchestra will take over. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Always something going on at this rambling old novelty shop. One of the things is dancing; another is sightseeing. Hugo Pedell's bubbly little orchestra and a rumba band play all evening.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Some very funny people, notably Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, and Lou Nelson, and some very beautiful ones, notably Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, are mixed up in a George White miniature musical comedy that makes a lot of its points in words of one syllable. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

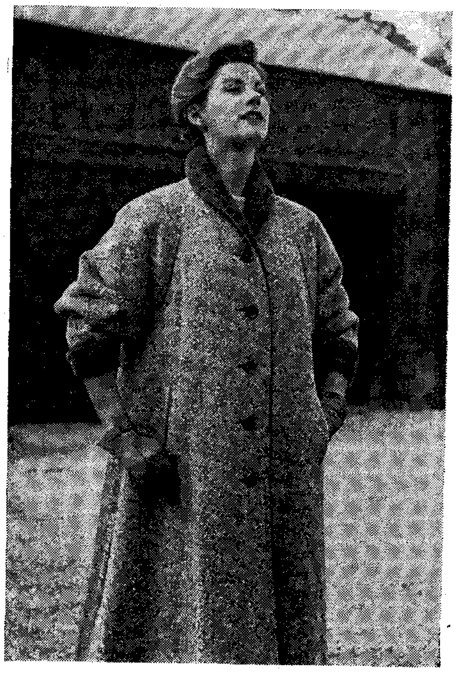
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, there's Patachou, still the neighborly Parisienne in the dime-a-dozen blouse and skirt, but now armed with a quiet but firm sense of humor in her songs. Nat Brandwynne, the old reliable, plays puissant piano for her, to say nothing of running one of the best of the big hotel bands. Mischa Borr's orchestra plays, too. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Alex Fogarty is at the piano in one segment of the new and handsome Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing there from eight-thirty to one, except Sundays, when the Borr band does the honors.

Note—The Rainbow Room, the largest and loftiest plateau in Manhattan's High Sierras, offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was playing deb parties when Jenny Lind was considered a parvenu, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) in the days of the Ignoble Experiment, but the piano music by Johnny Mehegan at both dinner and supper (except Sundays) is definitely late-1953 in style. Ernie Warren plays piano, too, during the smaller hours.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after nine-thirty in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, Jim Mahoney begins his nightly piano recital of the good show tunes, past and present. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey caresses the piano during dinner and supper except Sundays, when Harold Cooke looks in.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A dignified but attractive sliver of indoor garden that makes



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KAYSER

a jolly setting for cocktail, dinner, and supper piano by José Poniera. No music Sundays, and beginning Monday, Oct. 12, there'll be none weekdays at either cocktails or dinner. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz plays piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when Ira Brant's quintet plays for tea and dinner dancing until nine. . . . **THE EMPRESS**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Norbert Faconi, a worldly practitioner of the prowler violin, moves with stately mien about this Viennese restaurant, where Odette Athos chucks in occasional bursts of cheery song.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Technically, Joe E. Lewis now and then hews close to the Broadway comic's line—something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue—but it's the way he does it that counts. Janis Paige, who owns one of those beauty-contest figures, has, like the Copa dancing girls, been taught to sing, which was an error. . . . ¶ In the Lounge, Emery Deutsch's trio chirrups along from nine-thirty to dawn except Mondays. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): On Monday, Oct. 12, Sophie Tucker, who is celebrating her first fifty years (they seem to have been the easiest) in show business, will be the big noise here.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dwight Fiske, last of the great Regency rakes, intones his roguish bedtime stories, and Pat Carroll, clear-eyed and fresh as a daisy, sings her blithe songs about the glorious misadventures of youth. There are also gentle jump tunes by the three very young Jackson Sisters, and romantic ballads by Harry Snow. The music, which is lithe, too, is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The Three Riffs are again joyously twisting familiar lyrics by the tail, Bud McCreery is breezing through some patter songs with a novel turn of mind, and the incomparable Norman Paris trio is sprinkling everything with happy grace notes. The rest of the bill seems to have opened by mistake. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A brand-new décor and two fine old favorites—Sylvia Syms, a queen bee among the blues singers, and Orson Bean, an original and funny thinker. On Friday, Oct. 9, they'll be joined by André Phillipe, a new Frenchman who can sing in English, too. The dance music is once more being bleated by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Marion Harris, Jr., who sings, heads up the small show here. As usual, there's lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies on Sundays, when Miss Harris is off; amateur nights on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her salon is upstairs over the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The cheerful idiocy that pervades this Village cellar is exemplified by the barrel-house songs of Mae Barnes, the pinpoint parodies of Charlotte Rae, the Lewis Carroll patter of Kirkwood and Goodman, the rampant music of the Three Flames (led by Tiger Haines), and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby. Jimmie Daniels, the ringleader, and Norene Tate sing ostensibly nostalgic ditties, but they're not averse to occasional war whoops, either. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The top brass here is Wild Bill Davison's

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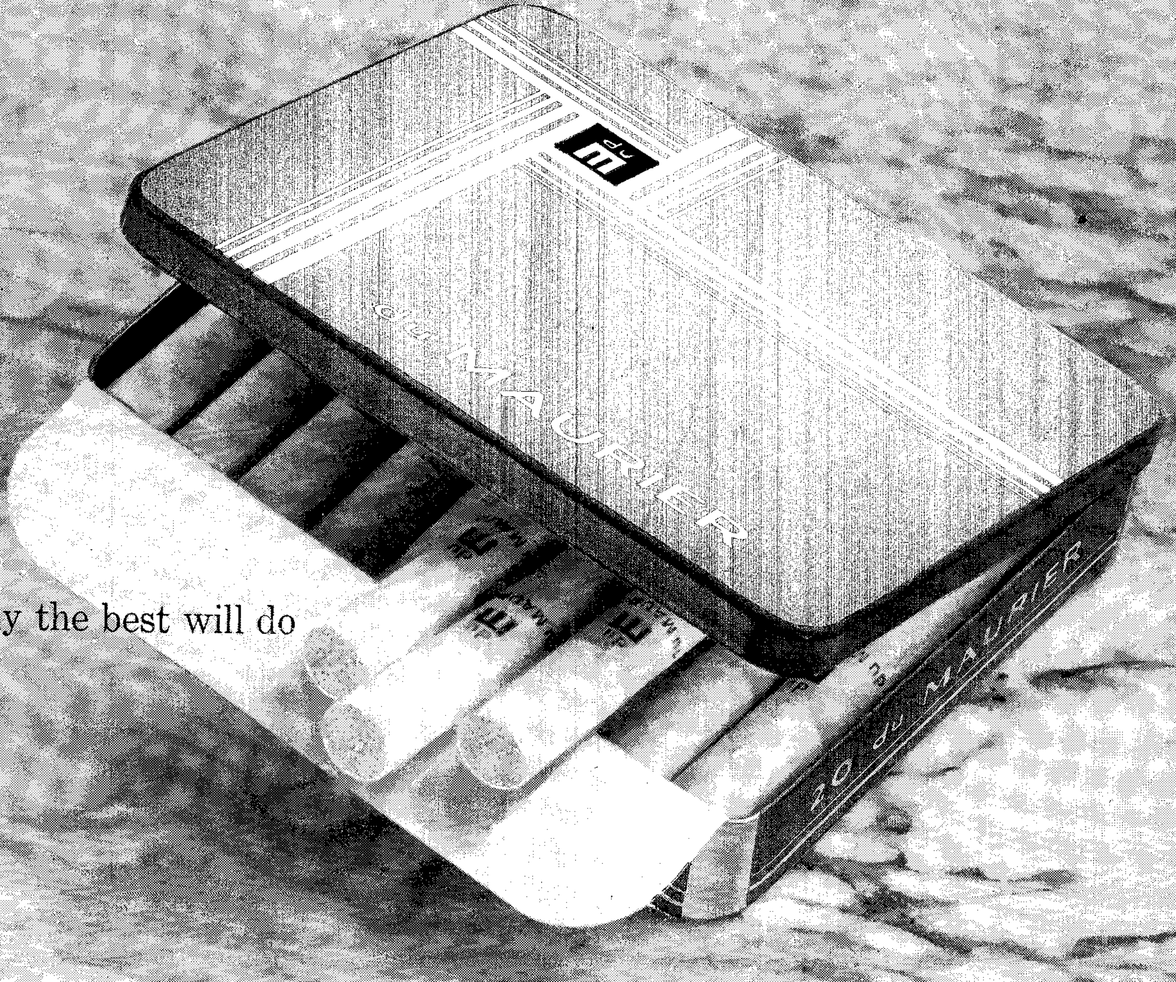

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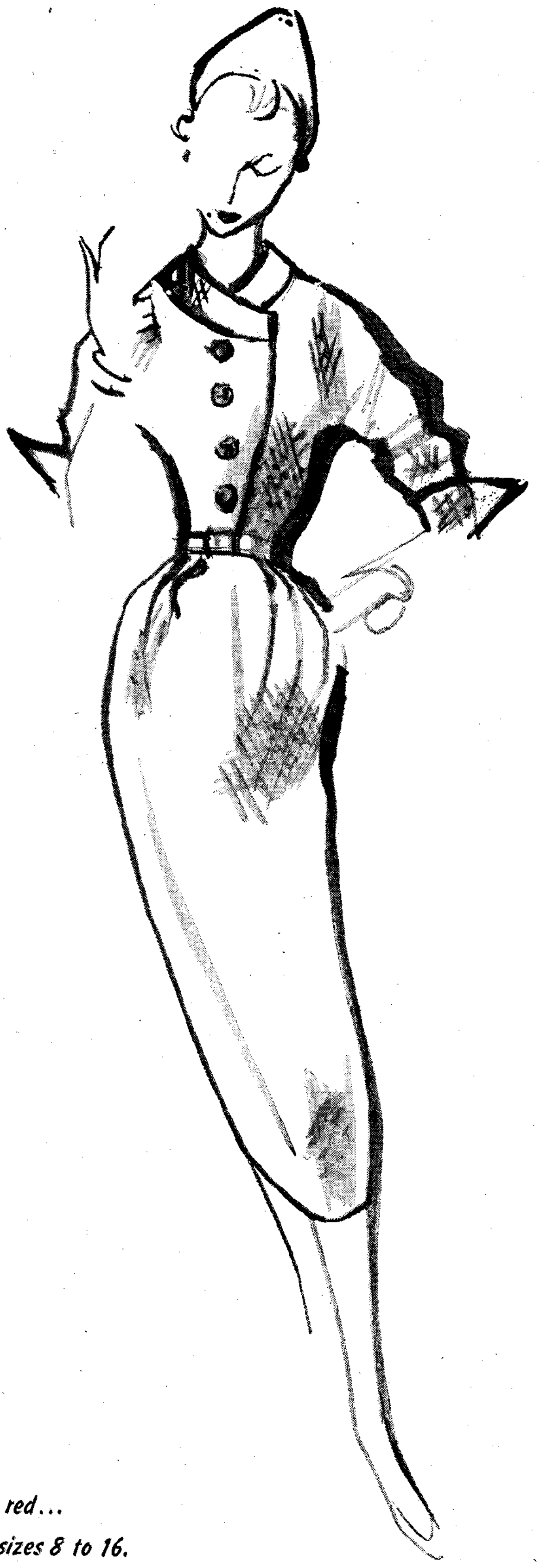

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all checked with black...sizes 8 to 16.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and Mr. Condon provide him and it with glittering support. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano assignment. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Something everyone's been looking forward to—Artie Shaw in cahoots with a small group of experts. He and his boys (the Gramercy Five; i.e., Tal Farlow, Denzil Best, Hank Jones, Tommy Potter, and Joe Roland) take off at nine. There's also cocktail and dinner piano by Don Abney, no slouch either. They're all on deck every day but Sunday. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A worthy attempt to rehabilitate the depressed Broadway area, this pretty new jewel box offers dinner and supper to the trios of Billy Taylor and José Melis in the small dining room. In the barroom, which is a playful reproduction of a New Orleans Bourbon Street strip-tease parlor, the chassis of Lilly Christine is in evidence, along with the jazz of Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, the dances of the Step Brothers, and other charivari. Dancing. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is again tenting on its old campground. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's congregation, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, is putting out just about the finest and most traditional jazz to be heard on this onetime street of dreams. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Another famous name—Stan Kenton—is in lights again. Mr. K. and his co-workers are on hand except Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Freewheeling music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis and his tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, Oct. 11, from five-thirty to nine, there'll be a jam session in which a posse led by Max Kaminsky will supply first aid. Dancing. . . . **BAND BOX,** 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): Count Basie, who still knows how to make a big band sound like good music, has dropped into this vast auditorium. Sugar Ray Robinson, boxer turned song-and-dance man (or frying pan into fire), is also here, dressed to kill. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S,** 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): The music here is served in piping-hot Dixie style by George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other bright birds of that feather. They get to work at eleven every evening but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a fine broth of a girl, plays real pretty progressive piano at the head of her trio. They're around except Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Oct. 9, this ancient *Brauhaus* should be host to Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Albert Nicholas, Cliff Jackson, George Wettling, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, the loud but wholesome hullabaloo will probably be made by Red Allen, Max Kaminsky, Tyree Glenn, Jimmy Archey, Cecil Scott, Sonny Greer, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

The Artist and the Dance—Varied paintings and sculptures interpreting the ballet, by William Gropper, Arbit Blatas, Chaim Gross, and others; through Oct. 10. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Raoul Dufy—A loan show of twenty paintings

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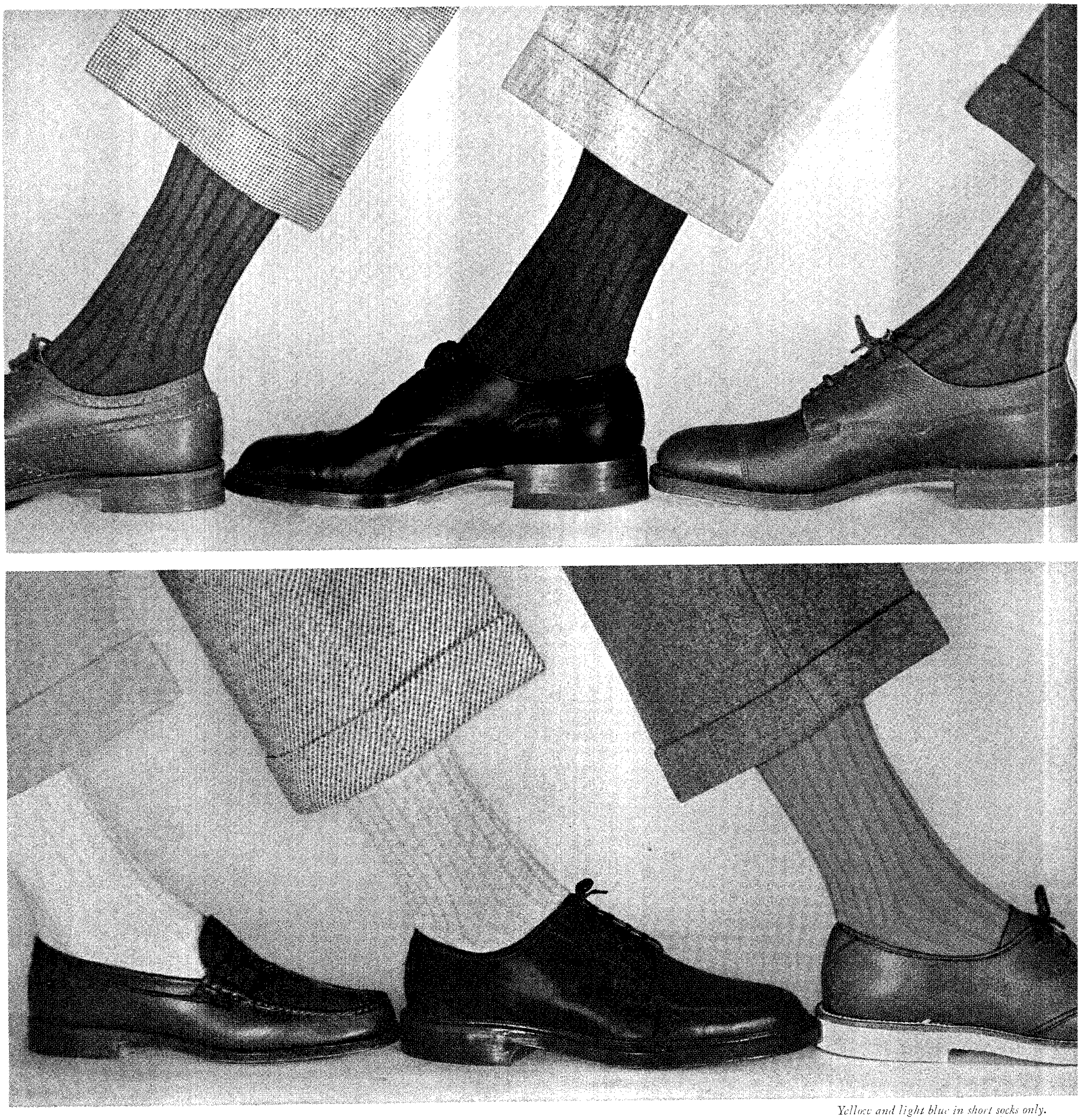

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in a small survey of the late artist's work; through Oct. 31. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

Elsa Hutzler—Works in various materials by a Baltimore sculptor who died last spring; through Oct. 9. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

Paul Klee—A retrospective (1908-40) of around sixty paintings; through Oct. 24. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Glen Krause—Trees and water birds depicted in oils and water colors; through Oct. 10. (Levitt, 35 E. 49th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5:30.)

Fernand Léger—Oils and other works, dating from 1913 to the near present, with particular emphasis on his earlier periods; through Nov. 18. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller—A big memorial exhibition—sponsored by the Art Students League, where he taught for many years—of his paintings and other works, together with a group of examples by a number of his former pupils; through Oct. 11. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

I. Rice Pereira—A new set of paintings in gouache, illustrating her transition from geometric to less formal abstraction; through Oct. 17. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Stained Glass—A travelling show of eighteen new panels designed by contemporary Americans, among them Hans Moller, I. Rice Pereira, and Abraham Rattner; through Oct. 9. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Anna Ticho—Meticulously handled, very sensitive drawings of Israeli scenes; through Oct. 10. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Cady Wells—Abstract water colors, mainly on New Mexican themes; through Oct. 17. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Hale Woodruff—Abstract paintings, calligraphic in style and effective despite their subdued color, in a first one-man showing of considerable promise; through Oct. 10. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: The Gallery's annual pre-season exhibition of artists from all over the country, this time featuring an especially lively assortment of younger painters; through Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: The twenty-eighth annual, the central part of which is oils by ten well-known Americans, among them Stuart Davis, Bernard Karfiol, and Niles Spencer; through Oct. 17. . . . **fine arts associates**, 51 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Bonnard, Vuillard, Derain, and others of the French Impressionist and post-Impressionist eras; through Oct. 17. . . . **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-first Annual Founders' Exhibition, with over a hundred paintings and sculptures by William R. Leigh, Jean Bowman, Roy Mason, and many others; through Nov. 5. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: The fifth anniversary of the gallery, commemorated by a showing of thirty oils by Picasso, Mondrian, a group of the Fauves, and others—all of which were sold here over the years; through Oct. 31. . . . **kootz**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: William Baziotes, Jean Dubuffet, David Hare, and other French and American artists whose work is regularly displayed at this gallery; through Oct. 17. . . . **kraushaar**, 32 E. 57th St.: A set of oils by William Glackens, Ernest Lawson, Maurice Prendergast, and John Sloan; through Oct. 17. . . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: The second annual "Art for Interiors" exhibition, in which prominent designers and decorators try to show how well modern art can be made to go with furniture; through Oct. 15. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The opening exhibition here is made up of about fifty contemporary oils chosen by a jury composed of Louis Bouché, Sidney Laufman, and Henry Varnum Poor; through Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **willard**, 23 W. 56th St.: A pig carved from wood (circa 1820), a wrought-iron cupid (circa 1760), a ship's figurehead

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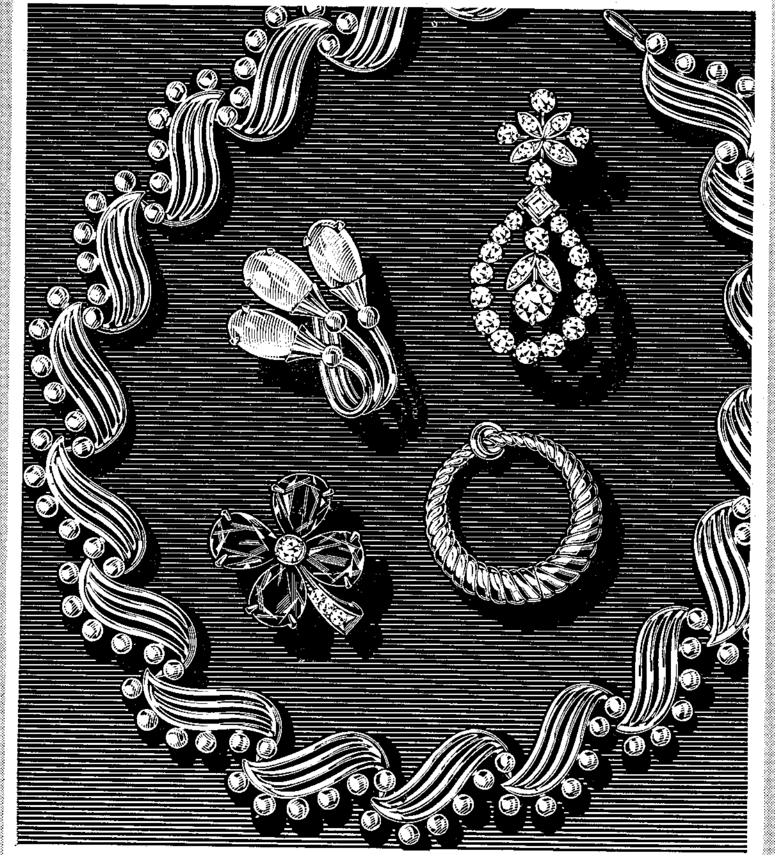

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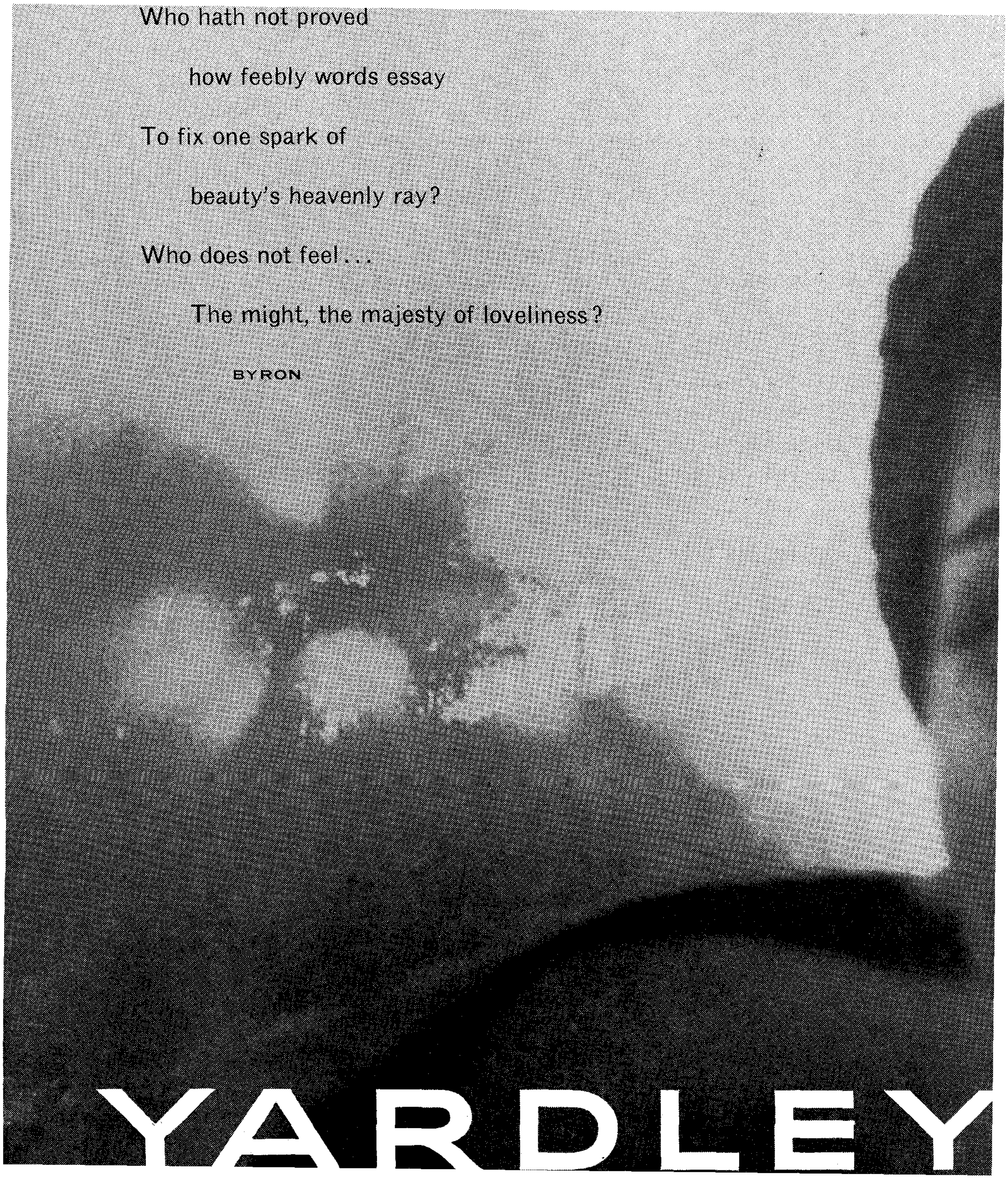


Who hath not proved
how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of
beauty's heavenly ray?
Who does not feel...
The might, the majesty of loveliness?

BYRON

of Daniel Webster (circa 1830), and other Early American sculptures; through Oct. 17.

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: Emma Ehrenreich; through Oct. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **jackson**, 22 E. 66th St.: William Getman; through Oct. 24. . . . **de nagy**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Michael Goldberg; through Oct. 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **parsons**, 15 E. 57th St.: Kenzo Okada; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **argent**, 67 E. 59th St.; through Oct. 17. **grand central moderns**, 130 E. 56th St.; through Oct. 24. **milch**, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 31. **salmagundi club**, 47 Fifth Ave., at 12th St.; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 12:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) **segy**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 14.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 11.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Palestine, many of them only recently discovered, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. A travelling exhibition presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Chiefly English, Italian, and French prints, dating from the fifteenth century to the present, in a showing of the Museum's recent accessions; through Dec. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of over a hundred graphics by Jacques Villon, some of them dating back to the eighteen-nineties; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibition; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

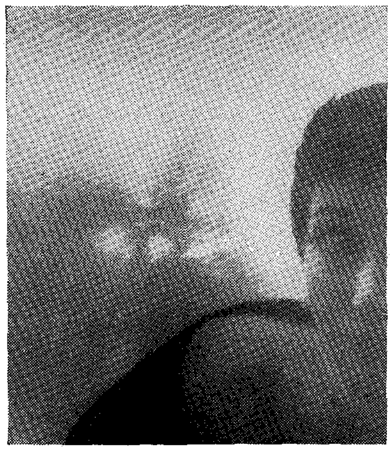
New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 8—Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Regina." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 11: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 11: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: The company's première of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Regina." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, May 2: Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 9, at 2:30; and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30 (all with William Lincer, viola); and Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 16, at 2:30 (both with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Canadian Music—Leopold Stokowski directing a symphony orchestra in a program of



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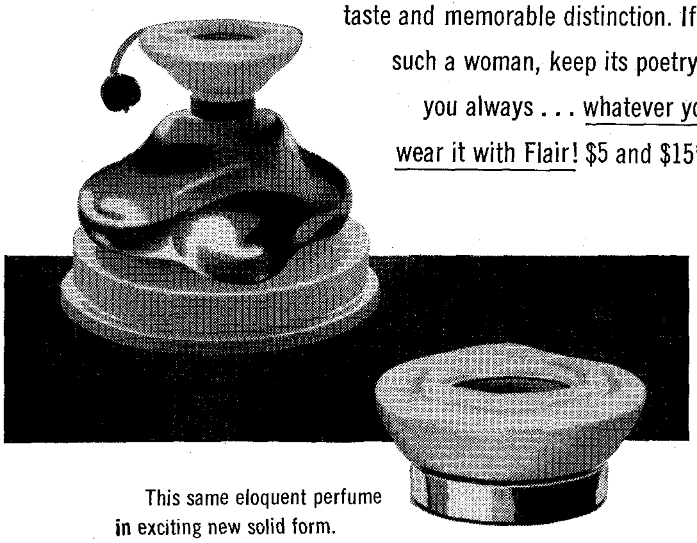

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music by contemporary Canadian composers, with Lois Marshall, soprano; Noel Brunet, violin; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

SAIDENBERG LITTLE SYMPHONY—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

RECITALS

LEONARD ROSE—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—The final program in the second series of chamber-music concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:40.)

MARCELLA DECRAY—Harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA—A group of singers and instrumentalists in a program of Elizabethan music commemorating the three-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Thomas Morley's death; the first in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Oct. 12, at 8:40.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

APPLETON AND FIELD—Duo piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—The first in a series of seven programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Nat King Cole and his trio, Sarah Vaughan, Illinois Jacquet's band, Ralph Marterie's orchestra, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30 and 11:15.)

BOZIDAR KUNC CONCERT—Original compositions by Bozidar Kunc, performed by Zinka Milanov, soprano; Zlatko Balokovic, violin; and Aurora Mauro-Cottone and Mr. Kunc, pianos. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

A TRIBUTE TO FRANZ LEHAR—A program of Lehar's music, including the first performance in this country of his operetta "Frasquita" in concert form, with, among others, Ilona Massey, narrator; Virginia Mott, soprano; and Ralph Herbert, baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 10 (all at 2): Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Cornell, at Baltimore. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. University of California, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Fordham, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven. . . . FRIDAY, OCT. 16: Fordham vs. Boston College, at the Polo Grounds, at 8:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 17 (all at 2): Army vs. Duke, at the Polo Grounds. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Ohio State, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Navy, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Brown, at New Brunswick.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sunday, Oct. 11.)

HORSE SHOW—Farmington Hunt Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 10-11.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 10.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 17.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Daily at 1:15;

through Saturday, Oct. 10. The Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 9, and the Champagne Stakes and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Oct. 12, through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 12; the Remsen Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 14; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 17. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Belmont Park.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Oct. 12, at 1:30; through Wednesday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, on the day you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, at least ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV from 4:30 to 5. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Photographs of Mount Everest—Thirty color prints chronicling the assault made last May by Sir Edmund Hillary's party; through Oct. 17. (East Balcony, Grand Central Terminal. Daily, 10 to 10.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred Italian manuscripts dating from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries in a first showing of the Library's entire collection of them. Included are some of the letters of Pliny the Younger, a fourteenth-century illuminated volume of Dante, autograph letters, and illustrated religious books. Through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

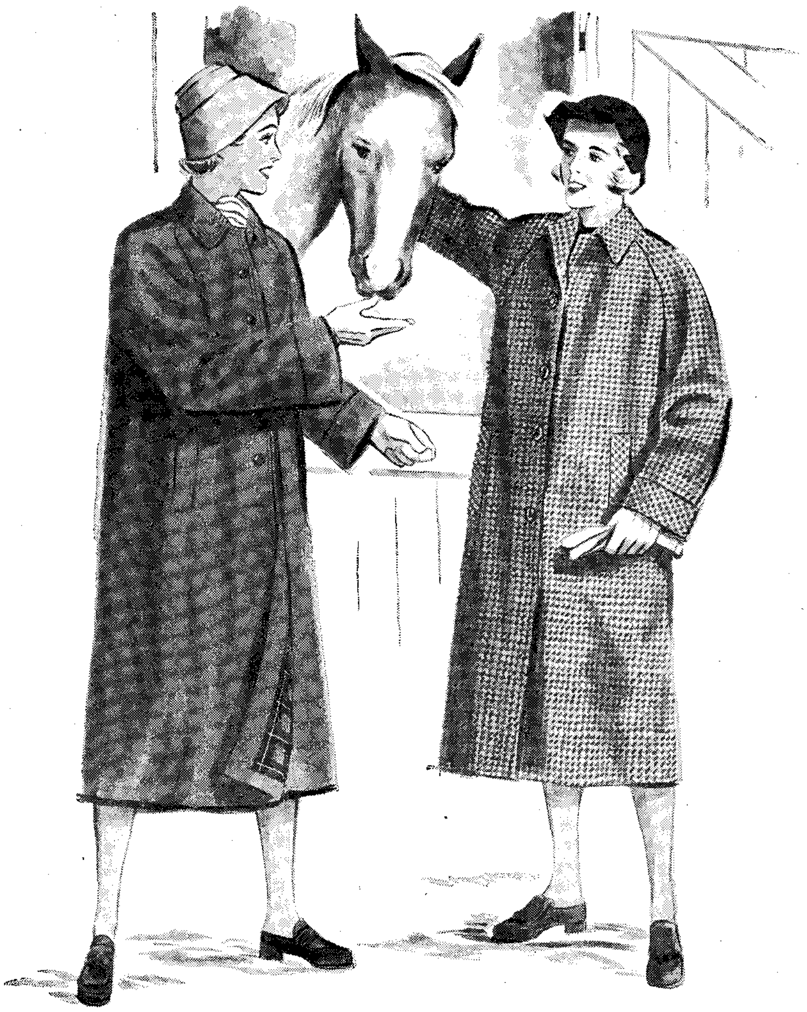
New York Antiques Fair—Acres and acres of the stuff. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 12-16, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 17, from 1 to 6.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "From Galileo to Palomar" and deals with the history of astronomy from the time of the first telescope. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 12, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 8-10, at 1:45: American and English eighteenth-century furniture, including Chippendale and Sheraton; Chelsea, Spode, Oriental Lowestoft, and other porcelains (circa 1750-1820); Georgian silver; and a variety of paintings, bronzes, and glass. From the estate of Evander B. Schley and other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Goya, Hoppner, Ryder, and Gainsborough, and a small group of works by old masters; chiefly from the collection of the late Albert K. Schneider. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: Engravings, etchings, and lithographs by Dürer, Rembrandt, Daumier, Rouault, Léger, and others; the property of the Kleemann Galleries.

Election Registration—The final days of the registration period for the Nov. 3 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, from 3:30 to 10:30, and Saturday, Oct. 10, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Note—Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 84th Street, starting at noon.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Band Wagon—A garrulous musical but one that does have the sense to hold its tongue whenever Fred Astaire is dancing. Mr. Astaire has Cyd Charisse as his partner, and Jack Buchanan and Nanette Fabray are among the others happily present. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 11.)

Call Me Madam—Maybe the book of this musical film, which concerns the adventures of an American Ambassadress in some monarchy where singing and dancing are all the rage, is a trifle loose-knit, but you ought to enjoy Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, and Billy De Wolfe as they go about taking up some of the slack. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 10.)

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness again, and just as funny as usual. This time, he's a nautical bigamist who lives a placid life with an English wife, and a sportive one with a Moroccan beauty. Celia Johnson is Mr. Guinness's quiet girl, Yvonne De Carlo his lively one. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Cruel Sea—A deeply moving, almost documentary English version of the Monsarrat novel of British heroism and doggedness at sea during the Second World War. Jack Hawkins is outstanding as Captain Ericson. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Fanfan the Tulip—A jaunty French film that spoofs war, love, and costume dramas, and includes among its assets a toothsome lady named Gina Lollobrigida, and Gérard Philipe, whose imitations of Douglas Fairbanks are first-rate. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 13-14.)

From Here to Eternity—Life in the Army, according to James Jones' novel on the subject. The scene is Schofield Barracks in Honolulu, the time is just before Pearl Harbor, and the picture is excellent. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. With James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Little Fugitive—A thoroughly enjoyable trip to Coney Island with a small runaway who is on the loose because he has been deceived into thinking he shot and killed his brother. This small fry, enacted by a seven-year-old named Richie Andrusco, is droll, touching, and diverting, and the film is wryly perceptive in its scrutiny of Coney's crowds. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Man on a Tightrope—Fredric March, as the proprietor of a Czechoslovakian circus, leading his troupe across the border into Bavaria. Believable, lively, and engaging. Mr. March has the help of Gloria Grahame, Terry Moore, and Adolphe Menjou. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 8. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 10-13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 12-13. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 14.)

Martin Luther—An engrossing account of the life and times of the priest (played by Niall Mac Ginnis) whose theological speculations resulted in the establishment of the Protestant Church. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Master of Ballantrae—R. L. Stevenson's tale of Scottish castles, pirate captains, family pride, sliding doors, and almost continuous swordplay keeps Errol Flynn and a large cast cheerfully occupied. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 9.)

The Moon Is Blue—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy about a girl from Brooklyn who talks too much about her virginity. Sporadically entertaining. Maggie McNamara, William Holden, David Niven, and Dawn Addams are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Moulin Rouge—John Huston's highly decorative description of the career of Toulouse-Lautrec, which includes some of the best color photography you've ever laid your eyes on. José Ferrer is cast as the artist, and Colette Marchand plays the most important lady in his life. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 9.)

The Robe—Something about the agitated lives of the early Christians in Caligula's day. Done in CinemaScope, a form of cinematic elephantiasis, the picture has a comic-strip simplicity. With Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Michael Rennie, and Jean Simmons. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—The melodramatic story of a number of young Italian girls who are plunged into tragedy when the stairway on which they have been standing while waiting to apply for a job collapses. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis, this Italian picture is made up of a series of vignettes, most of them incisive. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Oct. 11.)

REVIVALS

Come Back, Little Sheba (1952)—Shirley Booth in the adaptation of the play built around the misfortunes of an alcoholic and his slatternly spouse. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 11.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 14.)

The Glass Menagerie (1950)—The Tennessee Williams drama, not much altered. With Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 8.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets play. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 14.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 10-13.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 10-13.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, and Edith Evans in Wilde's farce. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 11-13.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 13-14.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1950)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 14.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 13.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 14.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 11-13.)

The 13th Letter (1951)—How a poison-pen campaign disrupts the even tenor of a small town in Quebec. With Charles Boyer and Michael Rennie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 11-13.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 11: "Paris 1900" (1950), with a commentary by John Mason Brown, spoken by Monty Woolley. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 12: "Le Million" (1931), directed by René Clair. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 12: "Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.
From Oct. 13: "From Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 14 (tentative): "Devil's Canyon," a 3-D film, with Virginia Mayo and Dale Robertson.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Oct. 12: "Arrowhead," Charlton Heston.
From Oct. 13: "Let's Do It Again," Jane Wyman, Ray Milland.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 14 (tentative): "The Caddy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Mogambo," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Blowing Wild," Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE ROBE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 11: "Those Redheads from Seattle," a 3-D film, with Rhonda Fleming and Gene Barry.
From Oct. 12: "Torch Song," Joan Crawford, Michael Wilding.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 11: **ROME, 11 O'CLOCK** (in Italian).
From Oct. 12: "The Overcoat" (in Italian).

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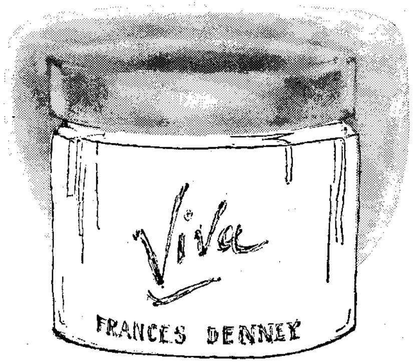

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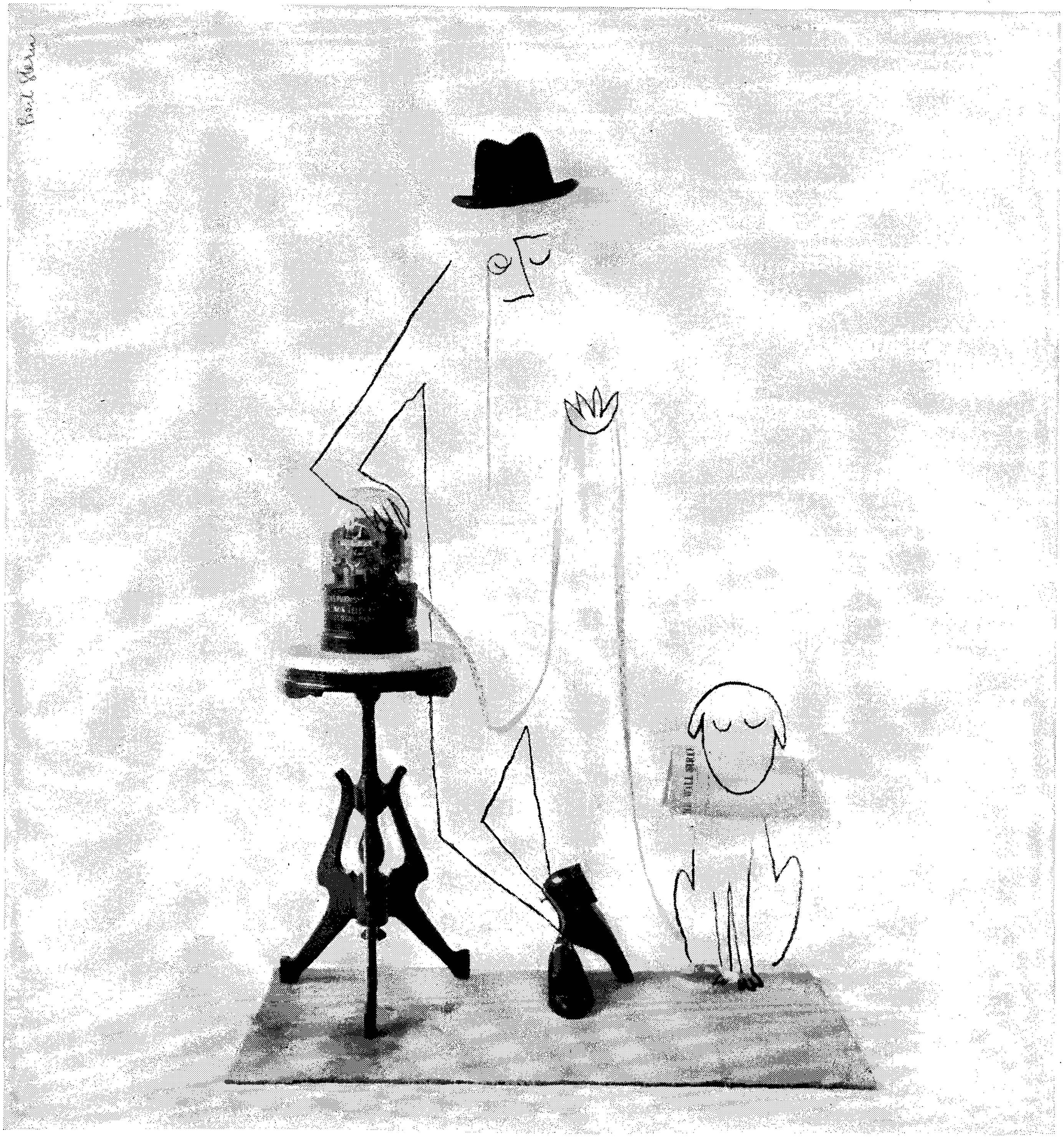

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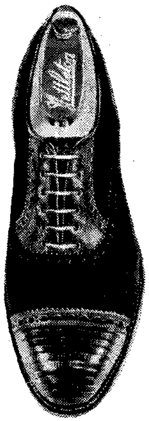

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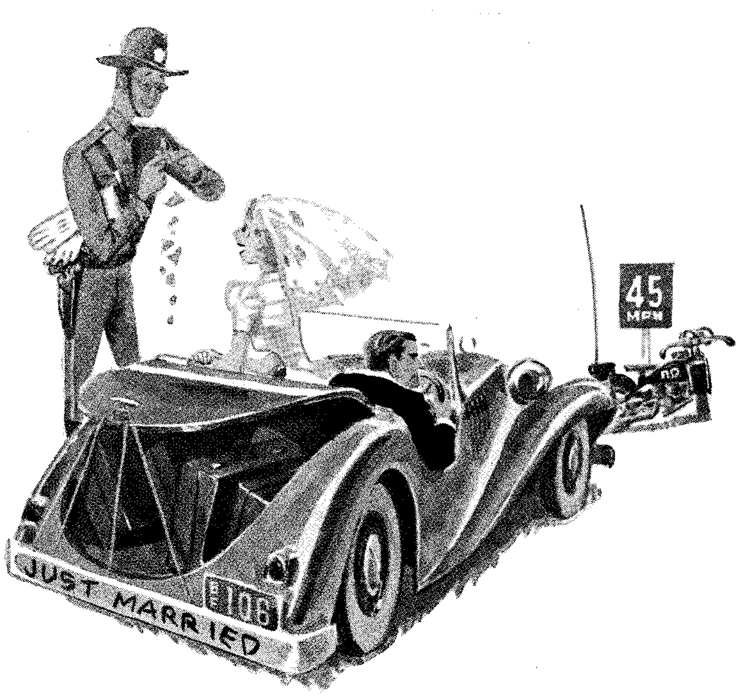

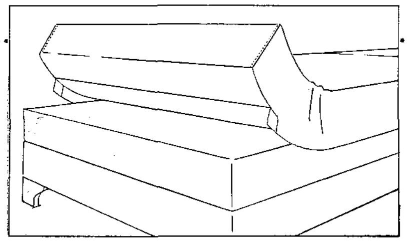

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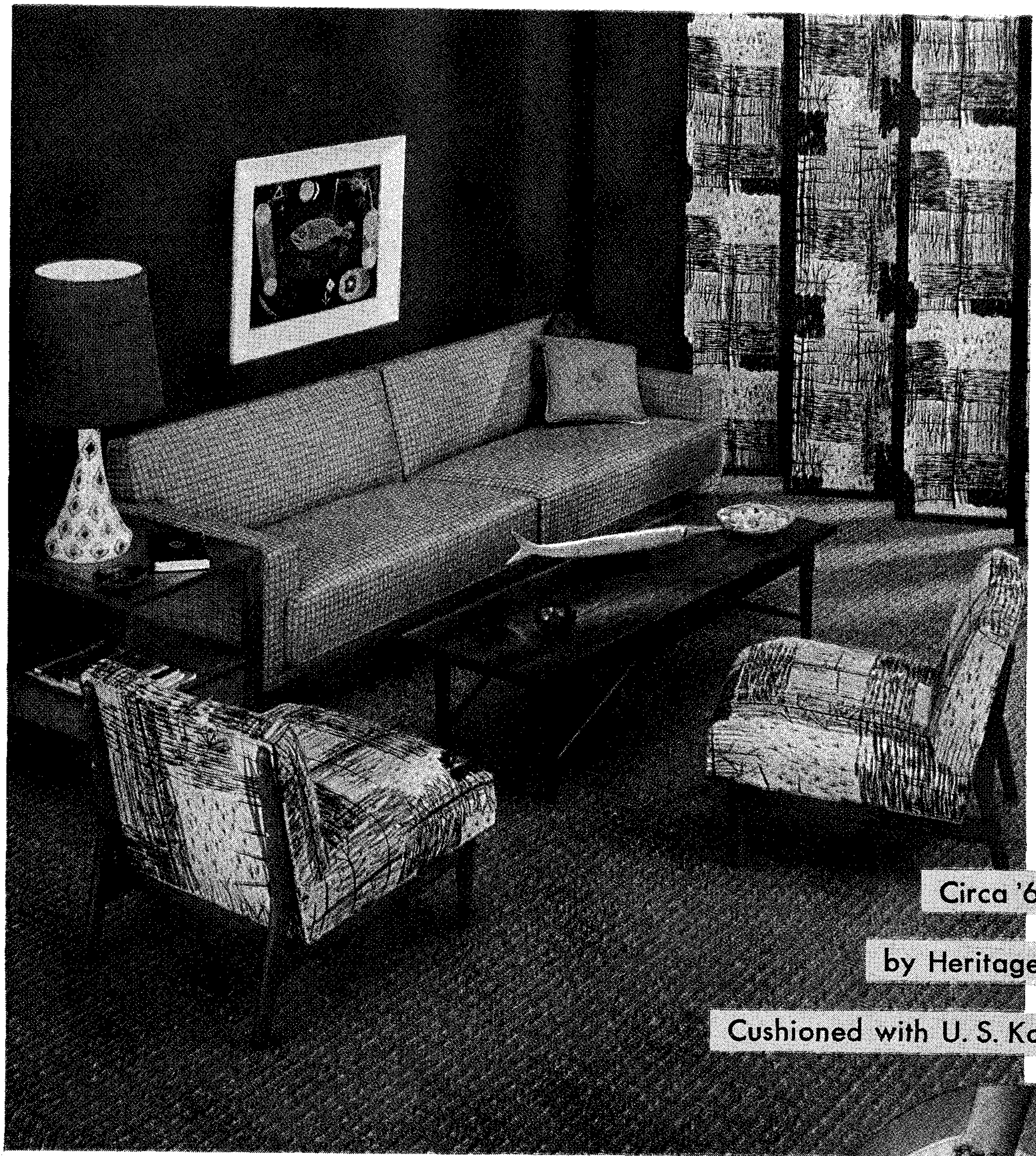

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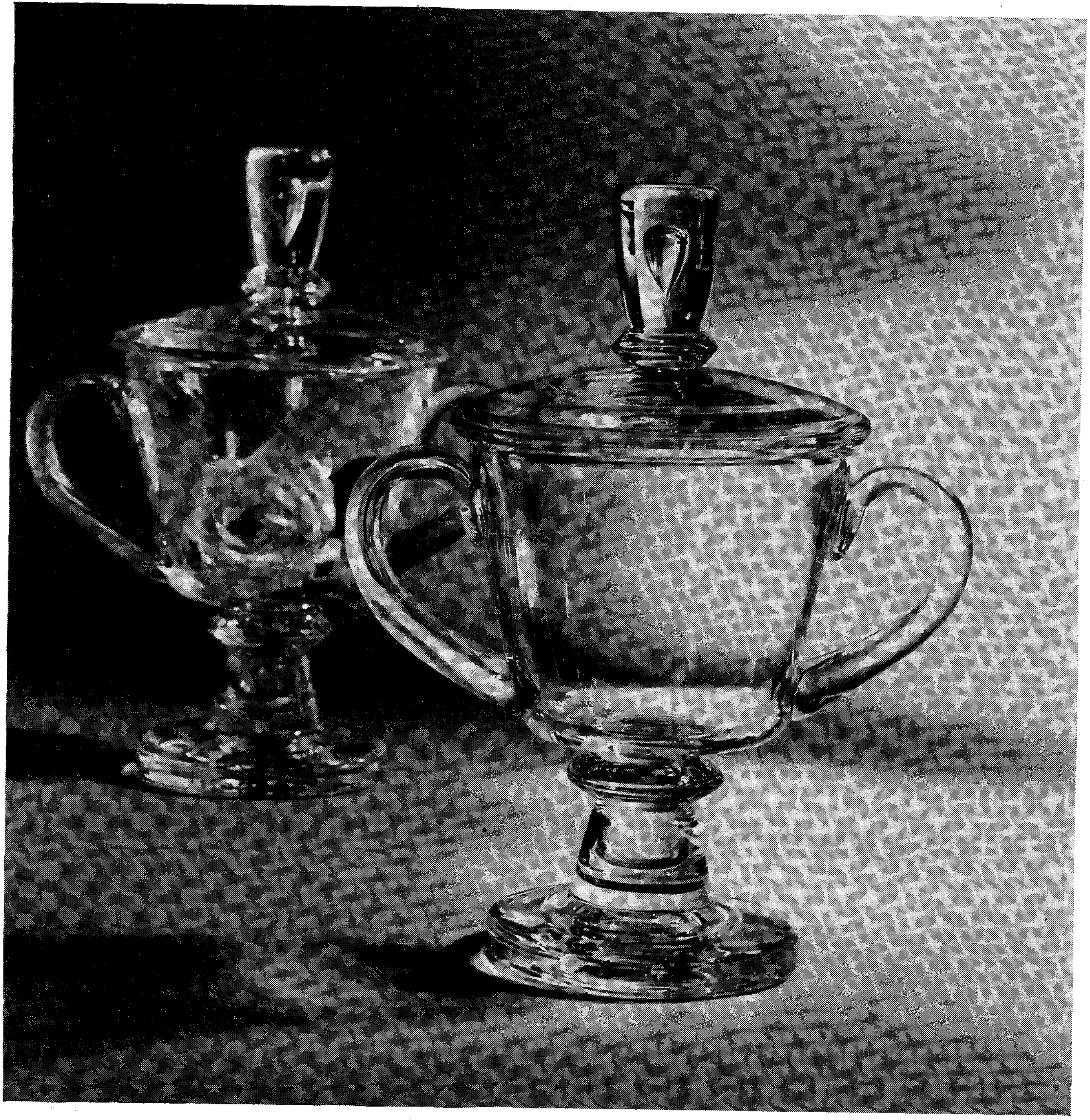

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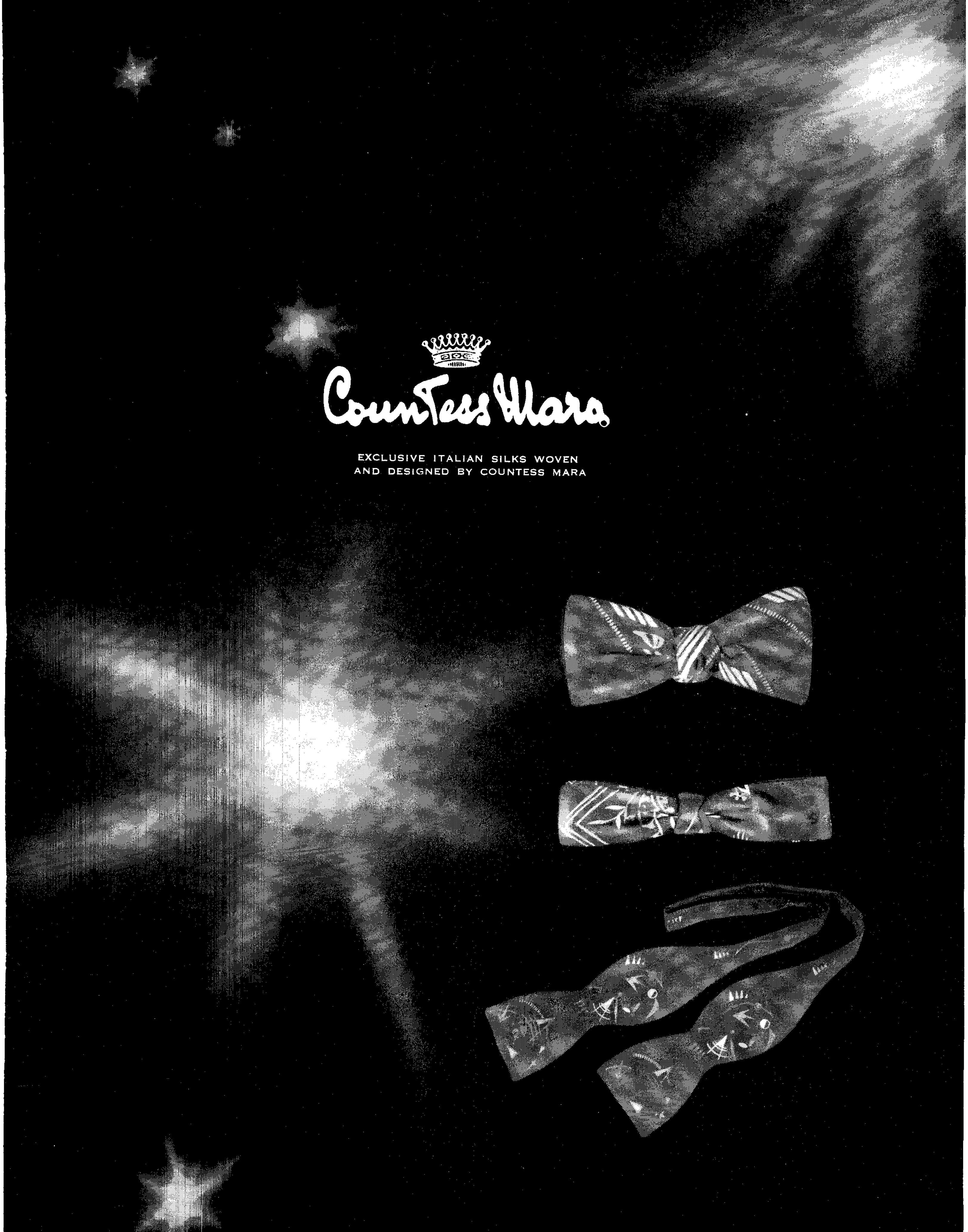

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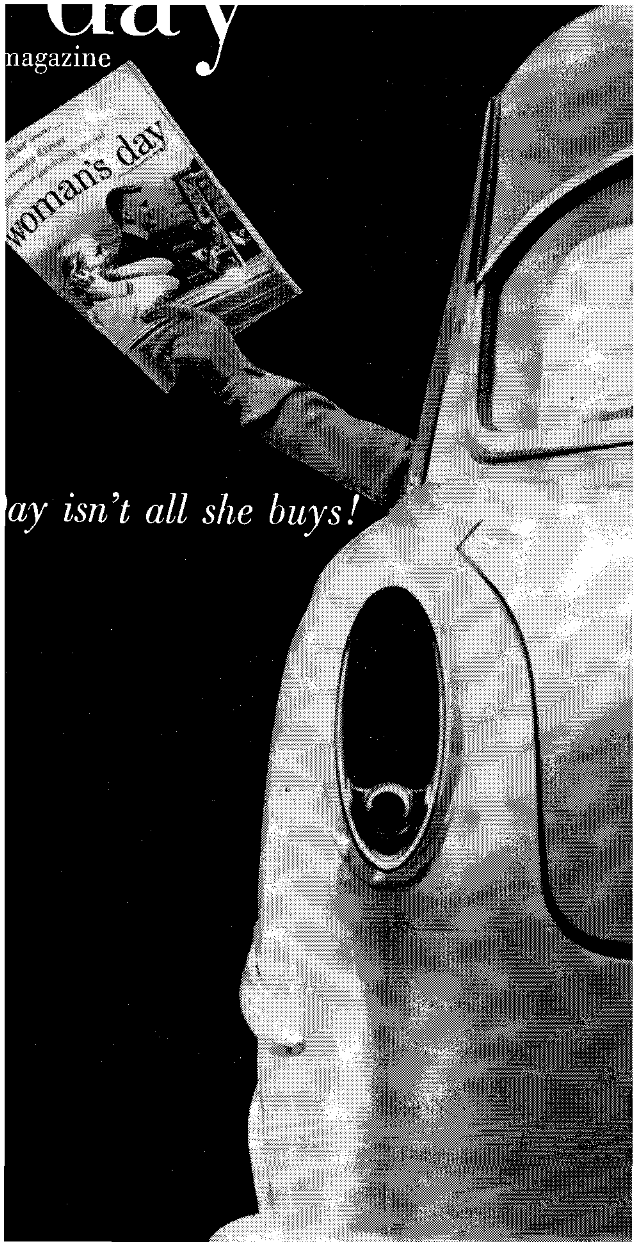
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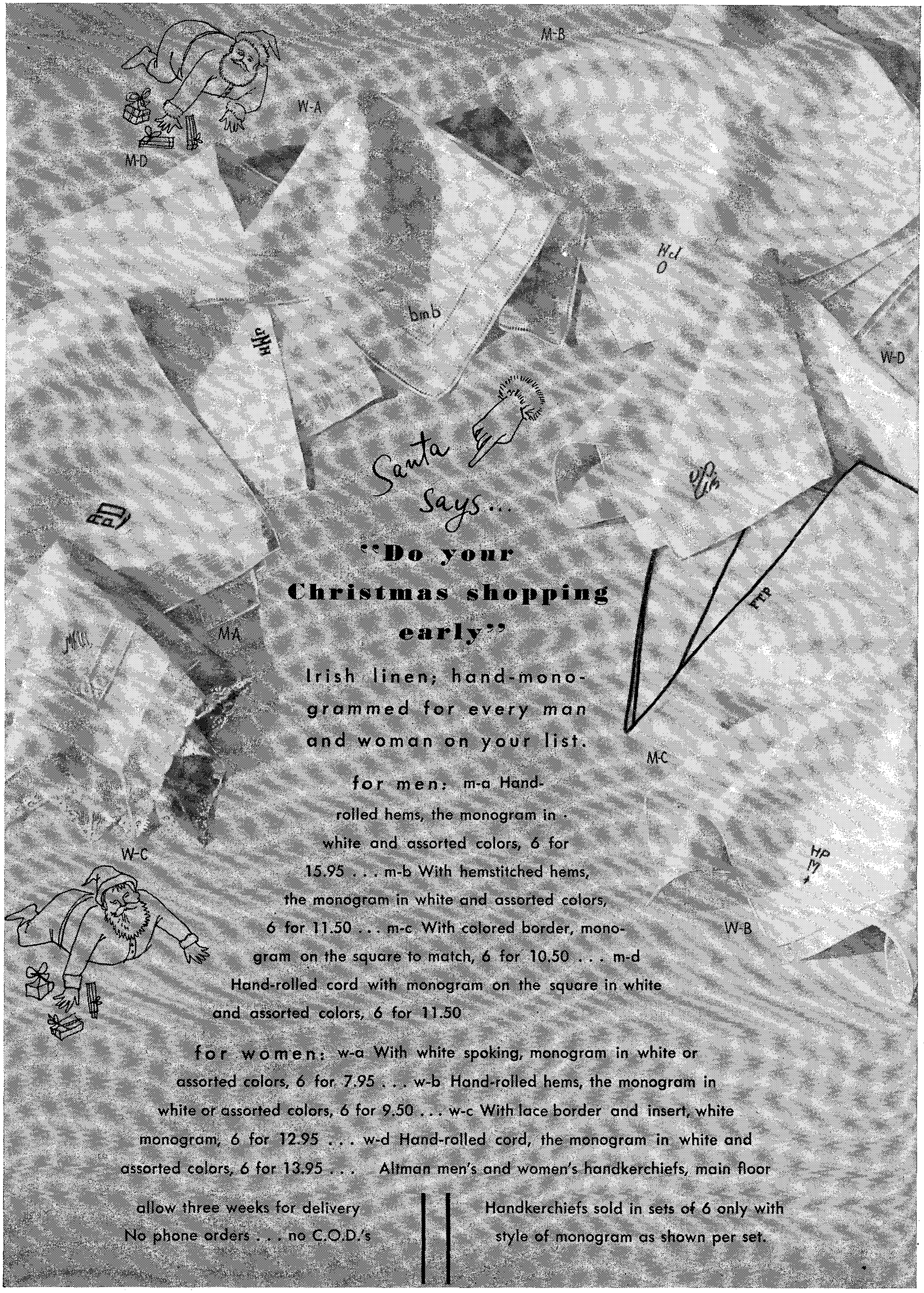

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

If you don't think these are interesting times, look at what we ran into a couple of weeks ago. First, we got a telegram, tagged "Sender is awaiting a speedy answer," from Brenon & Morgan Associates, publicity merchants, inviting us to "a cocktail party given by Joseff-Hollywood at the River Club . . . introducing 'The Golden Rule.' It is both novel and inspirational and will be carried exclusively in New York by Lord & Taylor." The idea of the Golden Rule (see Matthew 7:12 and Luke 6:31, and, for that matter, Confucius, Isocrates, and the Mahabharata) being a Lord & Taylor novelty struck us as a novelty in itself, so we speedily accepted. At the Golden Rule's coming-out party, a Miss Morgan, of Sender, handed us a small package together with a medium-sized release, which we perused over a Scotch-and-soda:

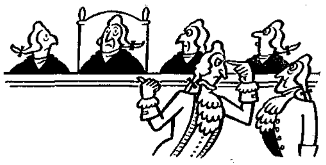
> Joseff of Hollywood, the noted designer of jewels, both modern and period, is launching the Golden Rule Charms to be worn on a key-ring by men, on a charm bracelet by women, and as lapel pins by both.
>
> A Los Angeles housewife brought the idea of the Golden Rule Charms to Joseff of Hollywood in the Fall of 1952. She was sent to Joan Joseff by a mutual friend, Dr. William Hornaday of the Institute of Religious Science in Los Angeles.
>
> The idea was a simple one: that an attractive piece of jewelry designed for both men and women would be a constant reminder of God's great Commandment, "Do Unto Others as You Would Have Them Do Unto You."
>
> Joan Joseff agreed to manufacture and merchandise the Golden Rule Charms, with the understanding that all profits from the sale and distribution would go into a fund for the benefit of religious and charitable organizations.
>
> With the assistance and encouragement of Dr. Hornaday, she conferred with religious leaders in New York and Los Angeles, receiving enthusiastic support for the project.
>
> There is a plan afoot for a Golden Rule sales division to be established to the end that church, educational and charitable organizations at the retail level may have the charms available for sale for their own individual profit.
>
> A Golden Rule Advisory Council, a non-profit organization comprising religious and civic leaders, will handle the distribution of the funds resulting from the sale of the charms. These funds will go to various religious, charitable and educational groups selected by the Advisory Council.

We opened our package, and, sure enough, it contained a golden key ring with a ruler-shaped golden charm inscribed "Do Unto Others." (There wasn't room for any more.) Miss Morgan introduced us to Miss Joseff, who stated that ninety per cent of the jewelry used in motion pictures is rented from her collection of two and a half million pieces of Joseff-designed jewelry. "But eighty-one per cent of my business is turning out precision parts for instruments for jet planes and guided missiles," she added, jangling a Golden Rule Charm bracelet on her wrist. What does the Golden Rule Advisory Council say to this, at either the retail or the wholesale level? Is it planning to set up a Guided Missiles Subcommittee to guide funds resulting from the sale of bomb casings into religious and charitable channels? Such questions have no place in the River Club, and we forbore to ask them.

All Sorts

Earl Warren, our fourteenth Chief Justice, is the sixth without experience on the bench, the fifth to be governor of a state, the second to be born west of the Mississippi, and the first to play the clarinet. He is only the seventh to be known as Chief Justice of the United States; the first seven were known as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The change in nomenclature went into effect in 1888 with Melville W. Fuller. Warren is the tenth Chief Justice to preside over eight associates. The Judiciary Act of 1789 called for five Associate Justices; the number was expanded to six in 1807, to eight in 1837, and to nine in 1863. Then in 1866, the Associate Justices were pared down to seven, but in 1869 they were raised to eight, and they have kept that strength ever since. Though we now consider the Chief Justice our second most important public official, the office wasn't thought much of in the early days. John Jay, the first Chief Justice, resigned to become Governor of New York, and Oliver Ellsworth, the third, served simultaneously as the head of a commission sent to France to negotiate a treaty with the British. For a while, the great John Marshall functioned as Secretary of State in the morning and Chief Justice in the afternoon, and nobody turned a hair.

Marshall served the longest term as Chief Justice—thirty-four years. John Rutledge, the second Chief Justice, served the shortest, presiding over a single August sitting of the Court. The Senate refused to confirm his appointment, ostensibly because he was subject to spells of mental incompetence. The real reason appears to have been that he had spoken out sharply, and to the Senate's displeasure, against Jay's treaty with the British. At three hundred and twenty-five pounds, William Howard Taft was our heaviest C.J. (as the Chief Justice is known to his associates); the lightest was Fuller, who tipped the beam at a hundred and fourteen after a full meal. Assuming that his predecessors are any guide, Warren, at sixty-two, has a life expectancy of almost



twelve years, but we wouldn't be surprised if, being a Californian, he hit a hundred. Charles Evans Hughes was an only child, Marshall was one of fifteen children, and Warren is one of two. The new Chief is the third to have seen military service; that is, if you exclude John Jay, who, as a colonel in the New York State Militia, was on a committee established to block the Hudson against British ships during the Revolution. Marshall, a captain in the Continental Army, fought at Iron Hill, Germantown, and Monmouth, and wintered at Valley Forge. Edward Douglass White, who came from Louisiana, served in the Confederate Army. The Senate made less fuss over confirming him as Chief Justice than it did over confirming a couple of Northern Chief Justices who were suspected of having Copperhead sympathies. White is supposed to have said, in reference to the War Between the States, "My God, if we had succeeded!" His judicial opinions were of a high order, but his syntax was often hard to follow. The anfractuosity of his style may have been due to the fact that he suffered from a compulsion to write with the first finger of his right hand pressed firmly against the right side of his nose and his pen held between the thumb and second finger.

Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase ruled that certain things he had done as Secretary of the Treasury were illegal. Roger B. Taney, who preceded Chase, was reviled by the North for the Dred Scott decision. Taney, Marshall, and Hughes were probably our most distinguished C.J.s. The most literary was Marshall, who, between sittings of the Court, ground out the first authorized biography of Washington. The work was in five volumes. The first volume made only two minor references to Washington. Chief Justice Fuller was troubled by the presence on his court of several justices who were too senile to do their share of the work but had no intention of retiring. Fuller got one of the younger justices to inquire of the venerable Mr. Justice Field whether he remembered serving, many years before, on a committee that had requested the then venerable Mr. Justice Grier to retire. Mr. Justice Field roused himself from his dozing long enough to mutter, "Yes, and a dirtier day's work I never did in my life."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Waldorf-Astoria has a sign on its Forty-ninth Street side announcing that it is an A.A.A.-approved hotel.

Covering the Waterfront

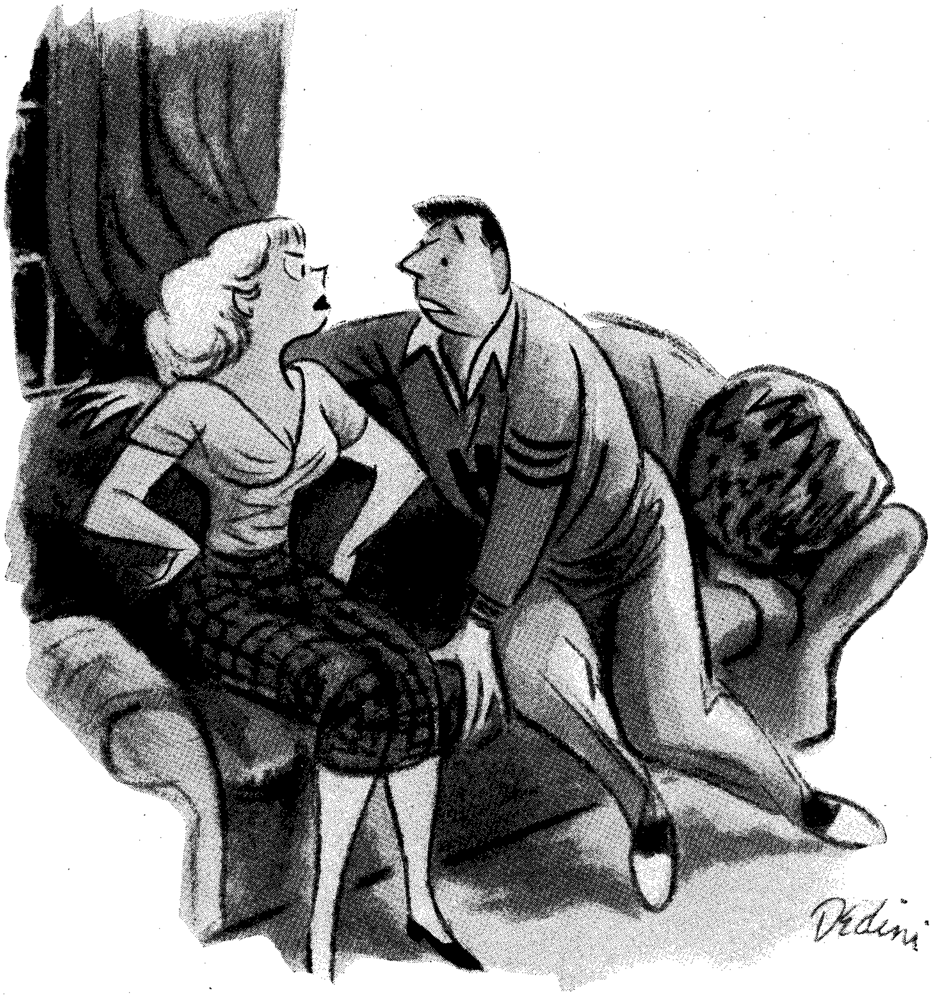
LIEUTENANT GENERAL GEORGE P. HAYS, the New York member of the two-man, bi-state Waterfront Commission recently set up under laws adopted by New York and New Jersey to combat wickedness on the piers, is sixty-one, modest, spare of limb, Lincolnian of feature, calm, confident, and against wickedness on piers. We had a drink with him and his wife in their sitting room at the Lowell last week, on the day he and his co-commissioner, Major General Edward C. Rose, of Newark, were named defendants in a court action filed by the independent International Longshoremen's Association to challenge the constitutionality of their commission. General Hays appeared unperturbed. "We've just bought a house in New Rochelle," he said. "First real estate I've ever owned. Seven rooms. Colonial type."

"With a garden," Mrs. Hays said.

We asked the General about his job, and he told us he was tremendously enthusiastic over the start that had been made. "We're assembling a staff of about a hundred and twenty-five," he said. "Half will be field investigators, who will see that the law is complied with—that longshoremen don't work without being registered, and that no extortion, intimidation, or paying for jobs goes on. The rest will be record keepers, lawyers, and so forth. There are between one and two hundred stevedore companies to be licensed, involving a thousand or so pier superintendents and hiring agents, around twenty-five hundred watchmen, and in the neighborhood of thirty to forty thousand longshoremen to be registered. Longshoremen have never been registered before, and there's never been a real count of them. Unregistered longshoremen will be ineligible for work after December 1st. We have the power to revoke licenses, and to recommend trials in the state courts for any offenses committed, such as bribery. We will make annual reports to the two governors. The Commission is set up until June 30, 1956. We can then recommend the appointment of commissioners to succeed us, or, if our work is completed, the winding up of the Commission. I don't anticipate any trouble."

The Commissioner is the son and grandson of Presbyterian missionaries in China. He was born in Chefoo, the youngest of five children, and at two moved to El Reno, Oklahoma, where his father exchanged Chinese ministrations for American. "It was a nice life for a kid," the son said.

W. BRA
GENERAL MGR.



"Gosh, Barbara, I'm not really *a fast worker. It's just that Coach wants us fellows home and in bed by ten o'clock."*

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"There were no fences. Every boy had a pony and a bridle and a dog. After school, we'd all get together with our dogs and ponies and take off and chase jack rabbits." In 1917, he left Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College for the Army. A second lieutenant in the field artillery, he was awarded the Medal of Honor for valor in the Second Battle of the Marne. We asked him to expatiate on this, but he would go no further than to say, "I'm proud of the fact that I was the only field artilleryman to get the Medal of Honor in the First World War. You had to be recommended by the infantry, which was more interested in its own boys." After the armistice, he was stationed in London, and there met the future Mrs. Hays, an English girl. "We first saw each other at a dance the Knights of Columbus gave for General Pershing at the Savoy," he said.

"My eldest sister had taken me along," Mrs. Hays said.

"After four months, we got married," the Commissioner said, "and I brought my bride back home."

Hays stayed in the Army. During the Second World War, as a brigadier general commanding artillery units in the 2nd Division, he landed in Normandy on D Day-plus-1. He later commanded the 10th Mountain Division in Italy. In 1947, he flew to Germany as deputy to General Lucius Clay, Military Governor of Germany, and stayed there from 1949 until 1952 as deputy to John J. McCloy, High Commissioner for Germany. He then served as commander of the United States forces in Austria until he was retired, with the rank of lieutenant general, last April. "On the ship coming back I got a wire from Lucius asking me to see him on my arrival," he said. "He broached my present job and made an appointment for me to see Governor Dewey, who offered it. I finally decided O.K. I wanted something to do, and thought this was something I *could* do. I must say I am very pleased about my association with General Rose. We have the same approach to things."

Mrs. Hays told us that her husband was formerly a two-goal polo player and is a great hunter and fisherman, and he said, "There was wonderful trout fishing and pheasant and partridge shooting in Austria, and excellent boar hunting in Germany. Boar tastes good if you smoke it."

Relationship

A STUDENT of the contemporary scene advises us that today's children are becoming accustomed to the institution of divorce. "They see their parents getting divorced and remarried," he writes. "They occasionally hear their divorced parents talking to each other in fairly amiable fashion. They've come to accept the relationship. A twelve-year-old friend of mine was watching a television show the other day and noticed a very attractive actress. He asked me if she was married. I said, 'No, she's divorced.' 'Who is she divorced to?' he asked."

Fortress

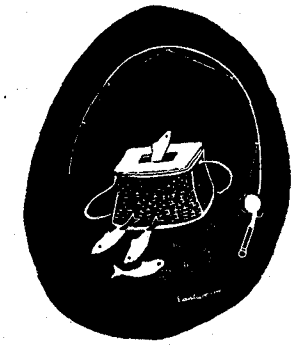
A FEW weeks ago, we had occasion to interview someone at the glorious old bastion, brave with towers and bartizans, that fills the block front between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets on Seventh Avenue and is the headquarters of the Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Co. Then and there, we resolved to pay a proper call on the building itself. We have now done so and can report that there isn't a more romantic pile on the island. We said that it fills the block, but what it really does is leap straight up out of it, like a beetling but not unfriendly castle on a rock somewhere between Nottingham and Sherwood Forest. Nine stories high, practically windowless, with walls of swarthy brick over two feet thick, it looks ready to repel the most cunning assaults of medieval siegecraft. As we walked up to the arched entrance and made out, on each side of the place where a portcullis might have been, a coiled, snarling watchdog cut in stone, the silly chatter of traffic on Seventh Avenue died away and we heard the thump of battering rams, the high whine of catapults. Surely there were dungeons beyond, halls with hounds snuffling among the reeds, a secret tunnel leading to the Hudson shore. We hastened past the stone dogs and prevailed upon no less a person than Harold L. Fates, president of the concern, to take us on a top-to-bottom tour of his fief. Before setting out, we asked him if he happened to have anything on the order of a first-rate dungeon around. Fates, a red-headed man who got out of Yale in 1932, is a lawyer, came to

Manhattan Storage in 1946, and gives people to understand that he is called Joe, not Harold, was plainly torn between romance and fact.

"Vaults," he said.

"Vaults for what?" we inquired, listening for the clatter of bones.

"Storage of liquor and wines," said Fates, and then, to make us both feel better, added, "Old stuff. A lot of it's been here fifty years. Sometimes I get the feeling that everything's been here fifty years but me."



We took an elevator to the ninth floor, then climbed by broad stairs and narrow to the tower at the corner of Fifty-third Street, from which we gained a prospect of city and river. As we stood there, Fates sketched the history of the company: how it had been founded in 1882, by a group of distinguished citizens, among them Iselins, Jays, and Cuttings; how they had put up a building at the southwest corner of Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue that was nearly as huge and fortresslike as the one we were in; how, business prospering, they had built the first section of the Seventh Avenue warehouse in 1892 and had kept attaching sections from time to time, until it reached its present total of two and a half million cubic feet of space; how the Forty-second Street site was leased to the Chanins in 1926, the old warehouse torn down, and a new one, sixteen stories high and containing a million and a half cubic feet of space, erected at Third Avenue and Eightieth Street; and how Manhattan Storage continues to prosper, with eight thousand accounts, an occupancy rate of about ninety per cent, and an assortment of stored goods ranging in weight from a feather boa to a three-ton statue of Buddha and in size from a pearl to a painting by Gustave Doré that measures sixteen by twenty-eight feet.

Fates guided us down the tower stairs and then rapidly from floor to floor, now and then lifting the flap of a round peephole in a locked steel door and inviting us to peer inside. There was never any guessing what we'd see next—fifty pianos in a clump, a hundred oil portraits, two grandfather clocks, or a ziggurat of trunks and brown-paper bundles. These days, Fates said, household goods are usually stored at the Eightieth Street warehouse, and the Seventh Avenue warehouse specializes in commercial lots—rugs, china, glass, vacuum cleaners, furs. Most of the household goods at Seventh Avenue not only have been there for decades but are likely to be there for decades to come. "People can't bear to give up things, even if they never expect to see them again," Fates said. "Miss Mary Powers, the recluse who lived at the Hotel Seymour and whom the newspapers called Seymour Mary, kept some odd lots of her mother's here for fifty-three years. Never came near them. Must have paid ten or twelve thousand dollars in storage fees. A customer of ours who recently died had the entire contents of three houses stored here. We're waiting to see what his heirs will do about them. My bet is they'll leave them here and keep on paying." By then, Fates had led us down into the vaults, low-ceilinged, built on bedrock. We saw about us case upon case of old Bordeaux, but what we sniffed on the cool, still air wasn't the smell of wine, it was the smell of time. We hurried after Fates and, failing to duck low enough, struck our head against a pipe. It might have been a clout by Little John.

Highway Samaritan

A FRIEND of ours, caught in one of those traffic tieups on the George Washington Bridge one recent weekend, decided to squeeze between a couple of cars in another lane. When he'd completed this maneuver, he was dismayed to find that the car ahead of him had stalled. Noticing that the driver of the stalled car was gesticulating frantically, he figured the man wanted to be pushed, and proceeded to ease into his rear bumper. The car behind our friend promptly banged into *him.* Signalling the driver astern to stay away, our man once again tried to push the stalled car, and once again he was struck from the rear. At this point, a police motorcycle drew alongside him. "I'm trying to shove this car, and the idiot behind me keeps crashing into me!" our friend shouted indignantly. "Look, Mac," said the cop. "The guy you're pushing is *pulling* the car behind you. You're on top of the tow rope."

Dollar Here, Dollar There

HAVING passed along the views of the publisher of the *Mirror* on the subject of Lucky Bucks a couple of weeks back, we thought it only fair to discuss Bonanza Bills with the *News*, and last week accordingly found us in a financial huddle with Richard W. Clarke, the executive editor of that paper. Mr. Clarke seemed unfazed by the circumstance that the *News* had apparently climbed on its rival's band wagon. "Actually, we always have some kind of circulation push after Labor Day," he told us. "In 1925 and 1929 both, we gave rewards for dollar bills with special serial numbers, and you know what we called them? Lucky Bucks. We thought Lucky Bucks had done something for the *Mirror* this time, so we decided to give them a whirl again, and here we are."

It was Mr. Clarke who christened the *News'* golden singles Bonanza Bills, but, being an old-timer (he came to the paper in 1919), he still absent-mindedly refers to Bonanza Bills in conversation as "Lucky Bucks," or "lucky bucks." Very confusing. The *News* began its promotional stunt on September 14th, and its redemption rates are somewhat higher than the *Mirror's.* During the first two weeks of Bonanza Bills, Mr. Clarke told us, consulting a typewritten report on his desk, the *News* doled out sixteen thousand eight hundred dollars to a hundred and sixty-one people. In the same two weeks, the *Mirror* doled out six thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars to a hundred and seventeen people. "There's one gimmick I can't understand," Mr. Clarke said. "Of the first thirteen lucky bucks worth a thousand dollars we put out, seven were redeemed. Over the same stretch, only a hundred and twenty-one bills worth fifty dollars were redeemed out of the two hundred and eighty we put out. Stranger yet, we announce a bill worth two hundred and fifty every day and only three have come back. Why? I can't figure it out. We've made no effort to put the thousands in places where they'd be most unlikely to be redeemed. I have a few hazy ideas about what the worst places are, by the way. The worst places are the big department stores. You put a bill in one of those and it vanishes."

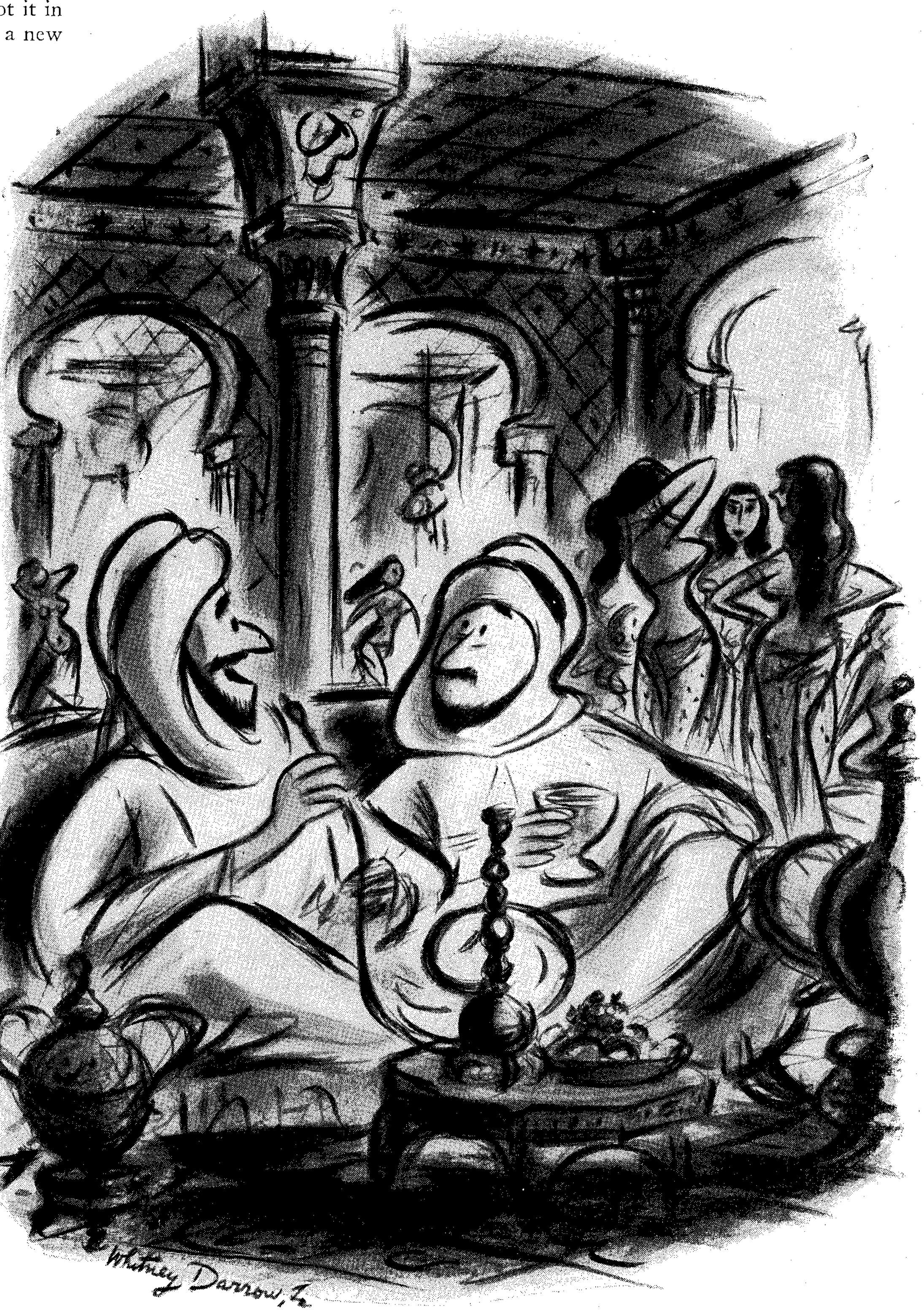
The *News* launches most of its dollars in Manhattan and Brooklyn—thirty-five bills a week to each. Staten Island gets only six. Some bills also go to the suburbs. Of the five boroughs, Brooklyn has the highest percentage rate for redemptions, Manhattan the lowest. Why? Mr. Clarke can't figure it out, and neither can we; there's meat for some enterprising sociologist in this. Mr. Clarke himself has been an active distributor. One Saturday and

Sunday, he spread Suffolk County's entire weekly quota of six bills around—a buck in Smithtown, another in Riverhead, one each in East Hampton, Southampton, and Calverton, and the last at a gas station on Route 25, he forgets in just what town. He is also a local spreader. "I've had one thousand-dollar lucky buck come back that pleased me a great deal," he told us. "I left it at a stationery store on East Eighty-third Street. It kicked around Yorkville for nearly a week, and finally a cleaning woman got it in her pay. Here's a list of where a new batch is going." He waved a typewritten sheet of paper fleetingly and tantalizingly before us.

The *News* has received a number of telephone calls from folks who have said they had Bonanza Bills but, on being urged cordially to bring them around and collect their bonanzas, have hung up and never been heard from again. "I don't know what possesses people to do that," Mr. Clarke told us. He himself got a letter from a man who said that he was unemployed, that a bill of his missed being worth a thousand dollars by one measly digit, and that he thought he deserved some sort of consolation prize for coming so close. "I was obliged to tell him that we were sorry but we couldn't make exceptions," Mr. Clarke said. The *News'* circulation has gone up a hundred thousand a day since Bonanza Bills began. (The *Mirror* told us they weren't concerned much with circulation, but Mr. Clarke thinks they were being coy, and that theirs has increased around seventy-five thousand a day.) "We'll keep lucky bucks going as long as there seems to be any great interest in them," Mr. Clarke said. "I think the *Mirror* would probably have stopped long ago if we hadn't started. But that's just a guess." A secretary rushed in with a message that we thought must be a hot news flash. Mr. Clarke read it. "A thousand-dollar lucky buck dropped at Second Avenue and Fifty-first has landed in a gin mill at Forty-first and Tudor City," he announced to us gravely.

Phantom

OUR semiannual confusion caused by the shift from Eastern Standard Time to Daylight Saving and back again has been in no wise moderated by the following report from a mysterious lady reader. Just after the most recent shift, she writes us, she went to the Long Island Railroad information desk to check up on a train—she doesn't say which one. The girl at the desk said there was a train bound for her destination that left at ten o'clock and another at one, but none near noon, as she had assumed. "I've been taking the eleven-forty-five for years," our informant said to her informant. "But, Madam, you shouldn't have," the girl said. "There *is* no such train."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"As I understand it, the fellow only interviewed about six thousand women."

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

SHADES OF YOUNG GIRLS AMONG THE FLUMMERY

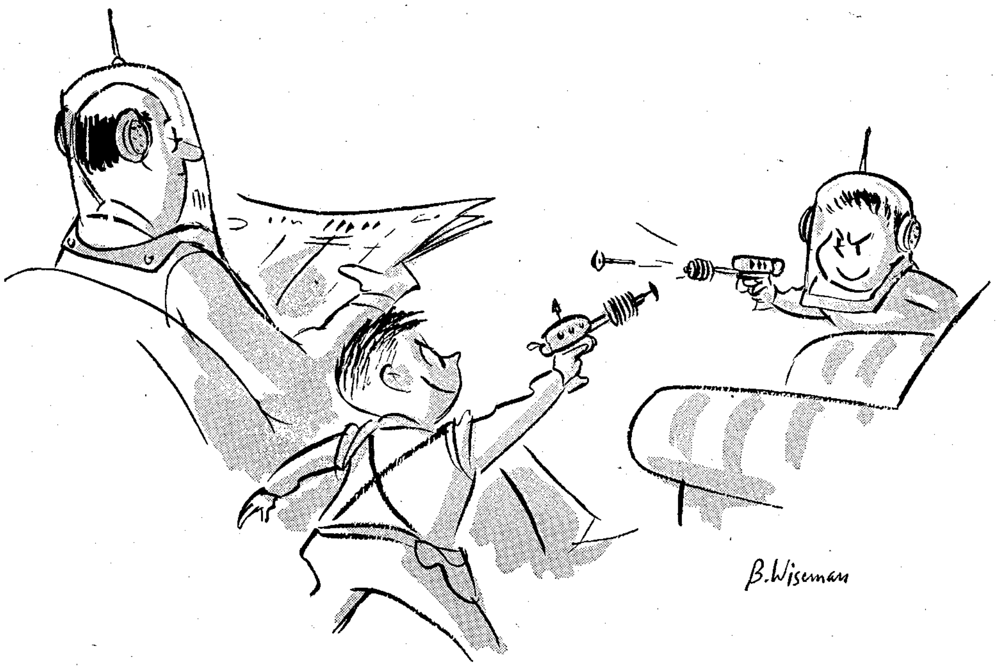
ONLY an ass, and a knavish one at that, would have the temerity to compare himself with Boswell, the brothers Goncourt, Rainer Maria Rilke, or any of the world's other great diarists, but after thirty-three years of standing around on one foot waiting for a crumb of recognition, I trust I may be pardoned for blowing my own horn. Way back in 1920, while *in statu pupillari* at a Rhode Island lyceum, I kept a journal, briefly, wherein I recorded certain ideals and aspirations, judgments on books and movies that had impressed me, and appraisals of teachers and relatives who had not. It is hardly my purpose to dwell here on how trenchant and shrewd were these comments, how utterly devastating and yet how accurate; enough to say that if some perceptive critic like James Gibbons Huneker had been prowling around my bureau and discovered the diary under the porous-knit union suits where it lay hidden, he would have unhesitatingly pronounced it a minor classic. Unfortunately, Huneker seldom got up to New England in those days, and never learned of the existence of the diary prior to his death. (Whether he learned of it afterward I have, of course, no way of knowing.) In any case, looking it over a while ago, I ran across an estimate of a movie I had seen called "The Flapper," produced by Lewis J. Selznick and starring Olive Thomas. "Coruscating entertainment," I said of it. "Adult fare, replete with Frenchy situations and rib-tickling persiflage. With this production, Hollywood dons long pants. A few more of these, and there is no telling what might happen." Events proved me right. Selznick went bust—the ordinary filmgoer was too crass to appreciate caviar—but his sons vindicated him and made celluloid history. Had I wished to capitalize on my foresight, I, too, might have prospered. Alas, I was a brilliant dreamer, a Mycroft Holmes content to view everything as a chess problem.

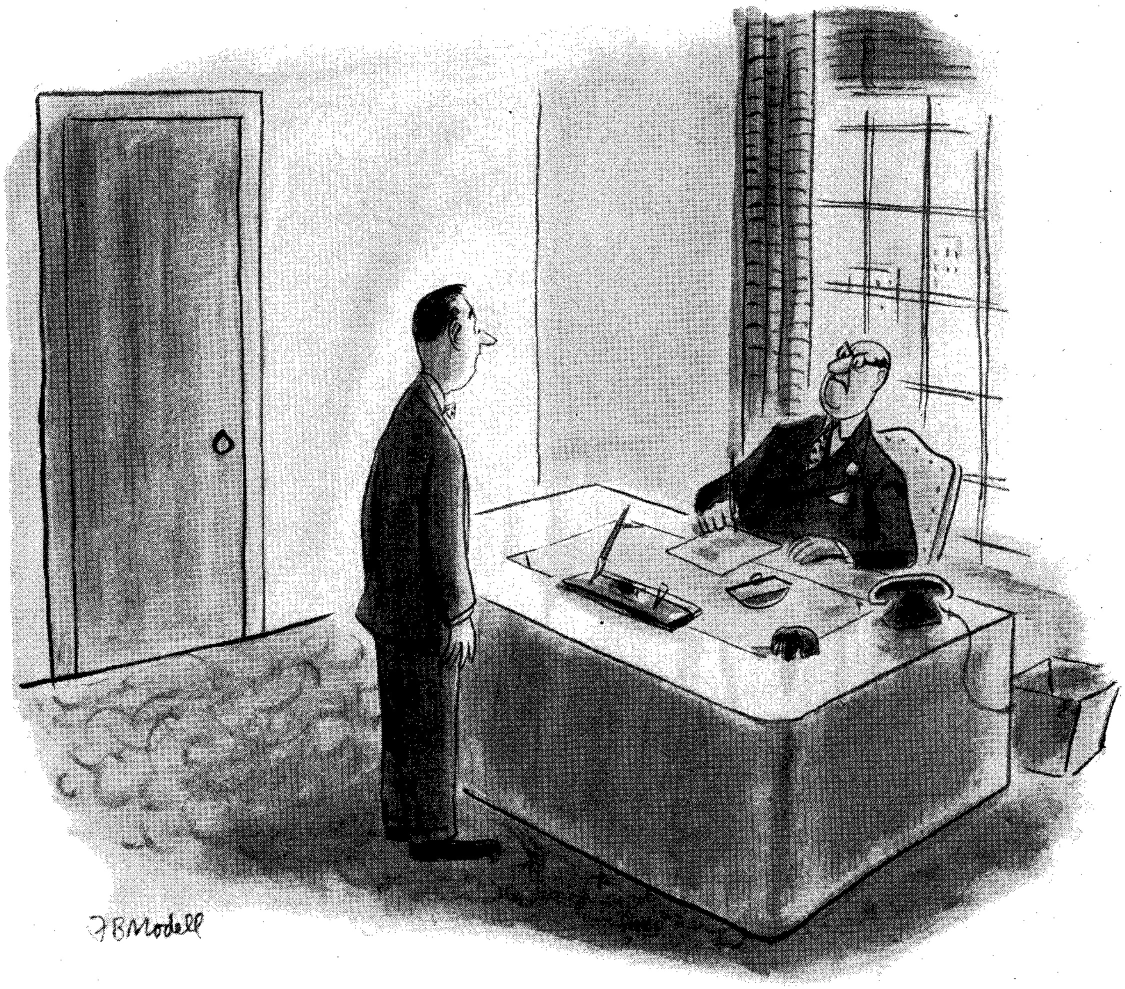
QUITE recently, in the course of a medical checkup, I was alarmed to find that my masochism count had dropped below the safety level and that I was becoming impervious to cinema flapdoodle. Sure-shot emetics like Kirk Douglas had lost their potency, and even the sight of José Ferrer in "Moulin Rouge," foreshortened and busily polluting the memory of Toulouse-Lautrec, had aroused no more than the collywobbles one experiences broadside of an oily swell. Faced with such inescapable danger signals, I quickly repaired to the film library of the Museum of Modern Art and outlined my symptoms.

The curator's answer was unequivocal. "This is no time for half measures," he said, his fingertips beating a tattoo on the desk top. From underneath it, where his factotum was quartered, came an answering tattoo. The curator stubbed out his cigarette. "Clear all projection rooms!" he bawled down. "Break out that print of 'The Flapper,' produced by Lewis J. Selznick and starring Olive Thomas!" Off in the background, diminuendo, I heard the strident voices of half a dozen Sarah Lawrence graduates relaying the command to the storage vaults. A quarter of an hour later, I was semi-recumbent in a darkened auditorium, my stomach fluttering auspiciously and perspiration mantling my forehead. It was a slow, uphill fight, but by the end of the sixth reel I was as panicky as a tenor with a fishbone in his throat.

Chronologically, the flapper of Olive Thomas antedated by several years that of Clara Bow; the freewheeling galosh and the Stutz Bearcat, the coonskin coat and the débutante slouch were still to emerge as symbols of the Jazz Age, and the theme of Selznick's opus, if it had any, was the rebellion ostensibly fermenting in the somewhat younger generation. Casting Miss Thomas as its teen-aged protagonist was, incidentally, sheer dramatic license, for her middy blouse was strained like a balloon jib. The same was true of her schoolmates, a flock of pouter pigeons who must have been recruited from a corset showroom. The fact that they wore Peter Thomsons and hair ribbons and bombarded each other with snowballs discomposed nobody at the time the picture was current; indeed, it heightened the aura of naughtiness, of Gallic spice, that clung to everything surrounding the nickelodeon. Corinne Calvet in a Bikini, nowadays, doesn't have one-third the sizzle of Elaine Hammerstein in a pinafore. Oh, well, two-thirds.

THE dramatis personae of "The Flapper" plummet into the opening reel with such velocity that the proceedings make little sense at first, but a design presently emerges. Ginger (Olive Thomas), the madcap daughter of Senator King (Warren Cook), has been perturbing everyone in the hamlet of Orange Springs, Florida, with her boisterous antics. Familial patience ends when she takes French leave of some youngsters assigned to her care and goes speedboating with a vacationing freshman from a Northern military academy, Billy Forbes (Theodore Westman, Jr.). The Senator thereupon packs her off to a misses' seminary—adjoining Billy's school, for plot purposes—whose students are slyly characterized as "limbs of Satan from old family trees." The only evidence of wanton conduct I could detect, however, was a piggish overindulgence in fudge and an oc-





"Well, if you won't give me a raise, will you at least permit me to withdraw my ultimatum to quit if I don't get one?"

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casional typhoon of giggles; on the face of it, Ginger's cronies are as torpid as a moatful of carp, and to alleviate the monotony she breaches the rules and fraternizes with Billy next door. Concurrently, she develops a pash for a mysterious young man named Richard Channing (William P. Carlton, Jr.), who roams the grounds daily on his saddle horse and whom the girls romantically conjecture to be an English lord, a professional gambler, or an actor. (I saw no external evidence to support the last of these, by the way.) "Don't you think he looks like a Greek god?" Ginger observes rapturously to Billy as the stranger canters by. Billy's retort is a squelcher. "He looks like a fried egg to me," he ripostes. Badinage of this stripe has gone out of fashion of late, or possibly I don't know the right teen-agers. It must be two or three years since I've heard anybody declare, "I'm the guy who puts salt in the ocean," or "You tell 'em, whalebone, you've been around the ladies."

By maneuvering Billy into a sleigh ride and a consequent upset in the snow, a scene that would prostrate anyone with its tedium if he were not already horizontal, Ginger scrapes acquaintance with her idol, falsifies her age, and gets him to invite her to a hop at the local country club. The other bimbos are, of course, oxidized with envy as she struts about waving ostrich fans and bragging of her conquests, and her reputation as a *femme du monde* soars. Unluckily, the headmistress learns of the proposed exploit. She turns up at the dance just as our heroine is holding court around the punch bowl; Channing, miffed at his public embarrassment, refers to Ginger in her hearing as a pinfeathered saphead, which compounds the debacle; and on being haled back to school, she theatrically presses a cluster of lilies to her bosom and prepares to hang herself from a chandelier. Meanwhile, the plot—to employ a courtly synonym—has been proliferating in another and more melodramatic direction. A student named Hortense (Katherine Johnston), described as "a moth among the butterflies," has been in league with one Tom Morran, alias the Eel (Arthur Johnston), to rob the school safe. The valuables contained there—as far as I could see, a string of beads and some women's dresses—hardly warrant being kept under lock and key, but anyway Ginger spies the couple descending a ladder with two suitcases and forgets her suicidal impulse. Despite Hortense's disappearance, the premise is advanced that nobody links her with the caper; the headmistress, clearly someone who lives in a world of fantasy if she keeps clothing in a safe, hushes up the affair on understandable grounds, and her charges start packing for their mid-term vacation. Just as the picture showed every sign of being moribund, and I was massaging my knee to obviate the nut-cracking sound so embarrassing in a projection room, the story shuddered convulsively and lumbered off again. I would have followed suit if I could have got my knee back into its socket.

Hortense and the Eel, a dissolve reveals, are bivouacked in a New York hotel, in whose lobby they accidentally see Channing, and they now originate the notion of making Ginger the goat for the robbery. Since Channing does not know them, and since, moreover, the theft has been hushed up, there isn't the slightest trace of logic in any of this; I'm merely repeating what danced across the screen. The heavies dispatch a telegram luring Ginger to their suite, where Hortense confides that she and the Eel were eloping when her schoolmate last saw them. Reassured, Ginger is persuaded to tarry the night, and shortly meets Channing in the dining room. He is also bound for Orange Springs, by a rare coincidence, and paternally tries to induce her to take the same train, but nothing happens, just as it has been happening with dizzying regularity all along. In the middle of the night Ginger is awakened at gun point by the confederates, given the suitcases containing the boodle, and ordered to hide them in Orange Springs until they reclaim them. You or I might regard this as rather eccentric behavior;

Ginger, however, treats it with aplomb and, after they bolt, settles down, fascinated, to examine the suitcases. Hidden in the clothing is a packet of sultry love letters from the Eel to Hortense, which, announces a succession of titles, give Ginger a delicious idea: "A complete outfit for a woman of experience . . . She might borrow it and vamp Channing . . . She would go home with a manufactured past."

Well, sir, if you think the foregoing is a wee bit daft, the rest of it is more Surrealist than "Le Chien Andalou" or one of those comic-strip nightmares Little Nemo used to get from eating Welsh rabbits. Down in Orange Springs, a staid party of townswomen is convened at the King home, buzzing over the teacups, when Ginger draws up in a calash, sporting a Duchess of Devonshire hat trimmed with osprey feathers, a hobble skirt, and opera-length gloves, and flaunting a court chamberlain's baton. How this finery had found its way into the school safe, unless the headmistress was in the habit of impersonating Lady Teazle after lights-out, is the only suspenseful element I saw anywhere in "The Flapper." "Howdy, Gushy, old top," Ginger drawls to a neighbor. "How's everything in the little old town?" To their intense alarm—and when those early screen actors registered alarm, the camera tripod shook—the ladies hear the girl confess that she has been leading a double life in New York, gallivanting around till 4 A.M., etc., etc. To intensify the atmosphere of dementia, Billy Forbes rockets in, reacts in horror to the metamorphosis, and races off to berate Channing for having led his sweetheart astray. As the whole thing deteriorates into bedlam, with Senator King distractedly vowing to kill Ginger's seducer, the brat restores the clothes to the valises and endeavors to ship them by railway express to the New York police. The freight agent, suspicious, fetches a detective, who promptly arrests her. (It wouldn't have surprised me in the least, by then, if she had arrested *him*.) A mighty hue and cry ensues in the King household when she is brought back, everyone bellowing and fainting like sixty, but eventually the plainclothesman recognizes the handwriting in the love letters as that of the Eel—am I going too fast for you?—and the mystery is solved. To round matters off neatly, the Eel and Hortense show up to retrieve their swag and are whisked off to pokey, and the last shot, prefaced by a newspaper headline reading, "ORANGE SPRINGS SOCIAL WELFARE WORKERS HORRIFIED OVER SOFT DRINK DISSIPATION," shows Ginger and Billy devouring sodas and cooing to each other.

IT was in a state of acute vertigo, as though I had been rotated in a centrifuge, that I left the Museum to buy a stirrup cup at Rumpelmayer's for my daughter, herself a student at a New England academy and entraining that afternoon for the fall semester. Over the parfaits, I listened to a breathless recapitulation of her day. She had picked up a bargain autograph of Marlon Brando at a Sixth Avenue pornographer's, priced a star sapphire at Olga Tritt's and given the salesperson my phone number, and, cannily sensing that prices were at their peak, charged several thousand dollars' worth of gowns suitable for embassy functions. "And what did you do today?" she asked solicitously, sponging a tiny bead of fudge from my cravat. On the theory that Ginger's misadventures might furnish a moral lesson, I began recounting the plot of "The Flapper." Halfway through, she broke in nervously. "Look, I won't hear of you coming to the train," she said. "You're going home to bed this second." With the aid of a mysterious bystander who could have been an English lord, a professional gambler, or an actor but who turned out to be the manager, I was bundled into a hack and sent home. She must have got back to school safely, unless she took off for Orange Springs. You never know which way these modern kids'll jump. Why, when I was her age, I already kept a journal that frankly— But there I go, blowing my own horn.

—S. J. PERELMAN

CAFETERIA
CAFETERIA
K•V

A WALK BY THE CHARLES

Finality broods upon the things that pass.
Persuaded by this air, the trump of doom
Might hang unsounded while the autumn gloom
Darkens the leaf and smokes the river's glass,
For nothing so susceptible to death
But on this forenoon seems to hold its breath:
The silent single oarsmen on the stream
Are always young, are rowers in a dream;
The lovers underneath the chestnut tree,
Though love is over, stand bemused to see
The season falling where no fall could be.

You oarsmen, when you row beyond the bend,
Will see the river winding to its end.
Lovers that hold the chestnut bur in hand
Will speak at last of death, will understand,
Foot-deep amid the ruinage of the year,
What smell it is that stings the gathering air.

From our evasions we are brought at last,
From all our hopes of constancy, to cast
One look of recognition at the sky,
The unimportant leaves that flutter by.
Why else upon this bank are we so still?
What lends us anchor but the mutable?

O lovers! Let the bridge of your two hands
Be broken like the mirrored bridge that bends
And shivers on the surface of the stream.
Young oarsmen, who in timeless gesture seem
Continuous, united with the tide,
Leave off your bending to the oar, and glide
Past innocence, beyond these aging bricks,
To where the Charles flows in to join the Styx.

—ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

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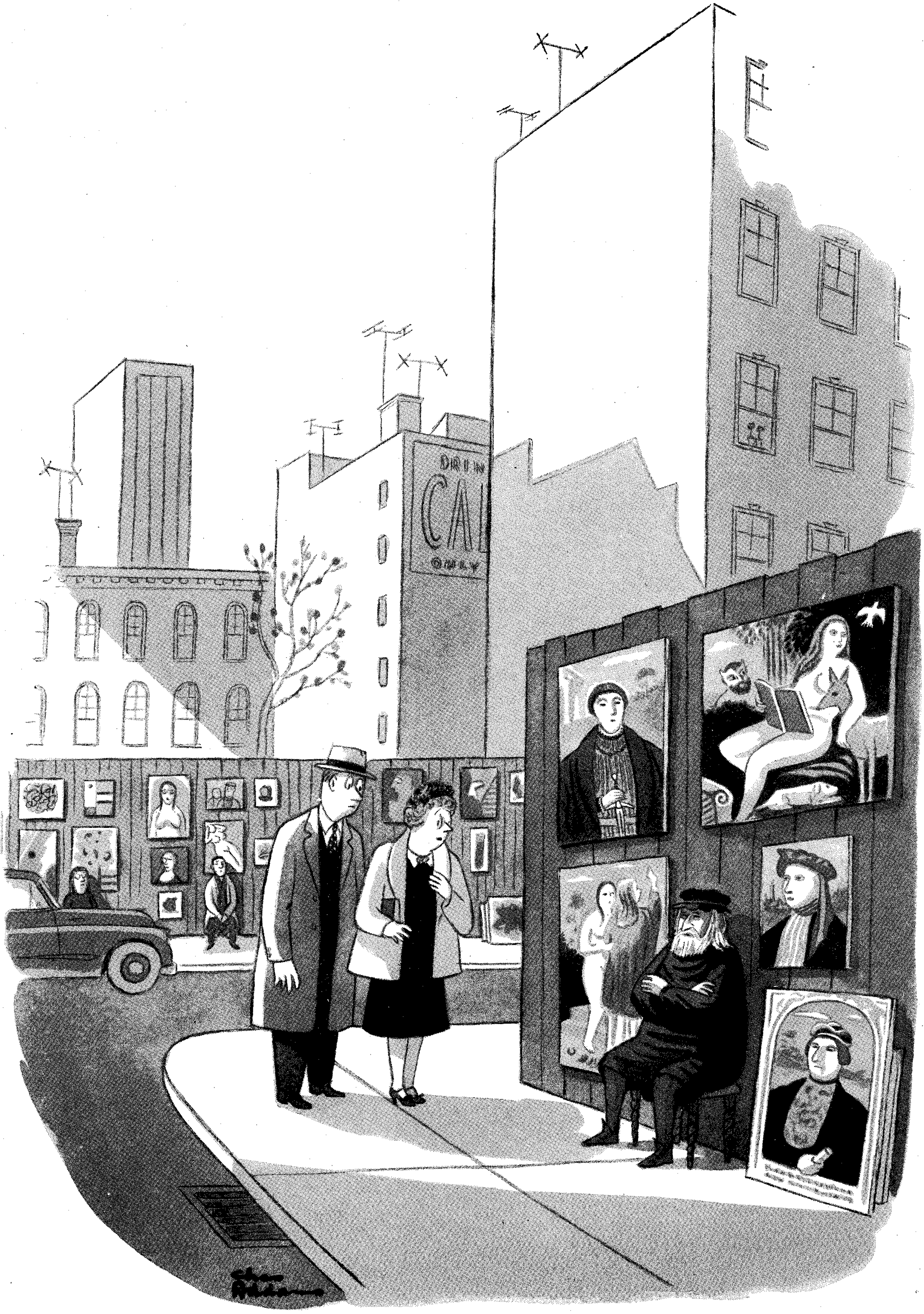

DRIN
CA
ONLY
Chas Addams

AN AUTUMN FABLE

DONALD ACTON had been hunting most of the long afternoon, without any success, and, in fact, he was thinking of turning home when he saw the bird fly. It went up from a little thicket farther on down the side of the woods road he was travelling, and he watched it go with that mixture of foreknowledge confirmed and complete surprise that is the ultimate frustration of the hunter.

As it seemed to him now, he had been sure, even as he approached, that there would be a bird waiting for him in that precise spot; he had been watching it, or he had intended to; it was the perfect place for a partridge to nest in. But the bird had gone up a good ten yards beyond the plausible range of a shot, and with that uncanny prescience that seems peculiar to the partridge, it had chosen, moreover, a moment when his mind had wandered. He had heard a slight rustling in the leaves to the left of him, and though he had known it couldn't be anything more than a chipmunk or a blue jay, possibly, stirring, he had turned to look; in that instant the bird had flown. He heard the whir first, the faint, ghostly wing whir, that told him it was a partridge, and then, over his gun sight by that time, saw the low, swooping flight that ended, for him, with a gray flare of wings as the bird banked and flicked away into the underbrush.

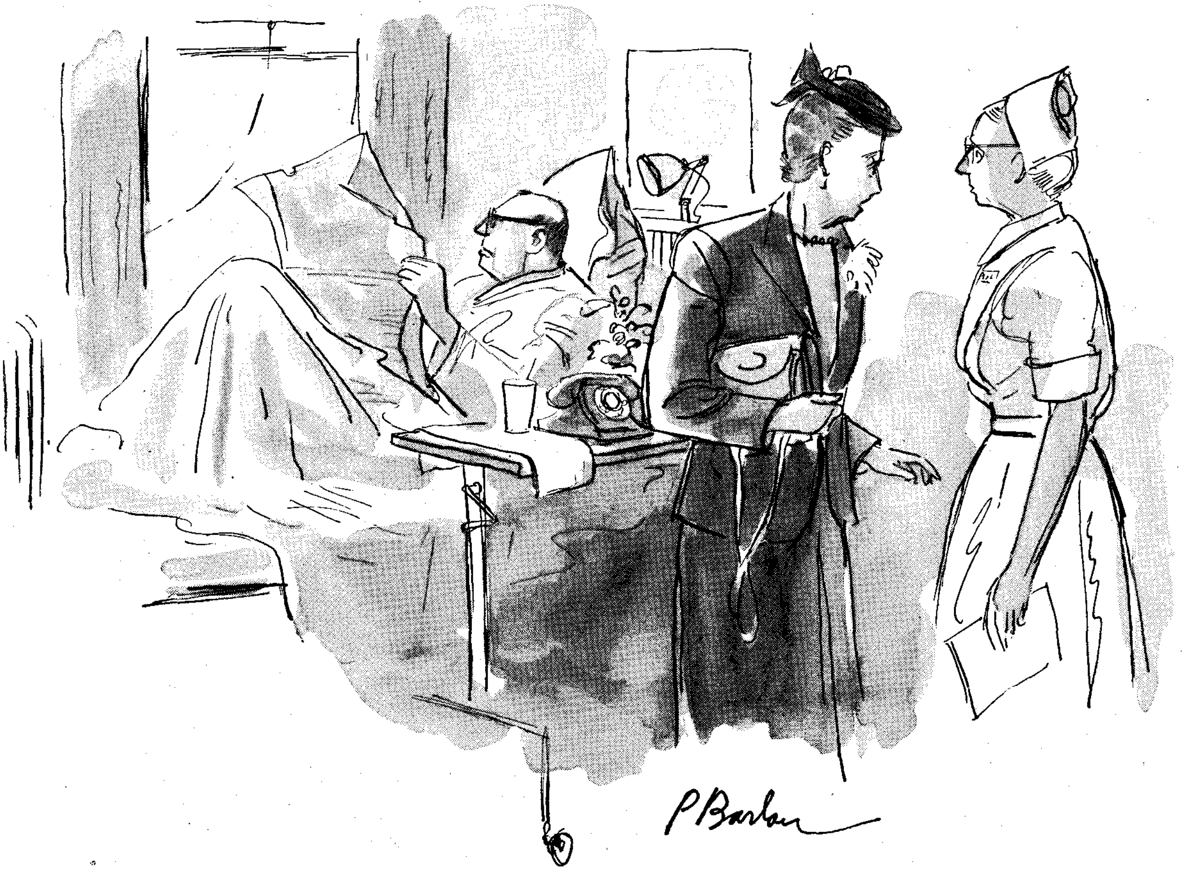
He could have fired; there was an instant when he could have. But he held his fire, and, it seemed to him, wisely. The bird had flown, he was sure, not from fright but from a kind of instinct foretelling danger; he hadn't really startled it, and in such case the chances were that it wouldn't go far. Partridge, his hunter's knowledge told him—and Donald was accounted a pretty good hunter—were like that; they took off fast, but from laziness, carelessness, or sheer intrepidity they often sat down again sooner than one would expect them to. This one, even as it entered the woods, had seemed to be slanting downward, as if preparing to land.

He was fairly sure that it had just taken what he called "a lift and a set," and that if he followed its flight and went carefully, he might get a much better chance at it later on. So he lowered his gun; he let it go. Instead, he stopped where he was for a moment, on the lonely road, to mark the spot the bird had flown from. It was about fifty yards farther on, just beyond a young shoot of maple—red as flame now, with its autumn coloring—and just short of a fair-sized hemlock. But as he started to walk down toward it, he felt an odd reluctance take hold of him, and he was almost tempted to turn back.

To be sure, there were sound enough reasons for him to give up the chase and go home. He was already farther afield than he'd meant to go; he would have a walk of a mile or more before he even got back over the ridge into his own valley. Any way you looked at it, he'd be late getting home. Was there any sense making himself later by what might be a long, fruitless chase? But his uncertainty, somehow, went beyond such sensible considerations. The truth was he felt a real foreboding, and although it was formless and vague, as such feelings generally are, he knew that it was focussed in some fashion on the bird and its flight into the woods. Donald was eighteen, and not quite a man yet, though he tried to act like one; he was tall for his age, long-armed and rangy—awkward-looking, really, but unexpectedly quick and accurate in his movements—with intense-black hair, deep-blue eyes, and a long, rather solemn, thin-featured face.

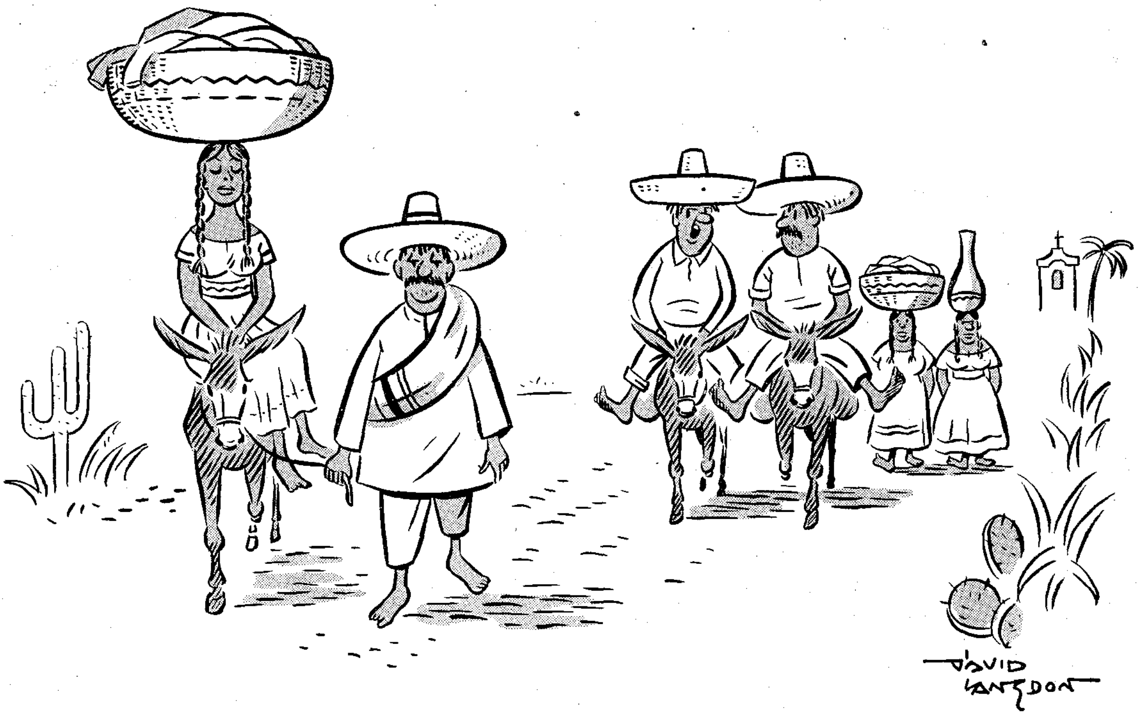
He was a serious young fellow, and as so often happens with the serious-minded, he was stubborn, too. Now the very strength of the feeling that had come over him acted as a challenge. Why not go on, after all, he asked himself, and what was he getting so cautious about all of a sudden? He wanted game, and the way to get game was to go after it; now his best chance of the day lay waiting for him, somewhere off in the woods there. He would be a fool not to make a try for it. Beneath all this, too, as a counter to the slight apprehension that had gripped him, was an equally irrational desire to pursue that particular bird—that one and no other. He wanted it; it was childish, maybe, but he wanted it, and when he came to the place where the bird had swerved off among the trees, he paused to look the ground over, and then went in after it.

There was a little bank there, fairly thick with brush, and rising steeply from the road, and he scrambled up



"Please try to keep that nurse who says 'okey-dokey' away from him."

that as silently as he could, but swiftly, for he knew that if the bird flew then, he would have no chance at it whatever. At its crest, though, the slope lessened, slanting almost imperceptibly up toward the darkness of the deep woods beyond, and the boy stopped again for a moment to glance around him. Then, holding his gun lightly in both hands, at the ready, he walked forward slowly.



“He’s crazy about her.”

HE was in new growth now, oaks and maples mostly, with a scattering of young birches—and with here and there a big stump, its wood carved and columned into odd quartzlike conformations, as if petrified by decay, to show what had happened to the older trees—and though the young trees had grown raggedly, springing up fairly close together, they were thin-stemmed enough so he could see pretty much all around him. Yet again, and in spite of his caution, the bird fooled him. Wary as he had been, the bird was warier, only this time, instead of going up when it was too far away for a shot, it flew from close at hand—so close, indeed, that when it flew, he heard not only the sudden soft thudding of wings but the faint rattle of leaves on the ground beneath it as the wings’ beat stirred them. But he had been zigzagging at the time, to cover more ground, and as he shifted to the left, the bird shot up from his right, so he had to bring his gun all the way around to get on it. And when he did that, of course, a branch caught the barrel; before he could get free and take aim, the bird was gone again, flying low and fast—incredibly fast, it seemed, and so low it just skimmed the underbrush—till he lost sight of it in the tangle of tree trunks and branches farther on.

“Damn! Damn! *Damn!*” Donald cried, out loud, and then he couldn’t help grinning. He’d been fooled again, this time as thoroughly as a kid on his first day in the field, and it was nobody’s fault but his own. As old Mr. Beckley put it, he just hadn’t been looking in the right place at the right time, and since again there was no point in hurrying on—Donald always believed in giving a partridge a chance to settle—he walked over to look at the place that the bird had flown from.

It was a clump of fern and goldenrod, now browning with autumn, growing out at the base of a rotted stump, and as he looked at it, he realized that his eyes must have rested on the bird at least a couple of times without seeing it. One thing was sure, though, the bird had seen him, and had watched him and weighed his moves, and in a way had outthought him. Suddenly, and with a vividness that startled him a little, for it was unusual for him to think so, he had a quick, precise vision of the bird as it had sat there, compact for flight but waiting: speckled brown and gray like the weeds and almost invisible among them, its blunt, smooth little head tucked down and motionless, the neck rigid, and only the tiny round eyes moving almost imperceptibly, studying his every movement and waiting, waiting—waiting wisely and fearlessly for the one rapid, irrecoverable instant when it would be safe for it to fly. And then, its muscles already held tight and tense for the effort, releasing them—in the bursting, apparently erratic flight that still always unerringly took advantage of every shred or thread of cover that might protect the bird from its pursuer.

It was queer, but as Donald stood there alone in the wood, the picture in his mind was so clear that he almost felt like the bird itself, and for an instant he seemed to fly with it—delighting, like it, in the wild assurance, the confidence of wings and the sagacity of coloration, that kept for it its freedom. It was the feeling of identity that the hunter frequently has for the hunted, and it held him there longer than he had intended, staring down at the clutter of brown, crumpled leaves at his feet. Then he gave them a kick with his boot and looked up and around him. It was getting late, he knew. It was getting toward sunset, and though the late light, slanting in among the bold reds and yellows and coppery greens of the trees, seemed to set them to blazing more furiously than ever—seemed, indeed, to be no more than an embellishment, touching up some bright, inner, imperishable illumination of their own—he knew that this was a false impression; in another hour or so, at most, with the sun set, the woods, in spite of their present brilliance, would be dark. But it was his bird still, his now more than ever, and once more, moving even more cautiously, he set out to get it.

There he failed, however. He didn’t get it, though it led him to the girl and, in a way, after that to the cabin. But he had, of course, no means of knowing that outcome then. All he knew was the chase, from moment to moment, and that frequently was exasperating. Four times more (or perhaps it was five times, he wasn’t sure) the bird flew, and each time it eluded him. Once, it flew fairly close, from an old stone fence that, reduced to rubble now, still trailed off through the forest. (He, of course, had set down his gun at the moment, while he climbed the unsteady

ENGLISH ROSES

There was never such a summer for roses
In spite of the ruinous weather.
Ochre and crimson and sugar-pink they have flared and flaunted
In the scalding hours before storm and the long, sly drizzle,
Streaming out flat in the sharp, sudden winds from every quarter—
Cold, damp, petal-spilling, or a tepid, devouring airstream,
A northern sirocco.
And still they have flowered, wave upon wave of brilliance,
Though sometimes the hideous rain has clotted their petals
And rotted them, sapping their color,
To bunches of paper.
And yet, with a desperate urgency,
Almost as though, poor heart, they knew of our trouble
And meant to show us what strength may lie in a colored passion
Blindly fountaining up from the soil of nature,
They have budded again and flowered and kept on flowering,
For the rain has nourished the roots.
The infanticidal,
World-chilling winds in spring held back the blooming
Till the last date of frost was past,
So that when the sun came at last (brokenly, briefly),
With a kaleidoscope's minute crash they all burst together
As love bursts . . .
And note that the blight was powerless, the fly a failure,
And the roses triumphed, as we shall.

—William Buchan

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stones.) And again—he was in pine woods now, the light green and cool and churchlike, the great greenish-brown trunks, scaly-smooth except for a bristle of died-away branch stubs here and there on the rise of them, standing gravely in the stillness—it went up so far away that it seemed completely divorced from him. He was no longer the pursuer or it the pursued; it was just flying there, swooping up and then dipping dancingly, and he stopped (for the moment, at least, never thinking of his gun) to watch till, as if it had suddenly become aware of him or of his coming, it fled off into the woods farther on. He followed.

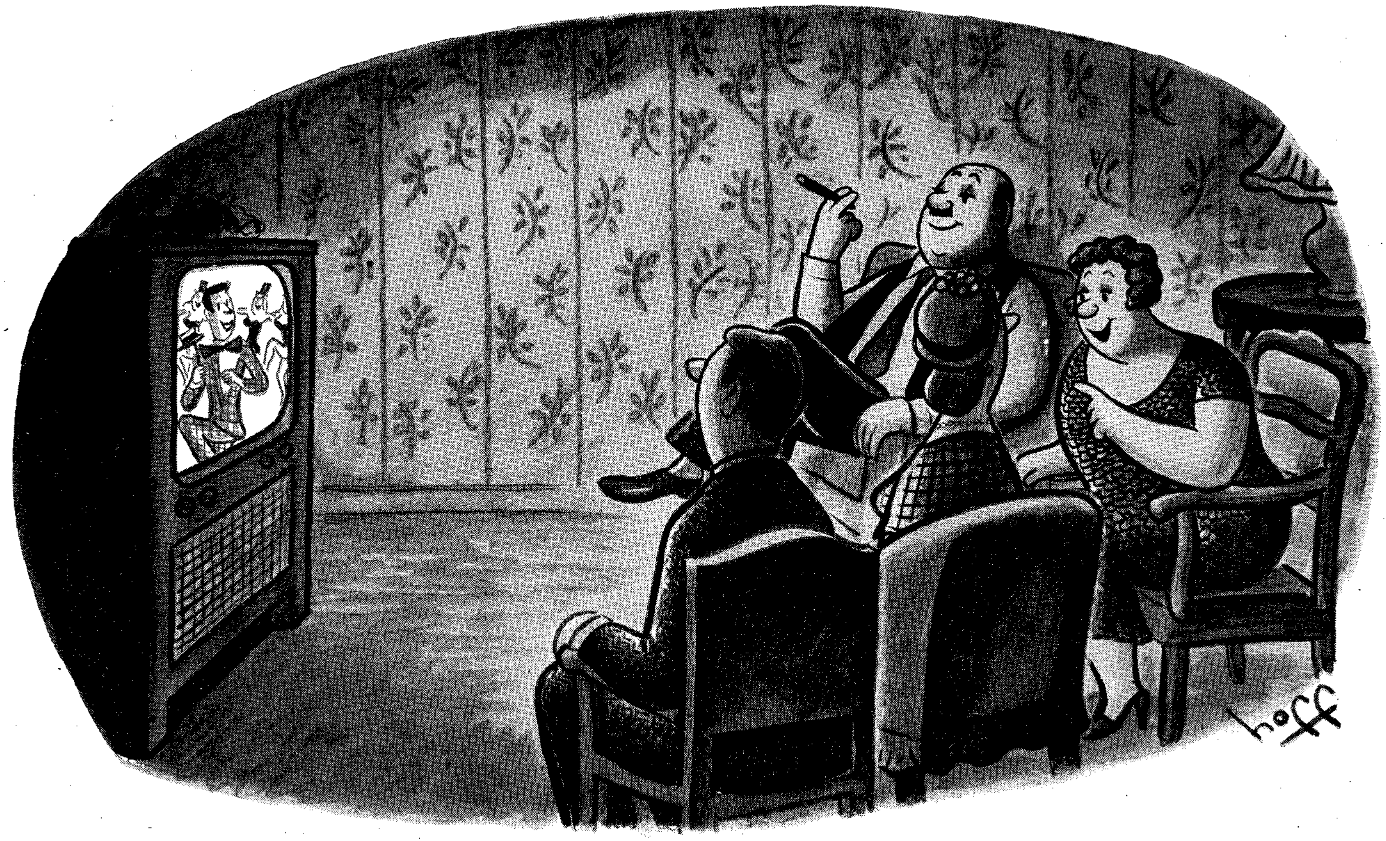
He was following now without much sense of where he was going. In a way, it was the bird itself that led him; it was as if he depended on it for his direction, and this made a subtle change in the manner of his hunting. Now, in spite of himself, he couldn't help hurrying a little to keep up with the bird, so, alert and forewarned, it went up oftener, and at greater distances. Donald followed, though at times, when he stopped to think about things, he was puzzled. The woods road where he'd started the chase was a good way behind him now, and what with the varying slants the bird's flight had taken, its position was no longer clear in his mind. But he'd thought at the time that he was somewhere behind the old Hanson place, on the ridge leading north to Shelby, and if this was so, he'd been then on about as high ground as he knew of around those parts. But the bird kept leading him higher and higher, and the only thing he could think of to explain it was that he must have been farther afield than he'd thought, to begin with, and that since then he'd somehow worked his way right around to the south slope of Hoare Mountain. Was he now being led up the side of the mountain itself?

It seemed likely; for one thing, he'd been told that there were sections of virgin timber still on that mountain—parts, high up, where the forest had never been cut—and certainly in the grove where he now was the trees seemed bigger and taller and older than any he remembered ever seeing before. They were hardwoods, almost entirely—great, straight locusts, the bark deeply ridged and indented, burly oaks, heavy-branched and lichen-spattered, tight-barked beeches and hard maples—and although they were spaced well apart, there were no weeds or saplings beneath them. They stood clean and tall and straight, each august in its isolation, and there was something so strangely solemn about the whole scene, with the late light peering in slantwise under the leafage, that he felt a return, momentarily, of that slight apprehensiveness that had gripped him earlier. There was something almost forbidding about that silent, ancient grove, and the feeling of ageless, slow growth that the trees gave out; he felt like an intruder, and when the bird flew once more, lining off from behind a huge oak, he didn't even think to raise his gun. He was tired, he told himself; he had worked himself out, that was the truth of it, and yet something—perhaps again it was just his own stubbornness—still drew him on. He marked where the bird lit, at a spot where the trees opened out in a sort of clearing, and again, almost mechanically, he followed. And there it was that the first strange thing happened; it was in the clearing that he saw the girl.

The clearing was small, not more than fifty yards across and carved cleanly from the woods around it, and she was over on the other side of it, kneeling down at what seemed to be a small, open spring. She was young and, as he later discovered, quite pretty, brown-haired, and she was wearing a brown-and-white dotted dress—but at first, in his confusion, he almost mistook her for the partridge. It was because she was crouched so low and half hidden, of course, so about all he had was a glimpse of the dress's brown mottling. But the trouble was that he started to throw up his gun on her, and it was just at that instant, perhaps seeing his motion, that she turned. He saw her face, white and startled, and then, just as he stepped out into his side of the clearing, she was off, and as swift as a partridge, too, running into the woods on the other side.

Donald ran, too. "Hey!" he called. "Hey! Wait!" But she was gone, down a path that wound away through the woods from the spring, and in a kind of desperation now (for he not only wanted to explain and apologize, if he had startled her; she was human, and she could tell him where he was and how he had got there) he ran hastily after her. So it was that he came to the cabin.

AFTER that, though things seemed clear enough at the time, they became a little vaguer. Sometimes, afterward, Donald decided he'd dreamed the whole thing; after all, it is easy to



"It isn't such a good program, but I want you to hear the killing remarks Henry makes when it's going on."

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fall into a kind of half-waking daydream, wandering late in the forest. But if he was dreaming, he asked himself, why did some of the things that had happened seem real? Can you pass from reality into dreams, and then back again, without knowing the point of transition? Or—he puzzled about this, later, too—can you have one dream inside another, so that one dream, at least, seems real, and the other, the inner one, less so? For that matter, is a god ever wholly real?

The cabin, at any rate, seemed solid enough, though it was certainly a bit odd in its construction—broad and squat, with wide, massive eaves, and with (this was the odd part) carved and rounded rafter ends that projected some distance beyond the roof line—and the man who answered the door when he knocked looked a little unusual, too. He was short, he was brisk, he was wiry. He had a thin, narrow face, crisp brown hair, shrewd blue eyes, and a general air of no nonsense about him, and he was dressed in a silky-looking white shirt, cut full, in the old-fashioned manner, with wide, blouselike sleeves, and tight, bright-green hunting pants. Both the pants, which appeared to be made of fine corduroy, and the shirt looked expensive, and from his clothes and a somewhat theatrical air he had, Donald at first glance put the man down for an actor. When he spoke, it was with a kind of tough, hard-talking manner that seemed somehow a little put on.

"Well," he wanted to know, "what's it now, Mac?"

"Well," said Donald hesitantly. He wasn't getting much of a welcome, he thought. But then, perhaps he had really frightened the girl, throwing up his gun on her in the way he had, and she had told them. He would have to explain about that. "Seems I'm sort of lost."

"Lost, huh? Where'd ya come from?"

"Over by Mayville way," Donald told him. The man was leaning against the doorjamb, in a way that blocked most of the entrance, but Donald could make out enough of the room beyond to see that it was fairly spacious. There was a long oaken table, lit warmly by large, handsome brass lamps, with some dishes and glasses laid out on it, and in the opposite wall was a big, old-fashioned fireplace, in which a log fire was burning pleasantly. He noticed, too, that there were a couple of other men in the room. One of them, squat and powerful, in a dark leather jacket, with a battered and yet somehow cheerful face, was seated at the table.

The other, old as old, apparently, but still a true giant of a man, with a shock of white hair and a handsome white beard, was sitting beside the fireplace in a heavy oak chair that seemed almost thronelike in its dimensions. He was dressed oddly, too, in a loose white garment that resembled a bathrobe, except that it was more flowing, but in spite of his queer garb, he didn't look like anyone you'd want to trifle with. Both men had their heads turned and were looking curiously in his direction, and Donald found himself wondering what, exactly, he had got into. Was it a prizefighter's training camp, maybe, hid away up here on the mountain? The man at the table looked something like a fighter. Or a gangsters' hideout? From the way the fellow at the door was talking, that seemed more likely—if, that is, you could take any stock in him at all—and yet there was a richness about the place, and a kind of calm, that went against that idea. Or were they just a bunch of city people, up for the hunting, and trying to kid him?

" 'Mayville way,' " the man at the door was repeating, in a tone that seemed a trifle mocking. "Where the hell is that?"

"Over there someway," Donald said quietly, and pointed. This one, anyway, for some reason, was deliberately trying to provoke him. But though he could

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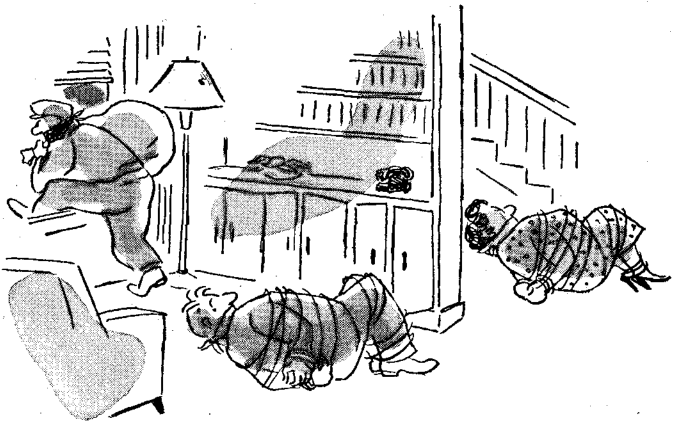

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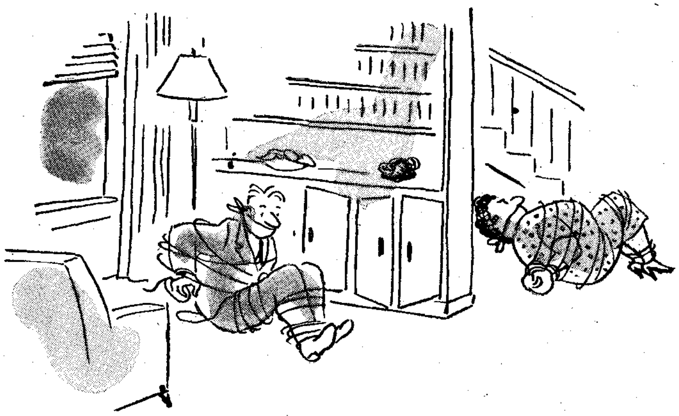

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feel his anger rising, he kept his voice calm. "Past the ridge there."

"Never heard of it. How'd you get here?"

"Well," said Donald. Afterward, he realized that in a dim sort of way—the way one knows without knowing, in dreams—he had known from the start who they were, for if the others were well disguised, Jupiter had a kind of massiveness and dignity that even then overawed him a little. He had seen them in history books, pictured as they were at the height of their glory, and that may have confused him a little; seen now, anyway, they seemed such a strange, unaccountable crew that all he wanted, really, was just to get away from them, and if it hadn't been for the girl, he would probably have turned tail immediately. But he still had to explain about the girl.

"I was hunting," he went on, "hunting partridge. And I followed one farther than I meant to, I guess. And then I came upon this girl, by that spring down the path there. If I'd known she was a girl, all I'd wanted would have been to ask her directions." He was speaking past the man in the doorway now, toward the old gentleman in the chair. After all, he was obviously the oldest in the group, and probably the head of it. He could see, too, that the old man was listening. "But the way she was sitting, all I saw was a part of her, just a piece of her dress, really, and I thought at first she was the partridge. So I threw up my gun on her, and when she saw that, she ran—up here. And I just thought—"

"There ain't no girl here, Mac," said the man in the doorway, interrupting. He did it flatly and tiredly, as if he was too bored to listen further. Donald paid no attention.

"I just wanted to explain," he went on—and then suddenly the girl was there! "There she is!" Donald cried, and though he had only a glimpse of her, there she surely was. She had come in through a door in the wall near the fireplace, apparently, and as she stood there, he saw how slender and graceful she was, and how beautiful. "I wanted to explain that," Donald went on eagerly, this time speaking directly at her. "I wanted to say that I didn't mean to frighten her." But she wasn't looking at him. She was looking at the old gentleman, somehow almost pleadingly; he had no time to note the old man's response. "If I'd known she was a girl—" Donald cried again. Then the man in the doorway moved slightly, blocking his view of her for a moment.

"There's no girl here," he said crisply, forgetting his tough-guy accent, and when he moved back to lean against the doorjamb again, the girl was gone. From the looks of him, though, he was as surprised as Donald when, behind him, the old gentleman spoke.

"There might be," the old man said. His voice was deep, and it had a rumble in it, so it seemed to carry its own echo inside it. "There might be." He was getting up from his chair now, and in spite of his age he did it lightly; when he walked across the room, he moved so effortlessly and with so fine a stride that if Donald hadn't known better he would have thought that he floated. The queer sort of looped-around bathrobe he wore almost floated, too.

"There might be," he said again when he reached them. Then he turned to the spry little man by the door. "What's the boy's name?" he asked.

Piqued, the little man shrugged his shoulders. "Donald Acton," he said, and Donald had no time for surprise at the fellow's knowing his name, for the old man was looking down at him, and the eyes were so deep and fierce and piercing that he seemed almost as if swallowed up in them.

"He's a hunter?" the old man asked next, and again the other shrugged his shoulders.

"It would seem so," he said, and the older man shot a brief glance impatiently in his direction.

"Well?" he said, and his voice took on a deeper rumble.

"He's not bad," the little man admitted grudgingly, and the older one turned his gaze on Donald again.

"And you like the girl?" he demanded suddenly.

"Well," said Donald awkwardly. Surprise at the amount of knowledge they had about him was now catching up with him, and this question unsettled him further. "You see, sir," he said, and the "sir" came naturally; he had never seen anyone else so imposing as this man in his life. "I scarcely saw her—"

"But you followed her here?"

"Well, sir. Yes. First the bird, and then her. Mostly, though—"

"Of course. Yes. First the bird," the old gentleman repeated, and for some reason he seemed to be trying to hide

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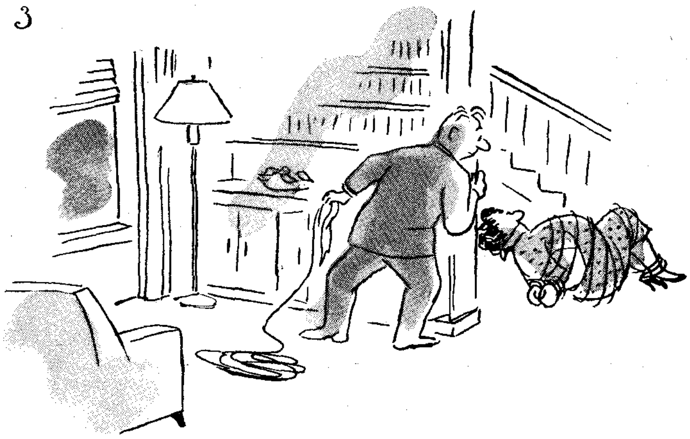

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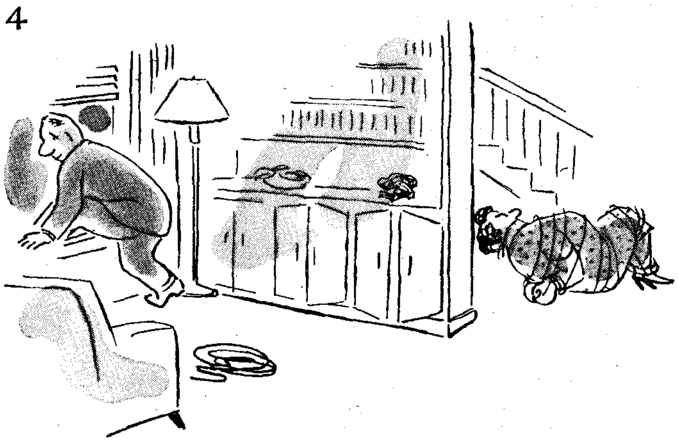

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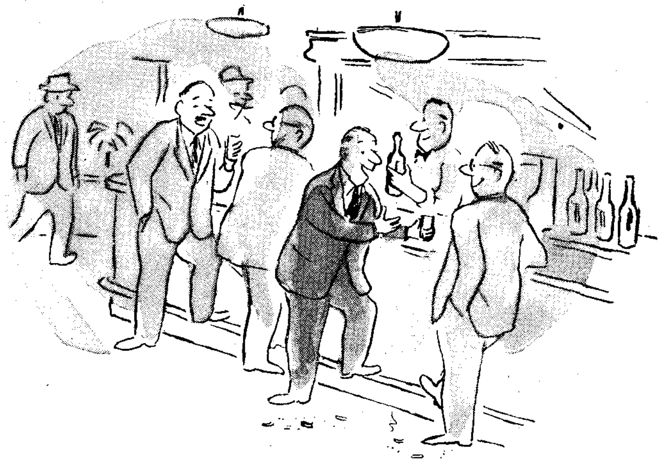

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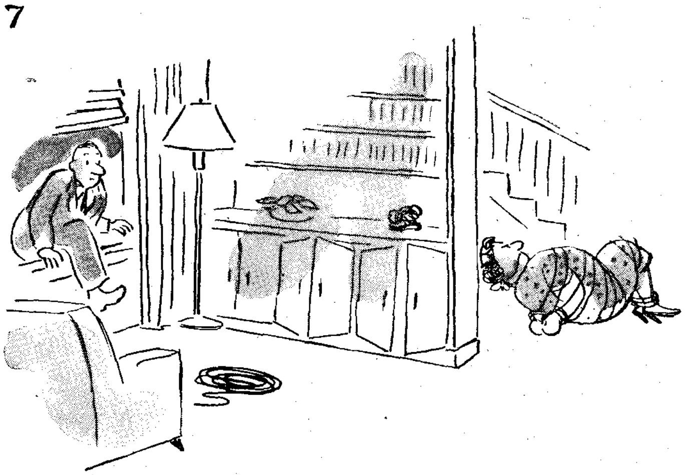

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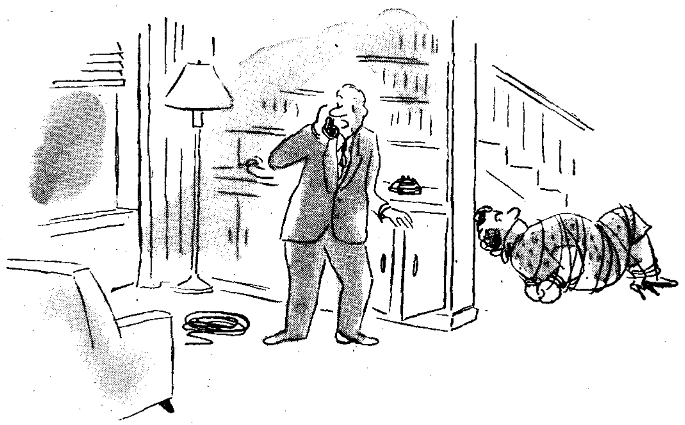

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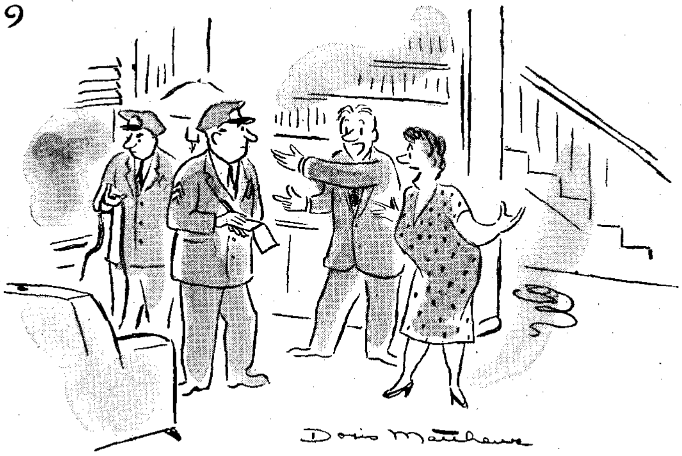

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a smile. Then a strange thing happened. The old man had been staring down at Donald, in a way that drew his own gaze irresistibly, and as their eyes met, everything seemed to waver a little, like a breeze disturbing a curtain. The old man, though, loomed larger, and bolder, and more majestic than before. "Do you know who I am?" he asked—and, strangely, Donald knew.

This was Jupiter, god of all the pagans. That one, over by the table, was Mars. And this other, by the door, the spry one, was Mercury—god of thieves (that explained the accent), of actors (that explained the costume), and of travellers, merchants. . . . He remembered that much—and what else? Hunters, maybe? He didn't remember. Or wasn't Artemis, or Diana, the goddess of hunters? And if so, then, perhaps the girl . . .

"Yes, sir," he said quietly, for he realized the old man—the god now—was waiting for an answer. "I know."

"You could hunt with us, you know."

"Yes, sir. I suppose so," Donald said, but he said it without much enthusiasm, for he knew already that he didn't want to. He knew, too, that he was being led toward a dangerous decision. There is a kind of prescience that comes in dreams, so one knows what is going to happen before it occurs and is still powerless to prevent it, and whether Donald was dreaming or not—or was even then dreaming within a dream—he had that prescience now.

He knew what was coming and he knew all its implications, and yet—really like one in a dream now, a double dream—he had to stand by and watch it all happen.

"Hunt the lion, the stag, the boar. Have you hunted the boar?" the god was saying. He was a god, all right; there was no doubt of that. And yet, watching him, Donald couldn't help thinking that he seemed a lot like an old actor himself. He had not, Donald had noted, been able to repress a slight smile of gratification when he knew he'd been recognized, and now his manner became noticeably grander; he was like a man showing off his worldly wisdom before a country bumpkin—as, indeed, Donald realized, he probably was. "No?" the god said, before the boy had time to answer. "You would like it! Great sport—and, of course, just a spice of danger. And the girl—well, you said you liked the girl." He smiled down at Donald calculatingly, and the boy felt the moment he'd dreaded come rushing toward him.

He was going to be asked, and he was asked. ("Will you join us, then?" Jupiter was saying, and he even stepped back from the door a pace, in a gesture of invitation. Inside the room, the light glowed brighter and more golden than ever. Inside the room, and a thousand years away, Mars and Jupiter, Mercury, and the girl, no doubt, too, were waiting.) He was asked, and he stood there unhappily, for he knew now—he knew as surely as he'd known before who and what the old man was—that if he said a flat "no" to the question, if he denied them, they would vanish instantly from his sight.

Mercury seemed to know what he was thinking, too. "Look, Boss, listen! Don't ask him!" he heard Mercury crying, but the words came as a part of a jangle of voices, for they came at the same time that Jupiter, a trifle impatiently, had begun repeating his question. "Will you join us?" he asked, and then he broke off to turn on the lesser god. "But he knows!" he cried to Mercury. "He told us!"

"Yes, he knows," answered Mercury. "But he doesn't believe! I told you. I told you not to bring him here!" And in the pause that followed, as they all turned their eyes upon him (even Mars, he noticed, had risen, and come to stand by the door), Donald found the chance to say what he hoped would save them.

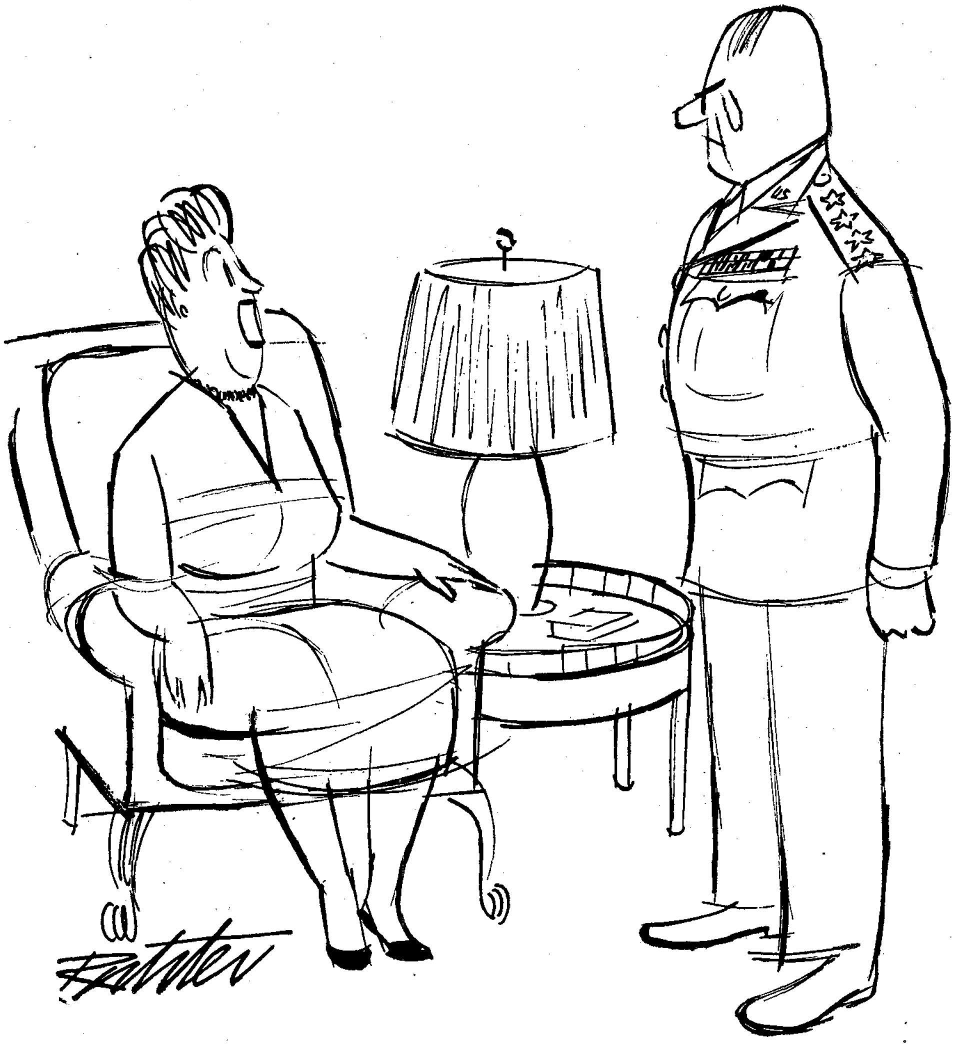
"No," he said. But it was not the "no" that would have destroyed them. "It's not that I don't believe, I just want to go home." And, in truth, to be home in the warm barn, working with his father, or sitting in the bright kitchen, watching his mother, was the greatest thing that he wanted. "And the girl—"

He had wanted to say, "Please explain to the girl, please apologize." But Jupiter, at the moment, was in no mood to listen. Like an eagle, he glared at the boy; then he raised his arm and pointed, and, whether it was a dream or not, Donald saw a quick flash of lightning, and heard a thunder-rumble.

"There's your girl," said Jupiter, and from a thicket at the side of the cabin a partridge flew, this time faster and straighter than Donald had ever seen a bird fly before. "There's your path." And this time when Jupiter pointed, Donald saw a trail opening off through the woods that he was sure he had never noticed before.

IT led off in a way that was almost at right angles to the direction the bird had flown. But he didn't bother about that, for it was late now, too late for accurate sighting, and anyway he had given up all thought of getting that bird by now. And the path, certainly, was a short cut; it led down through the woods and then up across a meadow—before he knew where he was, almost, he'd come down through the fields past the Hanson place and was back on his own road again, hardly half a mile north of the farm itself. He was home in good time to help finish with the milking.

And it was a clear path, too, that first time he walked it. But the funny thing was that no matter how hard he tried, he never could find it again. He tried. He tramped over the fields in back of the Hansons'; tried the woods road beyond, where the bird had first flown, working in through the woods from there. But the woods by that time looked different, with the leaves gone and everything deadening into winter, and he never could locate the cabin again. In the end, rather foolishly, he decided that the thing hadn't happened at all. —ROBERT M. COATES



"Don't shout at me as if I were one of your armies!"

•

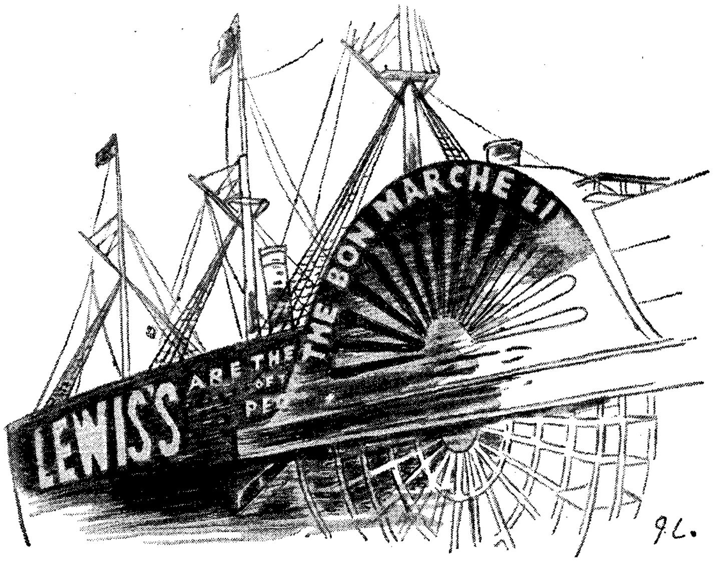
The Templer action has stirred anti-Government sentiment among important Chinese and has brung about the abandonment of much useful educational and social work in the settled villages.—*The Times.*

No vivid writing, please.

PROFILES

THE GREAT IRON SHIP

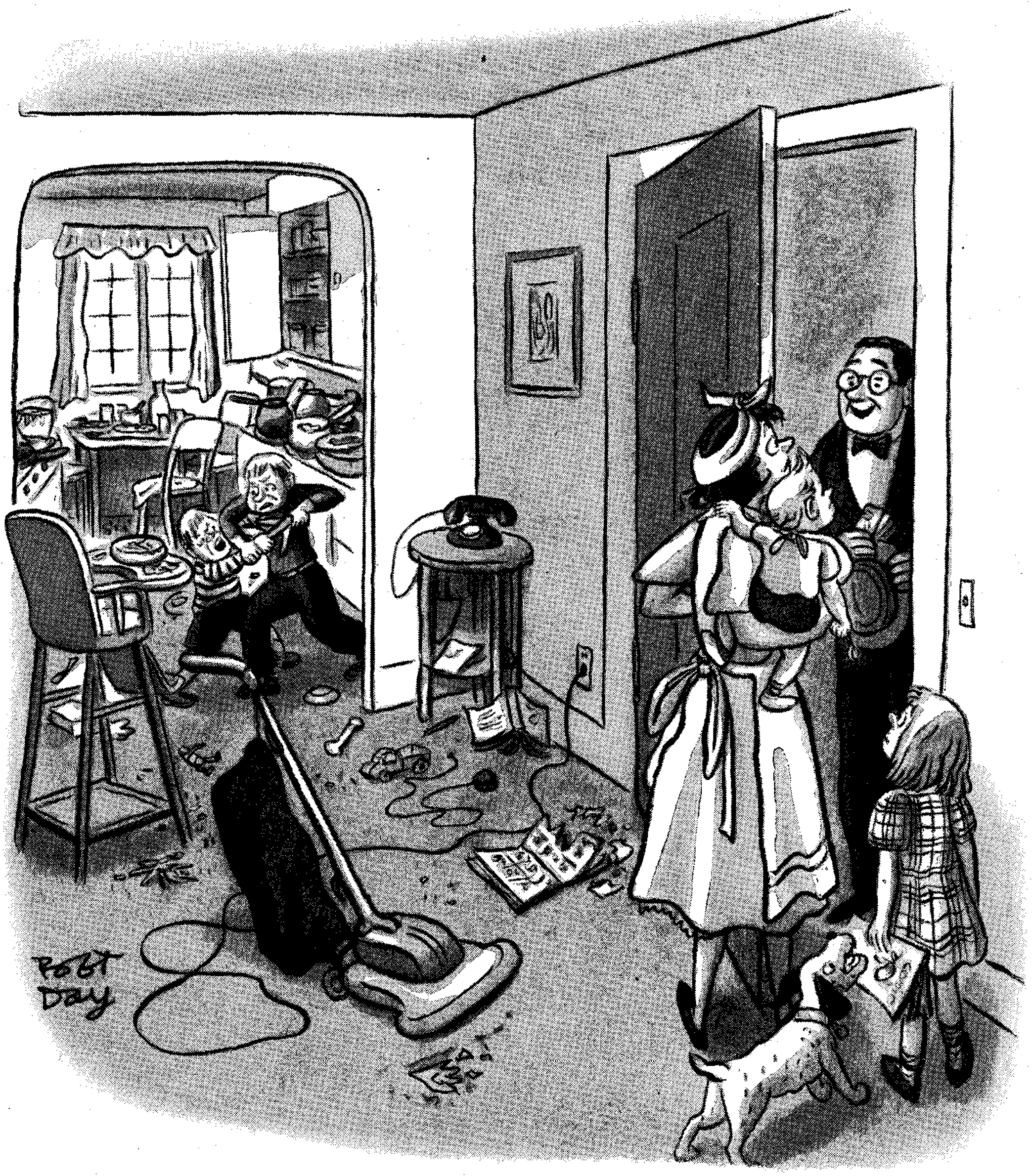
IV—AN ARROW THAT HAS MISSED ITS MARK



IN the late spring of 1867, the Great Eastern, a steamship five times larger than any other vessel then afloat, lay dejectedly in the harbor of Brest, while her captain, Sir James Anderson, waited for her owners across the English Channel to decide where to take her next. After nine years of erratic service—partly as a passenger carrier, partly as a cable-layer, and entirely in the Atlantic—the huge ship, which Isambard Kingdom Brunel had designed to monopolize the Western world's trade with the Orient, had just completed the most humiliating and, from a financial point of view, the most disastrous voyage of her career. Chartered by a group of French entrepreneurs and outfitted by them, at a cost of over half a million dollars, to ferry three thousand wealthy American tourists at a clip across the Atlantic to visit Emperor Louis Napoleon's International Exhibition, in Paris, she had attracted only a hundred and ninety-one passengers on her initial eastbound trip. In view of this fiasco, the charterers abandoned both their plan and the ship, and turned to the frivolities of the Paris Exhibition for solace. In London, Sir Daniel Gooch, the perennial driving force behind the various corporations that successively owned the Great Eastern, did not find the lighthearted spirit on the other side of the Channel contagious. Left with bills amounting to several thousand dollars, which the glib French charterers had not got around to paying, he ordered the ship brought back to Liverpool, where he discharged the members of her crew without pay. They went to court about it but got little if any satisfaction for their pains. On the other hand, Gooch, as usual, made out very nicely. He stayed on as head of the Great Eastern Steamship Company, which owned the vessel, and moved in as chairman of the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Co., which had been organized three years before to provide the cable for Cyrus Field's transatlantic operations. Word went around that there were big deals afoot. Liverpool papers ridiculed a rumor that Gooch was negotiating to send the Great Eastern on her third transatlantic cable-laying expedition. As a matter of fact, Gooch was doing just that. He was holding full-dress *pourparlers* in London with Baron Emile d'Erlanger and Paul Julius Reuter, of the French Atlantic Cable Company.

Reuter was a slender, fast-moving man with side whiskers and a sharp awareness of the mid-century's changes. The son of a rabbi, he was born in Germany in 1816. His father died when the boy was thirteen, leaving him to be brought up by an uncle, who was a banker in Göttingen. In 1849, Reuter saw something that beat banking. Two telegraph lines had just been strung, one from Paris to Brussels and the other from Berlin to Aix-la-Chapelle (now Aachen), leaving a hundred-mile gap on the Belgian-German border. Reuter figured there was money to be made by shuttling messages through the silent zone. Accordingly, he posted an agent in Brussels and stationed himself in Aix, and they made a link between the wires by exchanging messenger pigeons. Reuter was also interested in another rapidly developing phenomenon—the metropolitan daily newspaper. Needed for the prompt publication of stock-exchange and produce-market reports and diplomatic news, it was just beginning to take advantage of the newly developed rotary printing press. The then current round of revolutions in Western Europe sharpened the demand for swift communication between restless cities and uneasy thrones, making the telegraph and the modern newspaper interdependent—a fact that Reuter appreciated. He set out to organize German news sources in order to provide fast, accurate reports to Paris papers, but the French press was not ready for this advanced concept. Reuter took it to London, where the air was crackling with big ideas, and opened an office in the City to sell his telegraph-news service to stockbrokers and newspapers. He presently became a British subject and one of the best customers of the new Dover-Calais submarine cable. (An earlier Channel cable had been destroyed by a French fisherman, who hauled it in and, thinking it was some monstrous weed, cut out a hunk, and sailed home to show it to his friends.)

Reuters, Ltd., founded in 1851 as Reuter's Telegram Company, was the father of international press services. In 1858, Reuter brought off his first big coup when the *Times* of London bought from him the telegraphed text of a sabre-rattling speech in Paris by Louis Napoleon, who was giving Whitehall the willies with his imperial hallucinations. Reuter built his empire on the prestige from this sale. During the American Civil War, he opened a telegraph wire from Cork to Crookhaven, a hamlet on the southwestern tip of Ireland from which he sent reporters out in tugs to pick up news from eastbound steamers; this gave him an eight-hour beat over his rivals, who intercepted vessels off Cork, sixty miles to the east along the Irish coast, and sent their stories from the telegraph station there. Next, he opened a combination cable and telegraph service from Lowestoft, on the east coast of England, to Berlin, via the East Frisian Islands, and spread wire and pigeon connections all over northwest Europe. Reuter knew the value of an Atlantic telegraph, and in 1868 he obtained a twenty-year concession from Louis Napoleon to operate a cable between France and the United States in conjunction with the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, which had



"Good morning, Madam. You're undoubtedly one of those who have been wondering what a Liberal Party victory this fall would mean in terms of governmental efficiency."

• •

helped finance the second of the two cables—both of them to Newfoundland—that Field had already laid with the help of the Great Eastern.

After the failure of the Great Eastern in the hands of the French, Reuter saw his chance to take over the vessel and return her to cable-laying. He planned to lay a cable that would start from Brest, touch at St. Pierre, the French island off Newfoundland, and end up at Duxbury, Massachusetts, near Plymouth—the first transatlantic cable to go ashore in the United States. Reuter approached the Great Eastern Steamship Company, and Gooch offered him the Great Eastern's services for seven thousand dollars a month, plus a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock in Reuter's French Atlantic Cable Company. Though Gooch would be furnishing competition for the Field cables, in which he owned a considerable number of shares, he personally stood only to gain, for he also owned part of the ship and part of the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Co. The taciturn Gooch had come far in the thirty years since he served as Brunel's begrimed superintendent of locomotives on the Great Western Railway, which Brunel built from London to Bristol.

Once Reuter had chartered the ship, wreckers tunnelled through her as she lay at her berth in Sheerness, near the mouth of the Thames, ripping out the costly French staterooms and saloons to make storage space for the new cable. Captain Anderson relinquished command to Robert Halpin, who had been his first officer since 1865. Halpin was a barrel-shaped Irishman from Wicklow, with blue eyes, a curly spade beard, and a staid but amused manner, which was often tried during the ten years he was with the great ship. In all, aboard the Great Eastern and other vessels, Halpin took part in the laying of twenty-six thousand miles of ocean cable. After his last cable-laying voyage, he married a Newfoundland girl. There is a memorial obelisk to the stout mariner in Wicklow, where a daughter of his is now living.

In June, 1869, with two thousand seven hundred and fifty-two miles of cable coiled in her tanks, the Great Eastern moved to Portland, on the south coast of England. A French pilot was taken aboard, and she then crossed to Brest. Gooch, who was going along, wrote in his diary that the "stupid French pilot" mistook the landfall at Ushant and they lost a tide before they could enter the harbor. Gooch was not a Francophile, and even the spectacle of the vigilant French customs men doing their duty did not impress him. The *douane* posted two sentries at the point where the cable left the shore, to see that no contraband was landed in France. When the electricians went ashore to test the efficiency of the installation with their galvanometers, the sentries would not permit them to take the instruments directly to the cable station but insisted that they row around to the customhouse and have them properly cleared. A correspondent from the London *Times* reported that the *douaniers* "seemed not a little perplexed to know what [the galvanometers] were or what to do with them at all, but as it was necessary to do something, they relieved their minds and kept up appearances by weighing each of the little things carefully and letting them pass."

In contrast to the Great Eastern's earlier cable-laying ventures, the journey from Brest to St. Pierre was fairly uneventful. She encountered two storms and some fog, but these proved only routine obstacles, and on the twenty-second day Captain Halpin kept a rendezvous with the shore-end cable-layer, the William Cory, which was standing thirty miles off St. Pierre to meet him. The cables were spliced and the French

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governor of the island came aboard the Great Eastern. The next day was the eightieth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, and eloquent messages flashed between Paris and the last remaining French colony in North America. There was no celebration aboard the Great Eastern, which was preparing to go home immediately. Gooch was not the sort to kick up his heels in a carmagnole and sing, "The aristocrats to the lampposts!"

The Scanderia, another shore-end cable-layer, spun the cable to Duxbury. While she was trudging along, political gongs were struck in Washington. There was a group of senators who resented the landing of a foreign cable on these rock-ribbed shores and were demanding a hundred-per-cent-American transatlantic cable. The English had two and now the French were getting one, and it was feared there would be no business left for an American-owned cable if and when somebody got around to laying one. (Cyrus Field must have smiled to think how many times in years past he had vainly tried to sell cable stock to his fellow-Americans.) Congress had adjourned for the summer and the patriots declared the cable could be landed only with the approval of that body. Then Secretary of State Hamilton Fish settled the matter by abruptly granting permission to land the cable. It came ashore on July 23rd, and Duxbury gave it a rousing reception.

THE Great Eastern had now thrice proved that long submarine cables could be laid at great depths, and there was urgent clamor that one be laid to India. A primarily overland wire from England to Bombay already existed. It had been opened in 1865—with a news flash on the fall of Richmond, the Confederate capital, and the related bad news that Indian cotton had declined fivepence a pound on the Liverpool exchange—but it took an average of eight days to transmit a message to or from London. During the Panic of 1866, the Agra Bank in London closed its doors, and the Bombay branch continued to pay out for a week while a telegram conveying the news was on its way. In 1869, the celebrated reform politician Lord Derby died, and the news was telegraphed to India. The message has not yet arrived.

This was clearly no way to run an empire. The trouble with the land telegraph was the crotchets and customs of the half a dozen or more countries through which it ran. From Old Broad Street, London, the cable passed under the Channel to Paris, across Europe to Turkey, and then to Mesopotamia. From there it went underneath the Persian Gulf and along the Makran coast as far as Karachi, after which it went overland once more to Bombay. The confusion began in the Paris station, which gave priority to French domestic communications and spiked international messages until the wire was free. Then the delayed messages were transmitted from the top of the spike down. Much the same patriotic attitude prevailed in Middle Europe and the Balkans. In Turkey, bandit tribes cut the wires, murdered telegraphers, and prevented repair gangs from getting at breaks, while Turkish officials on the eastern frontier were reluctant to pass the infidel messages at all. When the Turks were acting up, London sometimes tried an alternative Russian route, which ran through Holland, Germany, and the Russian State System to Tiflis, then to Teheran, and on to a junction with the Persian Gulf cable. This was a desperate resort, for Russian relay operators were not adept at transliterating from one alphabet to another, and converted vital messages into cryptograms. These pied essays were sometimes printed in the Bombay *Gazette* for laughs and to stir up a demand for an ocean cable to India.

Led by the persevering Gooch, the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Co. and the newly formed British-Indian Submarine Telegraph Company, which was headed by John Pender, who had once been chairman of the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Co. himself, drew up plans for the laying of an underwater cable that, steering clear of meddling sovereignties, would follow the naval lifeline of Empire and emerge from the sea at British forts and colonies—Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, and Aden. It would be an all-British line except for a brief stretch between Alexandria and Suez and a station at Lisbon. (The Egyptians were expected to be amenable and King Luiz of Portugal was easy to manage.) The longest submerged section would be across the Arabian Sea, from Bombay to Aden, a distance of eighteen hundred miles, and the whole span would be the longest ever attempted—nearly seven thousand miles. Since Crown dispatches would figure largely in the cable traffic, the promoters hoped to get Her Majesty's Government to underwrite part of the cost, but when the idea was submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he turned it down. Gooch and Pender thereupon determined to take a private risk with the British-Indian Submarine Telegraph Company, which was capitalized at a

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million pounds. The Royal Navy threw in a frigate to make soundings in the Arabian Sea, where the best charts then in existence showed only three soundings in eighteen hundred miles.

The manufacture of the cable was finished in October, 1869, and was marked by one of those banquets without which Victorian business ventures seemingly could not proceed. Gooch presided over a hundred and eighty trenchermen, including a number of peers. A month later, the Great Eastern, under the command of Captain Halpin, left Portland for Bombay, loaded with 5,512 tons of cable—more than enough for the entire Bombay-to-Aden section—as well as 10,323 tons of fuel, cable equipment, and stores. The Suez Canal was to be opened in a few weeks, but there would have been no point in waiting for that event, because the canal in its early days was too shallow for the big ship. The Great Eastern would have to go all the way around the Cape of Good Hope. On the same day that the Great Eastern left Portland, the Chiltern, one of four smaller cable-layers that were to help her—the others were the Hibernia, the Hawk, and the William Cory—set out down the Thames, also headed for Bombay. The plan, which in its essential details was successfully carried out, was to have the Chiltern lay the shore end of the cable at Bombay, after which the Great Eastern would start unwinding her huge cargo into the Arabian Sea as she proceeded west to Aden, at the lower extremity of the Red Sea. The Great Eastern, still accompanied by the Chiltern, would be joined there by the Hibernia, and would then continue to lay cable for about three hundred miles up the Red Sea. Beyond that point, the all but uncharted Red Sea was considered too reef-strewn to risk the big ship, so the Chiltern and the Hibernia would take over the job, and the Great Eastern would return to Aden to coal up for the return voyage to England. Meanwhile, the William Cory and the Hawk would be laying cable through the Red Sea south from Suez, and when the four ships met, the cable from the north and the cable from the south would be spliced. An overland telegraph from Suez to Alexandria and a cable from Alexandria to Malta had already been opened. There was also a cable from Malta to France, which Gooch and Pender thought they might tap for a while, but it would involve the same objection of outside interference that they were trying to avoid, so they decided that when they were sure the big strand was safely down they would run an ocean wire from Malta to

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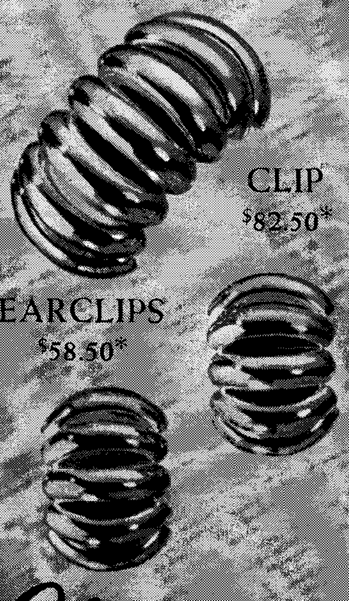

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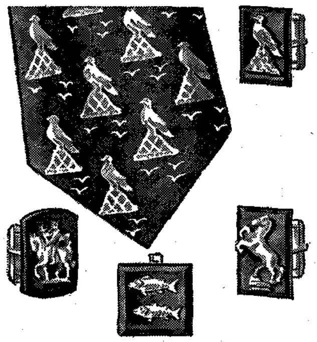
Gibraltar to Lisbon to Falmouth, making a seven-thousand-mile tamperproof circuit by which Indian colonial business could be transacted with the speed of a wire from London to Manchester.

STEAMING south through the Atlantic, the Great Eastern proceeded down along the Ivory and Gold Coasts, drove on through dark days of tropical lightning off the Slave Coast, and then went farther out to sea. Three hundred miles offshore, she plowed through the muddy-green waters from the Congo. She put in briefly at Cape Town, and on the last day of 1869 struck out for India. Nearly twelve years had passed since Brunel had launched the Great Eastern on London's Isle of Dogs with the idea that she would gather in the riches of the Orient by plying non-stop between England and Trincomalee, on the island of Ceylon. At last the big ship was on her way to the East—to tie India to Britain by a wire.

Off East Africa, the Great Eastern breasted the currents of the Mozambique Channel. Captain Halpin swung over to the Madagascar shore and found a northerly stream that increased her daily mileage by forty miles or so, enabling her to tick off as much as two hundred and twenty miles every twenty-four hours as he headed up through the Indian Ocean. Eighty-two days after leaving England, he reached Bombay, where Joseph Charles Parkinson, a journalist assigned to report this cable-laying venture for the combined British press, was waiting for her. The Great Eastern arrived at night and anchored two miles out to await high tide. Parkinson telegraphed the news via Turkey, in the hope that it might reach London in a week or so. At dawn, the Bombay waterfront was thronged with Parsee merchants, Hindu boatmen, Mussulman buggy-wallahs, and English colonials come to see the great ship glide slowly to her mooring buoy in the harbor. Parkinson and several engineers and electricians leaped into a native boat and rowed out to her in the burning sun. The vessel had been given a ghostly coat of whitewash as protection against the tropical glare. She looked "like a huge iceberg, or some mammoth hybrid of the seal kind," Parkinson later wrote, and added, "A pair of grey carriage horses taking their morning exercise composedly up and down one side of the deck, with a groom at their heads, was the first sight greeting us."

The Bombay press chattered rhapsodically. The arrival of the Great Eastern was the biggest event since the Indian Mutiny. Captain Halpin, who



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had learned a lot about manipulating sightseers in his years on the Great Eastern, advertised certain visiting days and put tickets on sale in shops in the city. The proceeds were to be given out in bonuses to the crew members when they got back to England—"upon good behavior." The admission price for the first day was two rupees, which it was thought would effectively rule out the poor Indian, for whom this was several weeks' wages. The Captain also announced that lower rates would be charged on other days, to accommodate the masses. Englishmen praised Captain Halpin's shrewdness over their sundowners at the Byculla Club; pukka sahib and his lady could inspect the ship without mingling with natives. But, like so many schemes involving the Great Eastern, things didn't work out as hoped. On the first, two-rupee day, enough natives scared up the money to outnumber Englishmen ten to one. "The snowy robes and peculiar head-dresses of the Parsee were to be seen on all sides—on the paddle boxes, the bridge, the deck, down in the saloon, outside the tanks containing the cable," Parkinson wrote. "Clustered around the enormous red buoys were the bright costumes and intelligent faces of Hindoos and Mohammedans."

Far below the deck of the Great Eastern, the Bates Family, a three-thousand-ton paddle-wheeler out of Liverpool and until then the largest vessel ever seen in Bombay, tied up alongside with a cargo of coal in sacks. Hundreds of coolies, men and women, swarmed aboard and, forming a relay line, began heaving the sacks into the big ship's bunkers. Other vessels stood by, waiting to deliver more coal; eight thousand tons were needed. Captain Halpin discovered that it was impossible to get the army of coal heavers rounded up on shore and transported to the Great Eastern in time for them to begin each day's work promptly, and resigned himself to keeping the coolies aboard at night. The members of the ragged army spread out over the broad deck, unrolling their prayer rugs on it daily at sundown and then bedding down where they had knelt. The coaling proved an interminable job. The white ship was lost in a black cloud as the choking coolies passed sacks of coal from one to another. It was worst early in the morning, before the sun had burned away the mist. One morning the governor of Bombay, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, visited the ship with his retinue. Parkinson wrote, "To touch a handle, or to sit down on a chair, was to carry away a facsimile impression in

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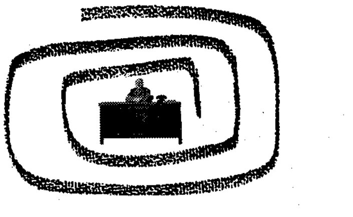
Fourth down, three seconds to play

Like movie stars and football heroes, there's nothing we like better than reading our press clippings. Even though we're no chicken, and this has been going on for some forty years now, we still get a warm feeling whenever we see our name in print.

Here's a headline from the Albuquerque (N. M.) Tribune, "U. S. Businessmen More Radical Than Karl Marx, Nation's Business Says." The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen and several others picked up this story from our September issue, too. The Danville (Ill.) Commercial News gives us generous space, condensing from "Taxes Are Going to Town" from our July issue. Nice one here: Reading (Pa.) Eagle, about "Underground Parking . . ." says: "Just in case the members of our recently authorized parking authority may have missed it, we call their attention to an inspiring article that appeared in the August issue of Nation's Business."

The Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman Review starts out, "From Nation's Business: Can States Take Back Powers?" This is a hot issue, and we had a big story in August on it. Orval Hopkins in his Washington Post column, "Magazine Rack" had a cutie, "Article in Nation's Business tells about the temporary Government worker who submitted an idea for more efficient operation of his unit. The idea called for laying off three employes and he got a $25 prize. He also was the first person laid off." This from "The Nation's Worst Boss" in September.

Did we ever tell you about the time it was fourth down, 3 seconds to go, and we . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.



(*Advertisement*)

black." As the Governor and the ladies reëmbarked on their steam yacht, the reporter described them as "piebald." The big ship turned a sullen gray, like "a miller who has been up a chimney."

The coaling operation was going too slowly for Captain Halpin's timetable. The monsoon season was coming, and it was imperative that the Great Eastern leave before the rains. He decided to appeal to his crew to help pass coal. First, he spoke to them about the monsoon and touched on their common love of the ship and what they had been through together. Then he bargained. If the men would pass coal, he would give them twenty-four hours ashore. The men agreed. They took their shore leave and then, though considerably the worse for it, got into line beside the coolie men and women and passed coal in the hot sun. The black cloud thickened around the ship; duty officers looked like minstrels in blue and gold. When the job was done all hands went on a joyous toot, although the rains were almost upon them; Bombay was sorry to part with the great ship and staged a succession of galas that ran around the clock, including a ball given for the officers at the Byculla Club while the crew wallowed in the town. Pounds and rupees were tossed about at the race track. On the last night, there was a party on board for the ship's officers and the local quality. It eclipsed all previous Great Eastern shindigs. When the guests were counted on the home-going barge at dawn, it was found that several were missing, and there was some delay while they were rounded up. The barge bumped through a fleet of banana boats carrying supine or semi-conscious sailors back to the Great Eastern, and past raucous water-borne merchants of fruit, vegetables, parakeets, and monkeys. The boats bobbed around the big ship in the morning swell, exchanging crew, mislaid guests, animals, produce, and money.

The sailing day, February 14, 1870, was blowy. One coal barge alongside the Great Eastern had already shipped water in the rising winds and gone down, and Captain Halpin was eager to get away. The big ship spliced on the shore end of the cable, which was brought up by the Chiltern, and was off for Aden at dinnertime. For days, she steamed across a blue sea where flying fish skittered over the waves, reminding Parkinson of "a flight of white swallows." The cable ran off the paying-out wheel without incident, and the expedition that had been looked forward to with apprehension turned into a voyage of tedium. There was one break in the monotony every afternoon, when the livestock pens were opened to let the animals exercise along the deck. Bulls, cows, goats, chickens, calves, pigs, and Southdown sheep broke for freedom and were chased around and around by the crew. Souvenir parakeets chattered, and macaques and black-faced langur monkeys ran up the shrouds.

On February 26th, after two weeks of this, the Great Eastern sighted the peak of Shamshan and the burnt mountains of Aden. The wind was rising as the Parsee agent of the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Co. came aboard in the harbor and reported that native laborers were standing by to dig a trench from the beach to the cable station, which was located in the Parsee general store. The Great Eastern was beginning to pitch and roll in the mounting sea, and threatening to break her precious lifeline to India. The crew cut the cable, sealed off the end, made it fast to two large buoys, and lowered it into the sea. The next morning, the weather was still too rough to attempt the laying of the shore end of the cable. Halpin went aboard the Chiltern to tour the buoys. The Chiltern got a hook on the first buoy and lifted it. There was no cable attached. The second buoy was lifted. The cable had broken loose from that one, too. In desperation, the Chiltern steamed south and then east to make a pass with a six-armed grapnel. She got her hooks on the floor and dragged them through soft ooze and little shells. Rain blew and six hours passed before the grapnel caught hold. Twenty minutes later, a loop of black cable was drawn to the bows. The Indian eel was on the hook.

On March 2nd, the cable was put ashore beneath the volcanic buttes of Aden, where, Parkinson noted, "there is neither leaf nor shrub to break the terrible sterility." Foremen yelled and showered blows on the trench diggers—Arabian Jews in ragged embroidered *yarmulkes,* whose dark skins contrasted sharply with Her Majesty's officers in their white uniforms, the gleaming houses of Steamer Point, and the snowy robes of the Parsees. "The heat was terrible," Parkinson wrote, "and one envied the sailors and cable hands, whose duty it was to jump from the barge into the sea, and so bring the end on shore." In the brooding loneliness of Aden, it was customary to fire many ceremonial guns in the course of a year—sunset gun and reveille, salutes whenever incoming steamers were sighted by the lookout on Shamshan, and more salutes on imperial birthdays—but the place had never heard

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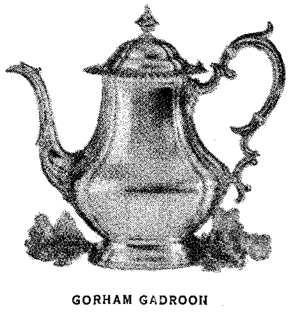

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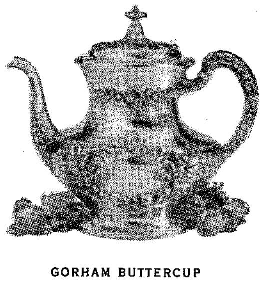

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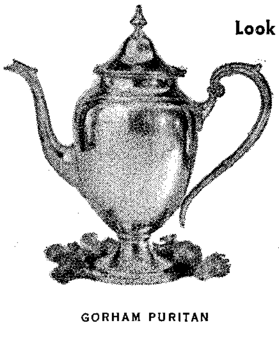

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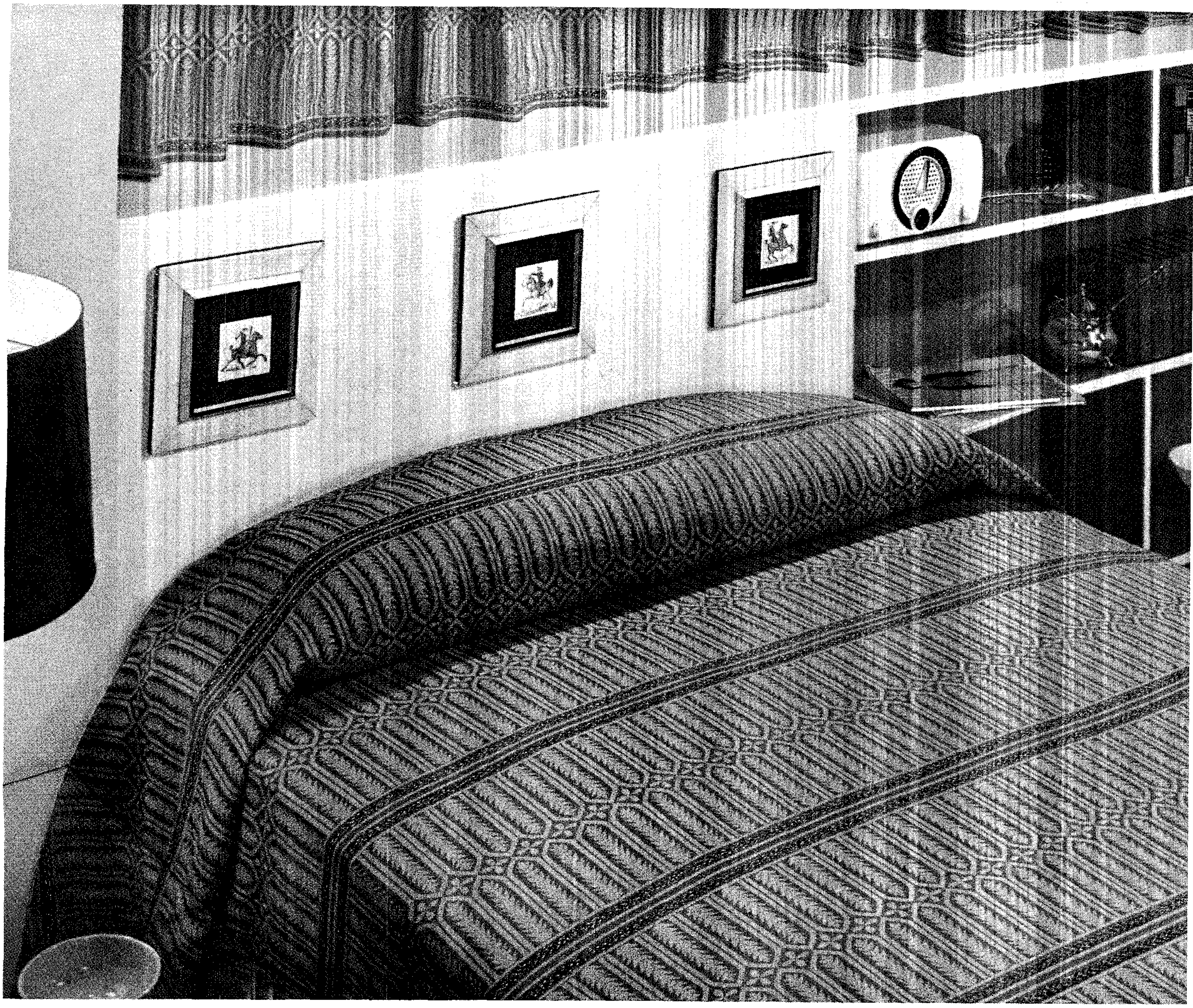

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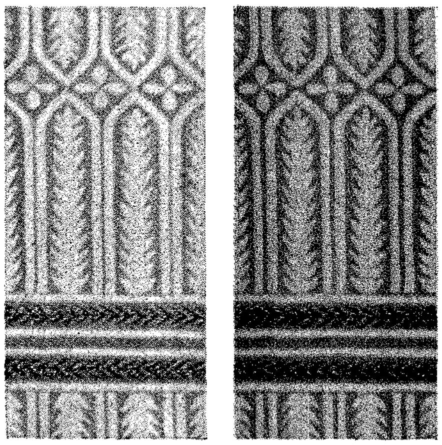

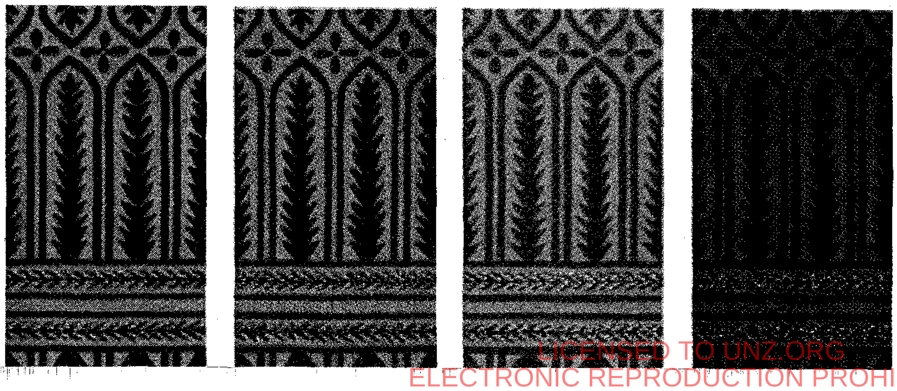

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BEDSPREADS AND MATCHING DRAPERIES

COMB-PERCALE SHEETS • DISCIPLINED FABRIC

BATES FABRICS, INC., 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13 such salvos as on the day the Great Eastern, adding to the din with repeated peals of her own four brass guns, secured the Indian cable.

The Great Eastern went on to lay the cable part of the way up the Red Sea. Then she turned the job over to the Chiltern and the Hibernia and swung around for the long trip home. The Chiltern and the Hibernia sailed north to meet the William Cory and the Hawk, which were coming down from Suez, and on March 22nd the ends of the cable were spliced in the middle of the Red Sea. On June 9th, the Malta-Falmouth link was completed. The first message to be sent over it, flashed to Bombay in five minutes, gave the results of the Derby. The winner was Kingcraft.

Shortly afterward, Pender was host at a party at his house on Arlington Street, in London, where he had installed a miniature telegraph office for the sending of the first ceremonial cable messages to India. Sir James Anderson was the telegrapher, and Sir Daniel Gooch hung over the key as he relayed a message from Lord Mayo, the Viceroy of India, at his summer palace in Simla, to President Ulysses S. Grant, in Washington. The President replied with "a wish for a lasting union between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres," a hope that seemed reasonable enough in those days. The Prince of Wales arrived fashionably late and wired the Khedive of Egypt and the King of Portugal. The latter flashed back thanks and added, "EQUALLY I CONGRATULATE MYSELF FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE TELEGRAPH LUIZ." Prince Edward also sent a wire to President Grant. The Indian Viceroy's wife, Lady Mayo, who was in England at the time, was invited to step up and send love to her spouse in Simla. Her billet-doux read, "IN AVAILING MYSELF OF THE SUBMARINE CABLE I FEEL THE OBLIGATION WHICH SCIENCE IMPOSES UPON THE WORLD NOT ONLY DOES IT SERVE POLITICAL INTERESTS BUT ASSISTS DOMESTIC RELATIONS IN THUS ENABLING ME TO SEND YOU ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY AN AFFECTIONATE GREETING FROM YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY."

IN 1874, a custom-built cable-laying ship, the Faraday, was launched, and the Great Eastern became obsolete for that purpose. One day the next summer, Gooch went aboard the great ship as she lay at anchor off Sheerness. "We sail tomorrow for Milford Haven [in southwest Wales], where we intend to lay her up," he wrote in his journal

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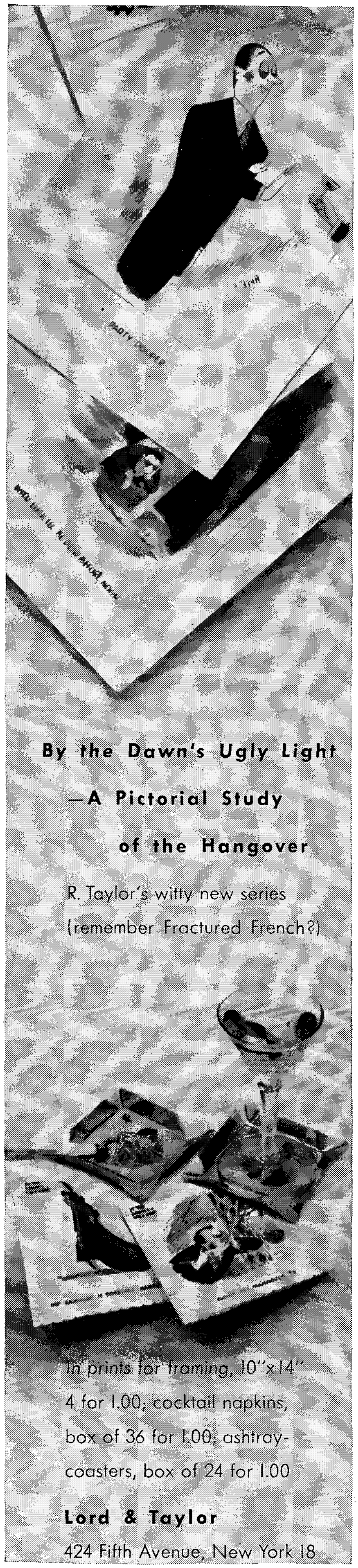

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that night as he sat in his cabin. "It may be a long time before I have a sail in the old ship again, as I do not know how we are to employ her in the future. But we will not give up hope that some useful work may be found for her, as she is a noble ship and has done good service in the past."

Captain Halpin was in command on what proved to be the Great Eastern's valedictory voyage through the Channel. Excited crowds again lined the shore, and brass bands blew marching airs. The ship paddled wearily, slowed by a great weight of barnacles and mussels that had attached themselves to her hull. Off the Lizard, sixpenny steamers circumnavigated her spryly, and fishing sailboats crossed and recrossed her bows. It took Captain Halpin three days to cover the five hundred miles to Milford Haven, where he moored the ship and went down the ladder for the last time. George Beckwith, her chief engineer, stayed aboard as caretaker, to do what he could about keeping her engines in order. After a while, there was no money to pay him with, and he went ashore and became a consulting engineer in Swansea.

The members of the harbor board of Milford Haven found themselves confronted with a clumsy iron reef that was always blocking one fairway or another. They shunted the Great Eastern here and there around the port, and vainly entreated her owners to remove her. Sightseers converged on Milford Haven to have a look at the monster, which was still by far the largest ship in the world. (A more serious-minded visitor was Henry Lee, a marine naturalist at the Brighton Aquarium, who wanted to examine the Great Eastern's hull. He informed the *Times* that acorn barnacles and mussels were six inches deep on the fifty-two thousand square feet of the ship's iron plates. "The vessel was encumbered with not less than three hundred tons of living marine animals adhering to her," he reported.) The residents of Milford Haven did not share the interest of the outsiders. They circulated petitions begging Parliament to relieve them of their unwieldy lodger. In 1876, a Manchester engineer named Frederick Appleby was given a contract to build two big drydocks in the town's harbor; he found the Great Eastern parked directly on the most desirable site for the larger one. Upon hearing this, Milford Haven's patience was exhausted, and the pubs were full of talk that "somebody ought to blow her up with gunpowder." Like many other men who had had dealings with the Great Eastern, Appleby was an imaginative engineer. He told the townsmen it would not be necessary to demolish the vessel. His idea was to leave the ship where she was and build the dock around her. As a platform for pile drivers, the Great Eastern was all one could ask, and would save a nice sum in the construction of the drydocks. Appleby was reversing the method used to build a drydock in Limehouse in 1829, when the twelve-hundred-ton East Indiaman Canton was sunk and the dock was erected inside her. Once more, the Great Eastern's main deck resounded with the noise of men and machines. When Appleby's splendid dock was finished, it was full of the Great Eastern. He fastened towlines to the mammoth to draw her through the seaward gate. The ship was too wide to squeeze through. Appleby cut off her paddle boxes, a job that ate up much of the money he had expected to save, and edged her out. The ship's owners then insisted that he restore the paddle boxes—and there went the rest of his savings. Appleby's dock is still in use. It is the last physical evidence of the dimensions of the great iron ship—a coffin, as it were, of a goliath long since disintegrated.

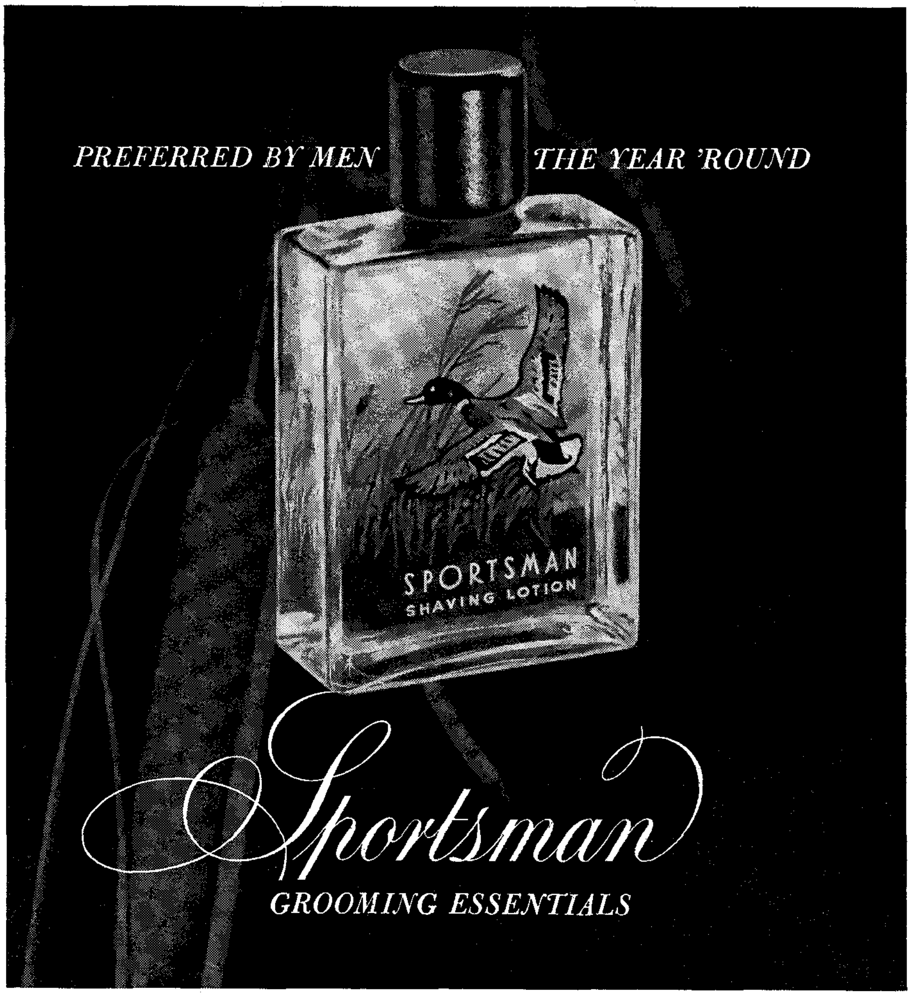
Year after year, the Great Eastern continued to lie rotting at Milford Haven. At last, in October, 1885, she was offered at auction by order of the High Court of Justice. A few days earlier, Mr. Justice Chitty, presiding, had received a private offer of twenty thousand pounds from Louis S. Cohen, managing director of Lewis's, a chain of off-the-peg clothiers and drapers in the Midlands. His bid having been refused, Cohen went to the auction with his twenty thousand pounds. He was outbid; the ship was knocked down for £26,200. The buyer was Edward de Mattos, representing London Traders, Ltd., a company that had been formed with the object of buying the Great Eastern and using her as a coaling hulk at Gibraltar. The Great Eastern's stockholders received three cents on the dollar.

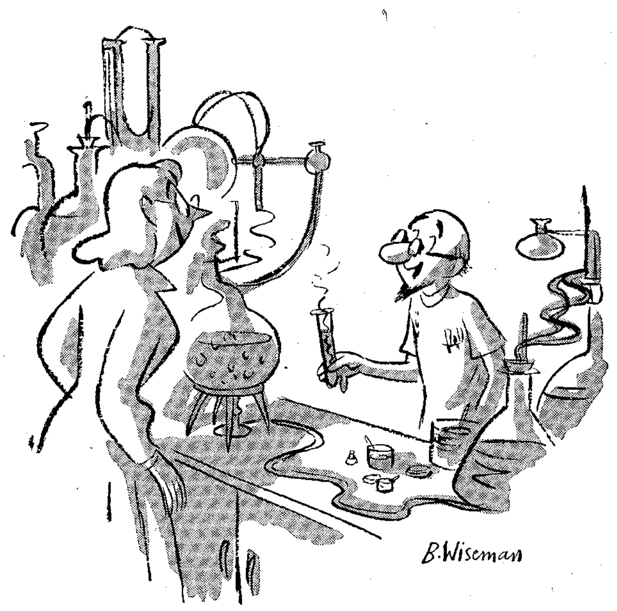
As the auction broke up, Cohen ran after de Mattos and told him that David Lewis, the founder of the clothing firm, had opened his first shop in Liverpool the year the great ship was launched, and that Lewis had raised twenty thousand pounds to buy the Great Eastern as a sort of keepsake. Lewis had died just before the auction, Cohen went on, and left him with the sacred duty of rescuing the ship and exhibiting her to the citizens of the city in which he had got his start. To the merchant's surprise, de Mattos offered him a year's charter. A deal was struck then and there, and

Cohen departed highly pleased; he still had the better part of his capital, and the vessel would be his to display to the crowds that were expected to attend a maritime exhibition that was to be held in Liverpool the next year. De Mattos was equally pleased; he had been having a bad time at Gibraltar, for coaldealers there had brought pressure to bear against the granting of a coaling-hulk license, and he suspected it would take a while to overcome their opposition.

Cohen got surveyors from the Board of Trade to examine the rusty hulk and was relieved when they issued her a certificate as a coasting vessel. He brought a party of two hundred from Liverpool to Milford Haven for the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile ride back to Liverpool. With them came some sign painters to decorate the ship's sides during the trip in such a way that people seeing her from the shore would have no trouble identifying her sponsor. Cohen also had on board several cases of deflated animal bladders lettered with advertisements for Lewis's. The Great Eastern's new master, her eighth, was a man named D. R. Comyn. The guests went aboard, and the wine bottles were opened on April 29, 1886. An engineer laid fires in boilers that had been cold for eleven years. Three times the engines started, only to creak to a stop within a few minutes. The ship stayed at Milford Haven that night. The guests were unhappy. They dispatched a messenger ashore to send telegrams to Liverpool, assuring their loved ones they had not perished at sea. Workmen toiled through the night making repairs, and at seven the next morning the ship steamed away at five knots. The Liverpudlians regained their spirits as she neared St. Ann's Head, at the entrance to the Milford Haven inlet, and the open water of St. George's Channel was sighted, but there the Great Eastern quit again. Although the sea was calm when she hove to, some of the passengers were alarmed.

The next morning, after more repairs, the ship moved out into the channel. At ten that evening, the fire alarm rang. Wisps of smoke arose from the screw-engine room, and the passengers retreated to the bow in despair. Vibration had shaken loose some rotten woodwork, which had fallen around the overheated boilers and was smoldering. The debris was wetted down, and Cohen went around reassuring the guests. To divert them from morbid thoughts of fire and drowning, he handed out his advertising bladders, urging his guests to blow them up and throw them into the sea. Each bladder





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(Advertisement)

bore a message instructing the finder to write in to Lewis's and tell where the bladder had been picked up. For months afterward, the store received letters about the bladders from many parts of England and Ireland. During the slow, plodding passage, the sign painters hung over the sides in boatswain's chairs, wielding their brushes.

Off the bar lightship of the Mersey, the Great Eastern was taken in tow by the tugs Toiler, Brilliant Star, Ranger, and Wrestler for her journey up the river to Liverpool. Aboard the Wrestler was a cabin boy, Davey Duff, who is now Captain David Duff, Member of the Order of the British Empire—an honor he received from George VI for coming out of retirement during the Second World War to pilot American, Norwegian, and French seagoing tugs up the Mersey. Recently, in a reminiscent letter to a historical-minded inquirer, Captain Duff recalled the Great Eastern's trip up the Mersey. "When we arrived off the lightship, we put the Eastern to anchorage, to go up to Liverpool on the next day's tide," he wrote. "Well, on the day's tide on Sunday they hove up their anchor on the Eastern and the tug Wrestler got into position under the bow of the Eastern for them to take our hawser on board. Whilst they were doing so the starboard anchor of the Eastern came down into the sea, striking the tug Wrestler on her stern, doing quite a lot of damage. Well, about 10 A.M. we started to tow the Eastern up the channel for Liverpool. When we were passing New Brighton, which is at the entrance of the River Mersey, the pierheads on both sides of the river were crowded with people sightseeing. We towed the Eastern up to New Ferry—that is, on the Cheshire side of the River Mersey—where she was put at anchorage and exhibited for a few months and the people were charged one shilling per head to go on board. The tugs did all the carrying of the people from shore to ship."

The Great Eastern's arrival was a bombshell. Liverpool had not seen her for eighteen years, and there was a generation that had grown up hearing tales of her, but what astounded everybody was not so much the ship as what had been done to her. Her port side, facing Liverpool, was a twenty-one-thousand-square-foot iron poster on which the painters had printed in letters up to twenty feet high: "LADIES SHOULD VISIT LEWIS'S BON MARCHE CHURCH STREET." On the other side, Birkenhead was advised that "LEWIS'S ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE."

Cohen hired cleaners, painters, and

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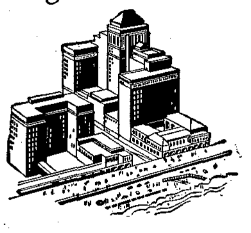
GRAND MANOR

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don't
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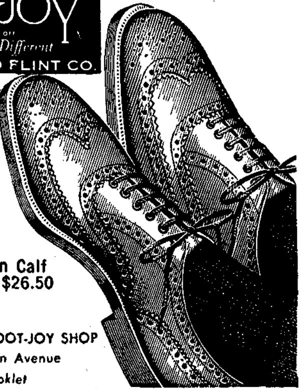
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decorators to dress the ship up for visitors—jolly excursionists from Walsall and Bootle, Oswaldtwistle and the Potteries. One of the visitors was a man named Edwin Charles Lowe, of Wigan, Lancashire, who had first seen the ship in 1861, when she lay flag-draped in the Mersey, taking on passengers for one of her transatlantic dashes. "What a contrast!" Lowe wrote in a letter to the editor of the Wigan *Observer*. "Then she was I might say in full bloom and a vessel of great expectations in spite of all her slanders. Now she is . . . a mammoth advertisement. . . . How are the mighty fallen!" Lowe boarded the ferry with a crowd of "hot-blooded Lancastrians, sharp of tongue, rough and ready, of uncouth garb and speech. . . . Many of them carried the usual seaside penny cane, some displayed a Great Eastern medal on their breasts." When Lowe had climbed aboard the Great Eastern, he read in a guidebook: "On this vast deck has stood our present Prince of Wales, together with his lamented father, and there is scarcely a scientific man of eminence in the civilized world who has not some time or other hailed the privilege." Lowe wrote, "I will describe what these great men would have heard and seen could they have gone on that spacious upper deck when I did. 'This way, gentlemen, this way to see the greatest curiosity of the day, Bob, the Missing Link.' Then again, 'Gentlemen, you will see here the African Mystery; all should see her.' Then they would have been invited to ring-throwing for knives, throwing for coconuts, Aunt Sally, swings, etc. They would have seen an American drinking bar, a shooting gallery, and a few toffee stalls, a photographer's studio, and a camera obscura. The tank which contained 1,700 miles of cable has been converted into a music hall and theatre. . . . The effect upon me was most saddening. . . . We all know that the life of the Great Eastern has been a failure, an arrow that has missed its mark. . . . Anything I should think would be better than the life she is at present leading. . . . If she cannot pay a breaking-up price, let her be decently buried beneath the wild billows of the great Atlantic, and I for one will contribute towards her funeral expenses."

Seafaring men went aboard and stood silent, like combat soldiers amid a wild civilian victory celebration. They looked across the river and over the chimney pots toward the green Welsh hills. Nearby were moored four gallant old three-deckers that had also met strange fates. One was the Indefatigable, which had become a training ship for orphan sons of sailors. Another was

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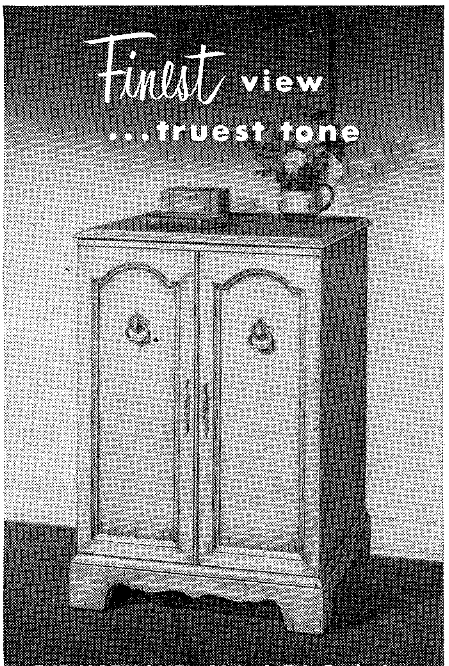
the Clarence, being used as a Roman Catholic reformatory; she was full of young Liverpool Irish "slummies," spirited lads who had just been transferred to her after burning an earlier reformatory ship to the water's edge. The third was the Akbar, being used as a Protestant reformatory. Rounding out this glimpse of Victorian youth centers, the three-decker Conway was on hand as a training ship for "the sons of gentlemen." Orphans, Catholic and Protestant delinquents, and young gentlemen were hard to tell apart as they stared from the rails of their respective homes at the girls climbing aboard the Great Eastern.

A door had been cut in the fore cable tank of the big ship, and inside was a freak show with the missing link named Bob. One of the best-patronized attractions was a lithographic press that, for a copper, imprinted on the visitor's own handkerchief pictures of the Great Eastern, of Lewis's five stores, and of "The Late David Lewis, Founder of the Firm." It retired many a handkerchief from practical use and revealed Cohen's rare genius for advertising. Lewis's made the customer supply the stock and pay for printing an advertisement on it; furthermore, back on shore there was a run on Lewis's handkerchief counter to buy replacements. Untold thousands of the handkerchiefs, regarded as heirlooms, are still in existence in England, and so is Lewis's.

In the main and ladies' saloons were buffet restaurants catered for by Powell Brothers, of Royal Leamington Spa, who were noted for their hunt breakfasts. The music hall in the main cable tank seated a thousand people and presented a continuous vaudeville bill all day long; in the evenings, it was cleared, as a Lewis's poster put it, for "dancing by electric light." Several dozen pitchmen set up stalls in the corridors to sell sea shells, flowers, canes, and other souvenirs. One of the less tangible attractions of the ship was the presumed ghost of the riveter, or basher, who was said to have been sealed in some dreadful manner between her inner and outer hulls while she was being built on the Isle of Dogs. Travelling troupes of performers took full advantage of the Great Eastern's circuslike rigging. As it grew dark over the Merseyside, Beautiful Ariel climbed the shrouds to a long snare ruffle, in beams of limelight. Atop the foremast, she grasped a trapeze and swung out into the night. Even the calliope of a steam carrousel on deck was stilled for her daring glide. As she gained the mainmast, a triumphant burst of music arose from Mr. J. H. Amers'



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Brass Band, of Newcastle upon Tyne, on the afterdeck. Then came the fliers, Louie & Elba, soaring and catching each other in the foggy air around the masts. Crowds on shore could see the gleaming artists swooping about high above the old ship.

Ship-proud Liverpool looked at the eyesore with growing indignation. The maritime exhibition didn't turn out to be much of an attraction; the Great Eastern stole the show. Shipping men resented the department-store people as landlubbers exploiting the pride of Britain's ocean might. There were outcries in the clubs and wrathy letters to the press. To this day, orthodox marine historians sniff at "the cheap tailors" who took over the Great Eastern; they do not mention the fact that half a million visitors had a whacking good time aboard the ship that summer.

DURING the fall, Cohen's charter expired and the Great Eastern reverted to de Mattos. He did not know what to do with her, for his Gibraltar coaling enterprise had failed; the Gibraltese definitely did not want the Great Eastern. So, in his turn, the unlucky coaldealer became a showman. He painted out Lewis's billboards and rented the space on the ship's sides to a tea purveyor. "The greatest anxiety has been displayed by people in various parts of the United Kingdom and Europe to see the ship at their different ports, and it is the desire of the owners to gratify as far as possible this very reasonable wish," de Mattos announced. Late that fall, he chose to gratify Dublin, but he did not trust the Great Eastern's engines; tugs towed her across. The Irish demonstrated small affection for the ship decked out as an advertisement for British tea, and she spent only a short while at Dublin. The leave-taking was hastened by the port authorities, who were uneasy about having the blundering monster in their harbor.

The Great Eastern was towed back to Liverpool with the idea of exhibiting her there again. The city defended itself with a technicality: The police gave notice that an application for a liquor license for the ship would be refused. De Mattos substituted an exhibition of arts and industries for the American drinking bar that had depressed Lowe, but the customers evidently preferred mild and bitter. He decided to gratify Scotland, and early in 1887 had the ship towed to the Clyde and moored between Helensburgh and Greenock. The Scots received her warmly. After all, she had been built by their fellow-countryman

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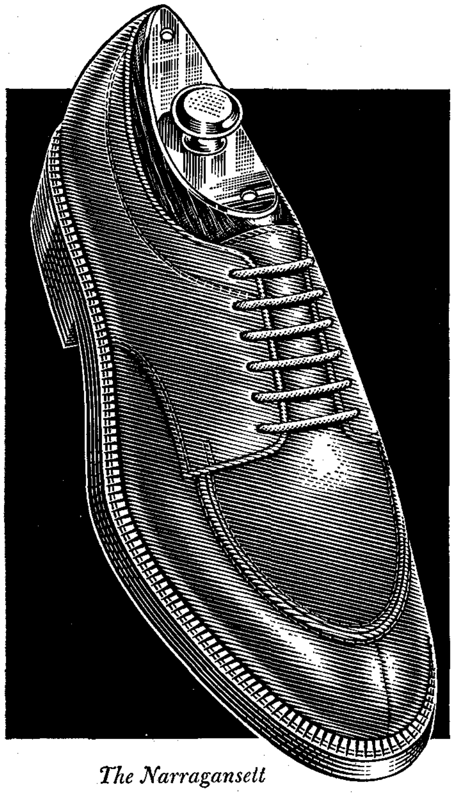

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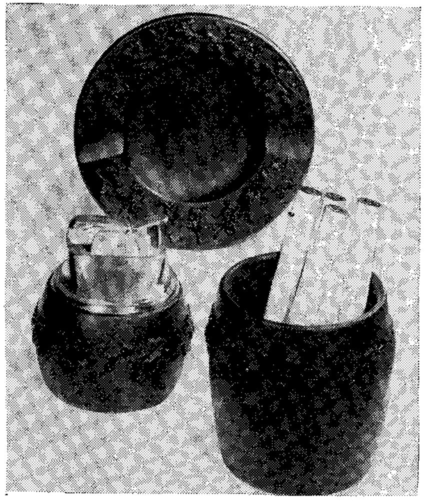
John Scott Russell, who once ran the Caird & Co. shipyard at Greenock. The builder had died five years before on the Isle of Wight, "in somewhat reduced circumstances," according to one biography of him, which also termed him "a man of brilliant and versatile intellectual powers, a good scholar, a clever and original speaker, and a bright conversationalist." However, the account continued, "a certain lack of stability or of that business capacity so rarely united to inventive genius hampered his success in life." Scott Russell had been responsible for only two ships of consequence after the Great Eastern—the frigate Warrior and a train ferry, the first of its type, that ran across Lake Constance between Germany and Switzerland. The one other noteworthy work of his relatively unproductive later life was a colossal rotunda and sheet-iron dome for the 1873 Vienna Exhibition.

When the dour autumn rains came to the Lowlands, the Great Eastern's sightseers dwindled away. De Mattos advertised that he would sell the ship at public auction. The victorious bidder was a Mr. Craik, who mentioned twenty-one thousand pounds. Craik was an agent for London Traders, Ltd.; it was the owners' bid to prevent the ship's going for a lower sum. Rain and mist enveloped the lonely giant as she lay idle and unwanted near Greenock. A month after this melancholy auction, London Traders, Ltd., received an offer of sixteen thousand pounds from Henry Bath & Sons, metal dealers of Liverpool, and sold them the ship instantly, before the bidders could entertain a second thought. Henry Bath & Sons were in the unsentimental business of breaking up ships. Two of the company's executives, Messrs. Morrice and Greer, set out immediately to organize dismantling operations. They went to Barrow in Furness, in Lancashire, and talked to the Royal Navy harbor master, Captain Barnett, about breaking up the ship in Ramsden Dock there. This dock, built a short while before, was long enough for her and had a gate a hundred feet wide; if the paddle wheels were removed, she would fit. Before making a final decision, however, Morrice and Greer went to Greenock to survey the Great Eastern. They gazed upon their vast possession and the sight made them waver. They began mooning to each other about installing new engines and making her pay in the cattle trade, or perhaps carrying bulk petroleum, and went back to Barrow in Furness to arrange for a refit in Ramsden Dock. Captain Barnett saw the fever



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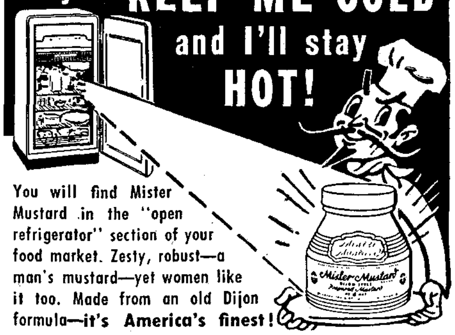

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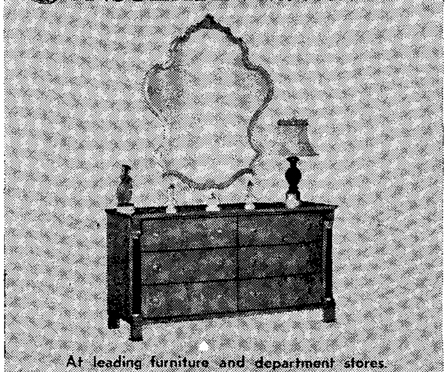

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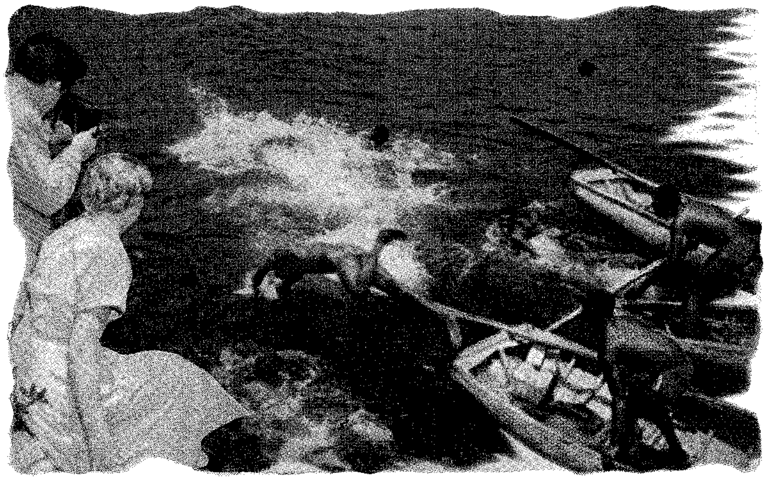

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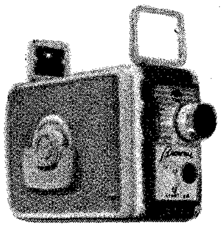

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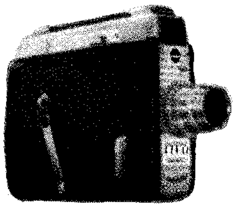

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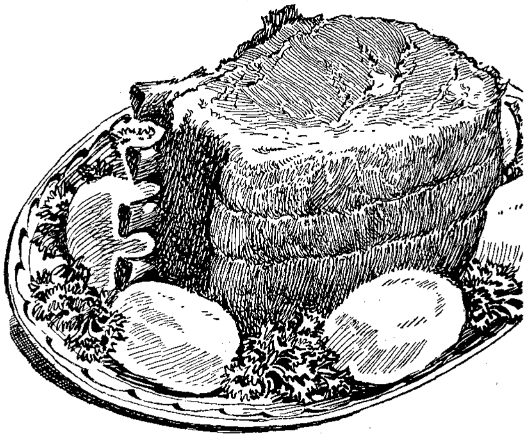
in their eyes and refused to let them use it.

Resigned about the Great Eastern's fate but with remnants of the spell still clinging to them, Morrice and Greer decided that she would sail the two hundred and fifty miles to Liverpool under her own power. They engaged a crew of a hundred "runners"—casual seamen who are engaged to sail a ship on short, single voyages. Escorted by the steam tug Stormcock, the Great Eastern left the Clyde in fair weather on August 22, 1888. Because she could make barely four knots, she soon took a tow cable from the Stormcock. Off the Isle of Man, a wind came up. As it increased in force, the Great Eastern began to roll heavily, and the screw lost its bite in the waves. The Stormcock's master did all he could to hold the tow, but the cable became fouled and he had to cast loose from the heaving monster. For four hours, while the runners clung for their lives, the Great Eastern staggered about, helplessly adrift, in her last storm. Then the wind died and the tow was regained. It took three days to reach the Mersey.

The people of Liverpool watched grimly as the big ship again took her place in their midst. James Paton, who was born aboard the Great Eastern while his father was her captain, and was now a flourishing manufacturer in Liverpool, reflected the emotions of the community when he issued an electrifying challenge: If the ship was not scrapped immediately, to put an end to this dishonor to his adopted city, he would take it upon himself to blow up the Great Eastern. Although everyone knew that this represented a wish rather than an intention, glasses were raised to the civic champion in the clubs and ordinaries.

The Great Eastern was hauled onto a grid at New Ferry, across the river from Liverpool. Henry Bath & Sons undertook the job of breaking her up with some misgivings, for there had never been a scrapping project that approached it in magnitude, and the expense would be as great as that of building a small steamer. It was estimated that two hundred men could break up the ship in a year for an outlay of between ten thousand and fifteen thousand pounds; this, on top of the sixteen thousand pounds the company had paid for her, made it obvious that the great ship was going to be as costly to do away with as she had been to support. Some said that the job would never pay, and that Henry Bath & Sons would lose less money by towing her out to sea and opening the cocks.

The Great Eastern mothered one



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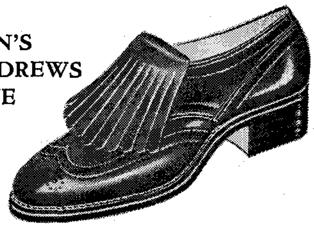

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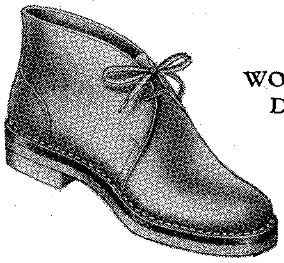

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more innovation in shipping practices when Henry Bath & Sons announced that they would auction the various parts of the ship before dismantling her; the conventional method was to scrap first and get what one could for the junk later. Under the hammer, the ship's copper fittings brought £3,000, her gun metal £4,400, her brass fittings £4,000, her lead more than £4,000, and her anchors £300; her thirty thousand plates and three million rivets went for £25,000. The total proceeds would amount to £58,000. At last, it appeared, somebody was going to make the Great Eastern pay—more handsomely, perhaps, than even Brunel had dreamed she would on her runs to Trincomalee. However, Henry Bath & Sons had figured closely on their labor costs, and to collect the bonanza they would have to adhere to a tight demolition schedule. The aged and failing Sir Daniel Gooch read of the auction in the London *Standard* and wrote in his diary, "[It] looks like the last of the grand old ship, the Great Eastern. I would much rather the old ship was broken up than turned to any base uses. . . . Poor old ship, you deserved a better fate."

Many persons unknown to the scrap-metal chandlers and traders had attended the auction. The strangers asked for single items from wholesale lots and bid heatedly and high for things like bells, wheels, panelling, lamps, and furniture. These were people seeking mementos of the Great Eastern. A public house at New Ferry obtained walnut panelling for a bar buffet. A Cheshireman bought one of her wheels, which is now owned by C. C. Bennett, of Northwich, Cheshire. One of the ship's brass saloon lamps has been handed down to Nigel Kennedy, of Lower Bebington, Cheshire. Captain Halpin's nephew was on hand to enlarge the former skipper's collection of souvenirs at Tinnakilly House, Wicklow. (Last spring, the Captain's daughter, Miss Belle Halpin, gave the collection to the Maritime Institute of Ireland.) J. S. Paton, the son of the man who was born on the Great Eastern, owns an engraved teapot and a water jug from the ship. A mistress of Miss Hockley's Boarding School, not far from Liverpool, bought the captain's mahogany deck caboose, with its gold and white panelling and its memories—Captain Harrison on his way to be drowned, Captain Vine Hall playing the flute, Captain Kennedy grinning at the icebergs, Captain Paton welcoming Mary Lincoln aboard, Captain Walker studying Hamilton Towle's jury-rig, Captain Anderson awakening to the test-room alarm, and Captain Halpin

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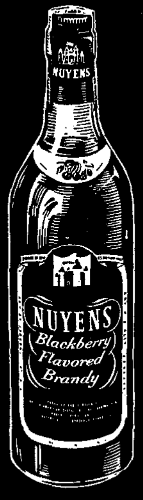

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standing on deck surrounded by Moslems praying to Allah. The caboose was set up on the grounds of Miss Hockley's School as a children's playhouse.

The breaking up of the Great Eastern began in May, 1889, thirty-one years and three months after her launching; she had reached a good old age for a capital ship. Workmen removed the interior fittings on schedule, but the well-founded double iron hull defied them. More than half of Henry Bath & Sons' income from the venture—and all their profit—lay in the hull. The oxyacetylene torch had not yet been invented, and the men had to work the rivets loose by hammering on the plates, driving chisels under the heads, and sawing and smashing away. It was soon evident that it took more effort to remove a rivet than it had taken to drive it in a generation before. In October, 1889, Sir Daniel Gooch died, survived by the Great Eastern, which was once again displaying her famous talent for baffling her proprietors. Henry Bath & Sons finally solved their problem by means of an iron wrecking ball. A derrick was erected over the ship and a stationary steam engine installed to raise a heavy ball to a spar, where it was released by a trigger. The impact shook two shires. And it loosened the rivets. The side plates came off, and after eighteen months the men reached the double bottom. The work was harder there, and they toiled long, bitter, bruising days to uproot the plates. When they got down to the center girder, it was such slow going that they struck for a while because they were paid by the ton instead of by the hour. This was the Great Eastern's last mutiny.

One day, the workmen were breaching a compartment on the port side of the inner hull when a shriek went up that rang wildly over the water and stopped all work. One who hurried to New Ferry to see what was up was Davey Duff. "They found a skeleton inside the ship's shell," Duff wrote years later in recalling the incident at the close of his reminiscent letter. "It was the skeleton of the basher who was missing. Also the frame of his bash bag was found with him. So there you are, sir. That is all I can tell you of the Great Eastern."

—JAMES DUGAN

(*This is the last of a series of articles on the Great Eastern.*)

•

MY WIFE Marcella, having left her job, I am no longer responsible for her debts or mine. Ed.—*Public notice in the Post.*

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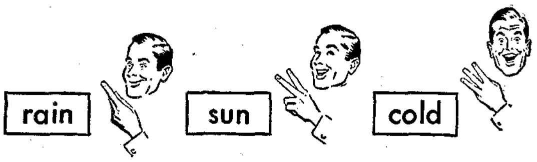

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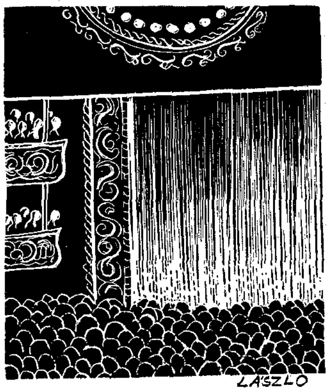
THE THEATRE

MINORITY OPINION

BEFORE we go into the style of the writing, the kind of acting, the method of direction, and the other technical aspects of "Tea and Sympathy," at the Ethel Barrymore, it might be a good idea to investigate just what Robert Anderson's play is about. The action, then, takes place in the living room of a housemaster's apartment and in the bedroom, simultaneously shown, of one of the boys in a New England preparatory school, not specifically identified but apparently one of those semi-fashionable institutions that are suspended between Groton and Andover, not quite as obviously derived from the British system as the former, not quite as close to the American high-school pattern as the latter. It is a place, in other words, that is a little uneasy about its social position, and consequently more sharply on the lookout for any erratic behavior on the part of its inmates than schools with surer foundations. This quality of watchfulness has been transmitted from the alumni and the faculty down to the student body, where it is imperfectly comprehended but still cruelly vocal. The primary victim of this overready suspicion is Tom Lee, a boy on the eve of his eighteenth birthday and the son of an alumnus who is a catastrophic example of school spirit persisting on into middle life. Tom is an intelligent and sensitive boy who has been shut off from any normal early experience with girls because his father's broken marriage has condemned him to a succession of boarding schools and summer camps. He is devoted to music and plans to be a singer when he grows up, but this aberration is accepted by his contemporaries, who are also only casually entertained by the fact that he is invariably given women's parts in the school plays. He is, in fact, regarded by them as normal enough—though he is not, of course, by any means as popular as his athletic roommate—until, by a ruinous mischance, he is discovered swimming in the nude with a master who has long, and apparently with some justice, been suspected of homosexuality.

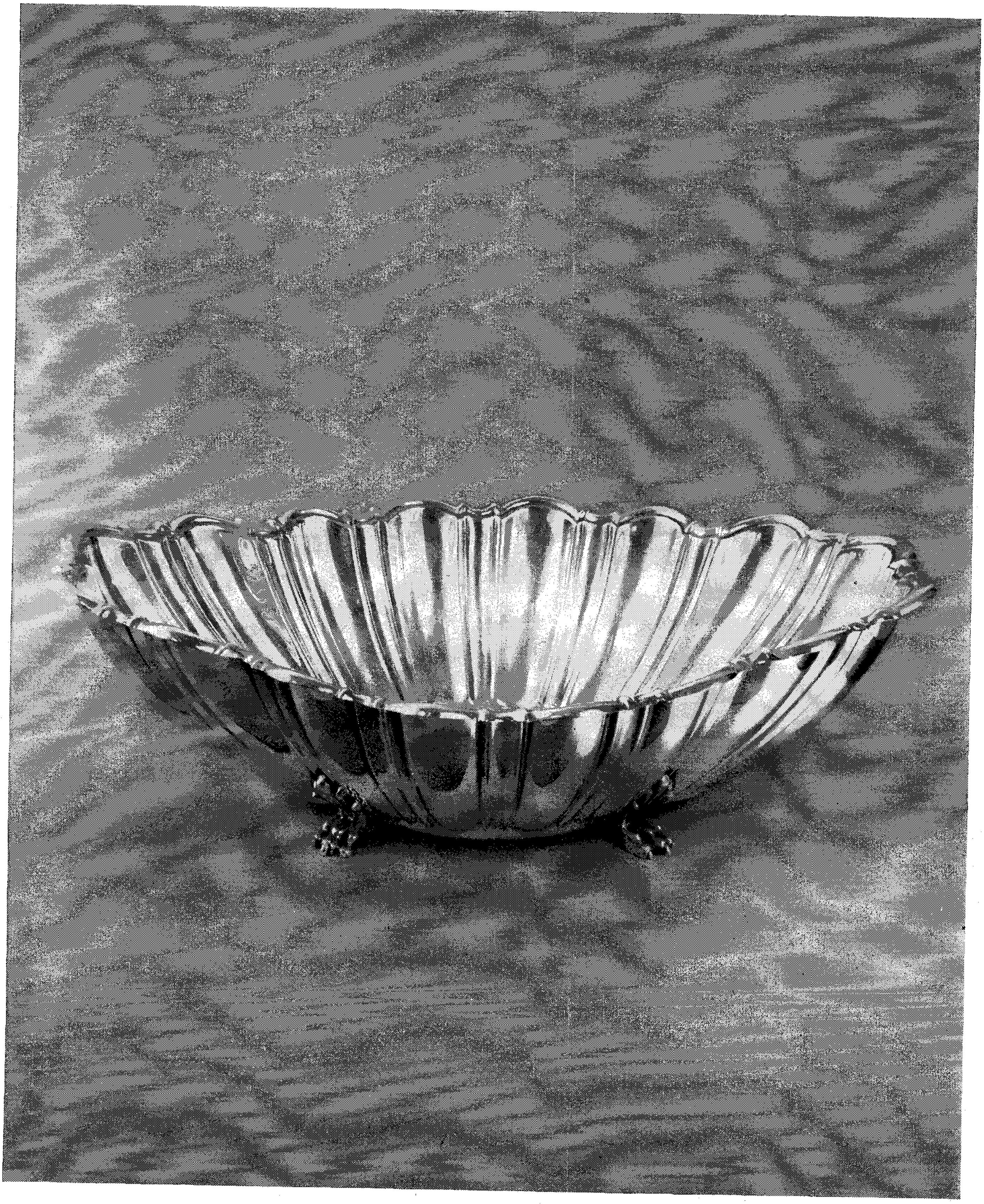
This event precipitates a kind of mass lunacy in the school. The master is dismissed, but the boy, on the presumption that he was innocently involved, is allowed to stay. This grudging concession does him very little good, however, because both the faculty and his schoolmates have no real doubt about his guilt, and express their conviction variously, according to their lights. The boys are bad enough, but their derision is open and clownish, and there seems to be a chance that, given time, it will disappear. His much more subtle and deadly enemy is the housemaster, whose admiration for the strenuous life takes the form of climbing mountains and whose invincible boyishness leads him to invite a few selected students to spend their vacations with him at his camp. This man's contempt for Tom is clearly mixed with hatred, and his pleasure in the boy's suffering is scarcely disguised. Under all these stresses, plus the additional one of a visit from his father, who is hopelessly unequipped to understand or to help him, Tom rapidly falls into panic and despair, made all the worse by his growing suspicion that the crazy charge may well be true.

With the exception of his roommate, who likes him and angrily defends him and even does his best to remake him in a form more acceptable to the adolescent male ideal, but who has to abandon him at last when the pressure gets too strong, the boy's only ally is his housemaster's wife, a former actress, whose worldly experience and broad tolerance are distinct novelties in her new environment. Aware of his terrible loneliness and uncertainty, since she is alone and uncertain herself, she goes out of her way to be kind to him, but things have gone too far and, mistaking her sympathy for pity, he forces himself into a grotesque test of his virility with a little tramp in the village, the inevitable failure of which drives him to attempt suicide. In the end, in his absolute defeat, the older woman comes to his room and offers him her love, not just as his only possible way to salvation but also as a sort of partial payment for the conduct of her husband, who, she reveals, behaves as he does because he fears in himself the very weakness for which he has been hounding the boy.



I have, I'm afraid, several objections to all this. The first is that the central characters—the withdrawn, artistic, suffering boy and the wise, tender, and magnificently self-sacrificing woman—seem to me, in spite of some perception and restraint in their drawing, essentially the same old stencils that have been visited upon us so many times in the past, both on the stage, in plays like "Young Woodley," and in fiction, in novels far too numerous to list. The other prominent figures in "Tea and Sympathy"—the hearty sportsman who is really epicene beneath his tweeds, the conventional father who has no access to his gifted son, the young friend torn between loyalty and his schoolboy conception of morality—are less familiar specimens, but they, too, have been around before. My second complaint is that Mr. Anderson's plot, though dealing with an unruly theme, is as tidily and trickily organized as a dance by the Rockettes, especially in that precisely rounded-off climactic scene, which struck me as something of a triumph of hollow and conceivably vulgar dexterity. My third is that the author's prose, while accurate and funny in the two or three comedy scenes he permits himself, seldom rises above clichés and vacant rhetoric when some distinction of thought is demanded. My fourth is that, being a man with some experience, both as a student and as a parent, with approximately the kind of school defined here, I found myself almost wholly incredulous of most of the doings reported on the stage. There may be schools in which the open persecution of a boy is ignored or actually encouraged by the faculty, or ones where a prostitute can operate just off the campus, again with the full knowledge of the faculty members, not to mention their wives, or even ones where a master's wife can visit a student's room for adulterous purposes at four o'clock in the afternoon, but I have never heard of them, and in the absence of further evidence to the contrary I shall continue to maintain they don't exist.

Drawing again on my own vast and undoubtedly irritating sources of per-



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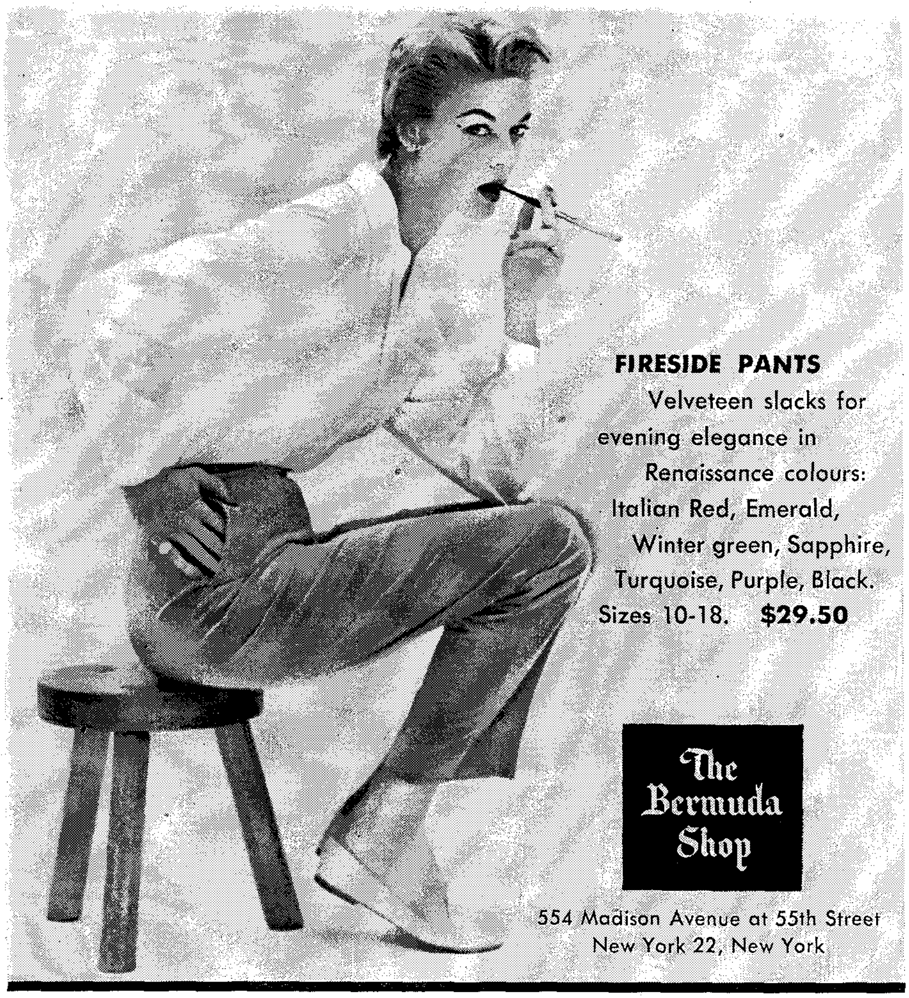
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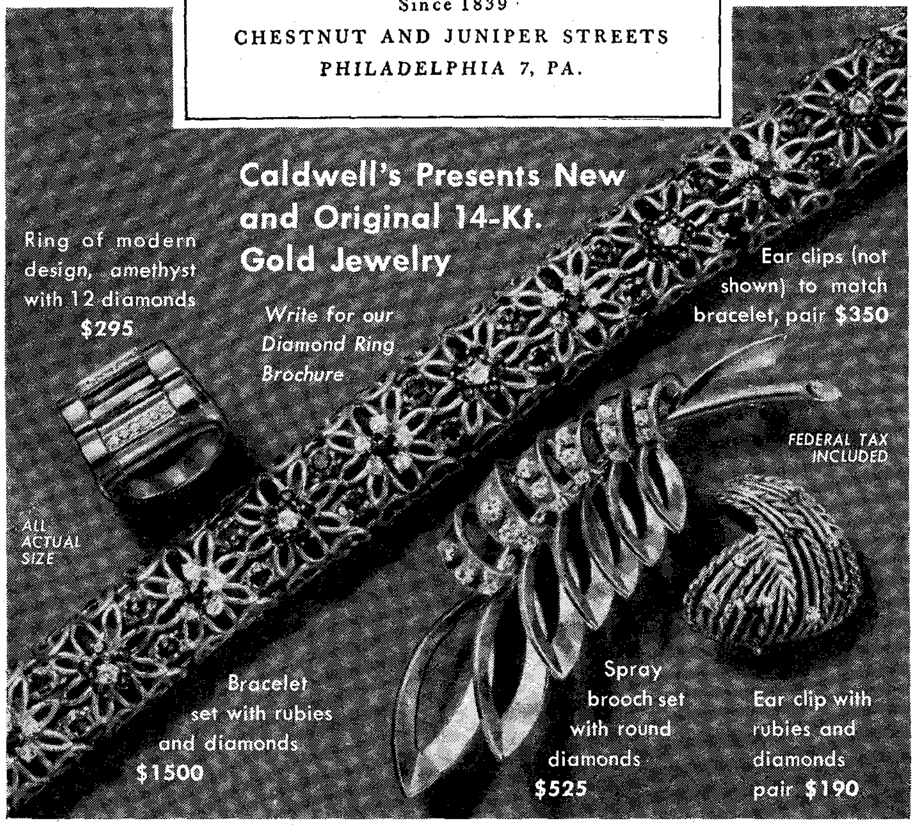
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sonal information, I have to say that I have never seen a portrayal in the theatre of a seventeen-year-old boy that bore any very strong resemblance to the same article in life, but I am glad to concede that John Kerr comes as close to solving this nearly insoluble problem as any actor I have watched. My file on housemasters' wives, especially those confronted at the same time with adolescent love and connubial disappointment, is more limited, but I thought Deborah Kerr's performance in this taxing role decorative and rather touching. They are both, in fact, quite admirable, and, after all, they had no hand in writing their disheartening lines. I was also favorably impressed by Dick York, as the hero's sympathetic but baffled roommate; John McGovern, as his inarticulate father; and Leif Erickson, as the strangely unbalanced housemaster. Elia Kazan's direction is resourceful and inventive throughout, but I am a little doubtful about his habit of occasionally sustaining pauses until they cease to be pregnant and become merely uncomfortable. Jo Mielziner's set solves the problem of concurrent action on two levels with considerable ingenuity.

HAVING little useful knowledge of the Society of Jesus beyond the information that a member of it operates the seismograph at Fordham, I went to "The Strong Are Lonely," a play dealing with some of its turbulent early history, prepared to be instructed, uplifted, and even possibly entertained. None of these desirable ends, unfortunately, quite came to pass at the Broadhurst. The argument, which had something to do with the spiritual aspirations of the Jesuits and their tragic collision with temporal politics, was provocative; the specific facts in the case—the events leading up to the forcible dissolution of the order in Paraguay in 1767 by edict of the Spanish king, at the instigation of its enemies but with the acquiescence, in the interests of the survival of the movement in other parts of the world, of its own leaders in Europe—were full of promise, but the treatment of all this handsome material was, I fear, less than satisfactory.

There were several reasons for this. For one thing, the play, which was adapted from the French by Eva Le Gallienne, was not a conspicuous example of happy construction. The point of highest dramatic intensity was reached quite early, in a scene in which a deputy sent to Paraguay by the king established the fact that the charges against the Jesuits were wholly false and actuated by greed, envy, and fear, but nevertheless announced at the conclusion of his inquiry that the order must be disbanded, since Spain could not permit her program of ruthless conquest by arms to be undermined and exposed for what it was by a group of her own subjects who were accomplishing the same end by peaceful means, in the name of God. This debate was handled with praiseworthy eloquence and irony, but after it the play declined rapidly in interest. There was a scene in which the Jesuit leader, Father Alfonso Fernandez, who had decided to rebel against the king and had imprisoned his emissary, was forced to give up his stand by another visitor from abroad, who told him, in the name of the society, that he was forbidden to oppose the throne. The reasons given for this position were jesuitical in the contemporary meaning of the word and rather hard for at least this lay observer to grasp, but the tormented priest obeyed his instructions. His followers, however, flamed into revolt, and ordered their Indian soldiers, of whom, it appeared, there were some thirty thousand, to open fire on the Spaniards. In the course of the ensuing violence, during which the conversation on the stage was substantially drowned out by the rattle of musketry in the wings, Father Alfonso was mortally wounded, but he survived long enough to take part in an interminable and disastrously anticlimactic finale, in which the issues were debated all over again without any very dramatically satisfying conclusions being reached. This effect of diminishing emphasis naturally worked seriously against the play, and things weren't improved by a certain flatness and a curious echoing quality in the text (the idea seemed to be that a kind of portentousness could be achieved by having actors habitually repeat the lines immediately preceding their own), which may have been the fault either of Miss Le Gallienne's translation or of Margaret Webster's strangely deliberate direction.

The performances were also open to some criticism, particularly that of the Belgian actor Victor Francen, who played Father Alfonso and whose previous grapplings with the English language have been mostly limited to the films. For all I know, Mr. Francen may be an exemplary artist in his own tongue, but he was only intermittently comprehensible in mine; there were times, indeed, when he sounded to me remarkably like an announcer on the Long Island Railroad, whose delivery might be repro-

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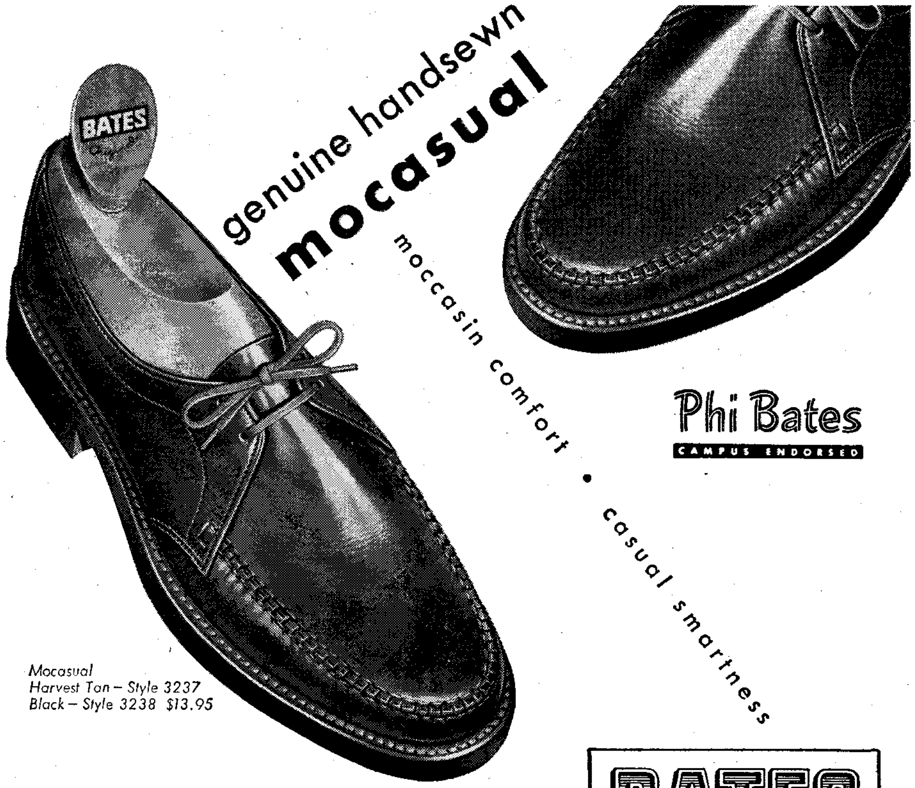

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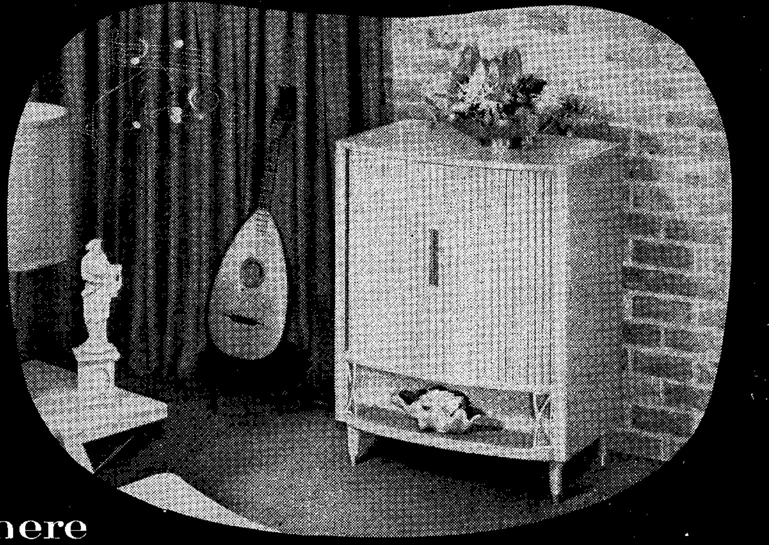

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duced, in part, as "This train for babylonbayshoreislipgreatriveroakdalesayvillebayportbluepoint and PATCHOGUE." Mr. Francen is also what might be described as a terribly abundant actor, and the physical expressions of his anguish, which frequently took the form of banging his head violently on tables or collapsing bonelessly on the floor, shook me up almost as much as I'm sure they did him. As the Spanish envoy, Dennis King was equipped with a role that allowed him to wear a dashing red uniform, to surrender his sword with a fine Castilian flourish, to speak with a measured and weary elegance, and generally to comport himself in a manner that must have been dear and familiar to his romantic heart. It was a lovely part, and he was, as he always is, picturesque. In lesser but still prominent ones, Philip Bourneuf, Nils Asther, and Wesley Addy were also picturesque and commendable, but the assortment of South American Indians, subordinate brothers of the order, and villainous Spanish aristocrats who made up the balance of the cast gave me only the somewhat disconcerting impression that every last one of them came from Brooklyn. To end these remarks on a relatively amiable note, Rolf Gerard's single setting, representing Father Alfonso's study, was spacious, airy, and ornamented with a very informative map, a globe, and an original El Greco, worth many thousands of dollars.

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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Denver Post*]

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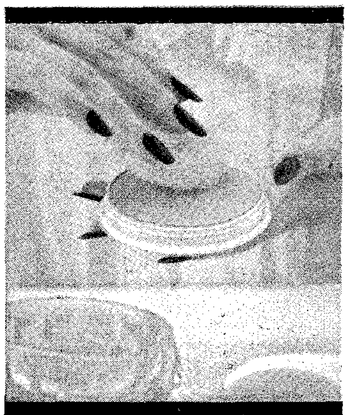

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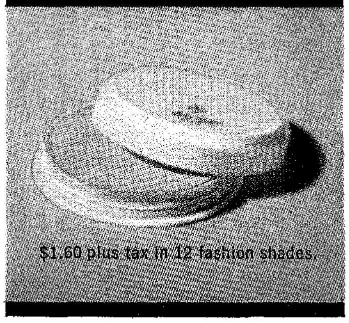

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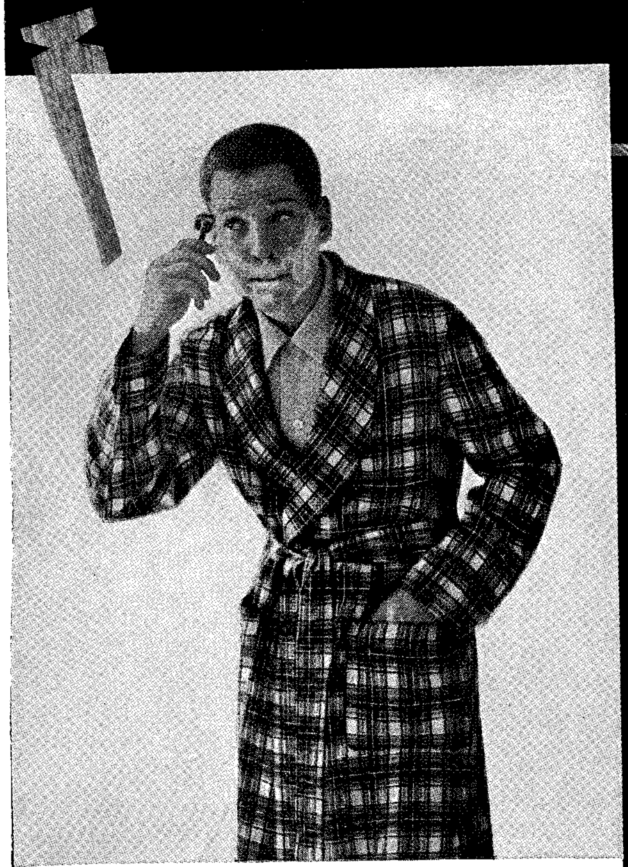

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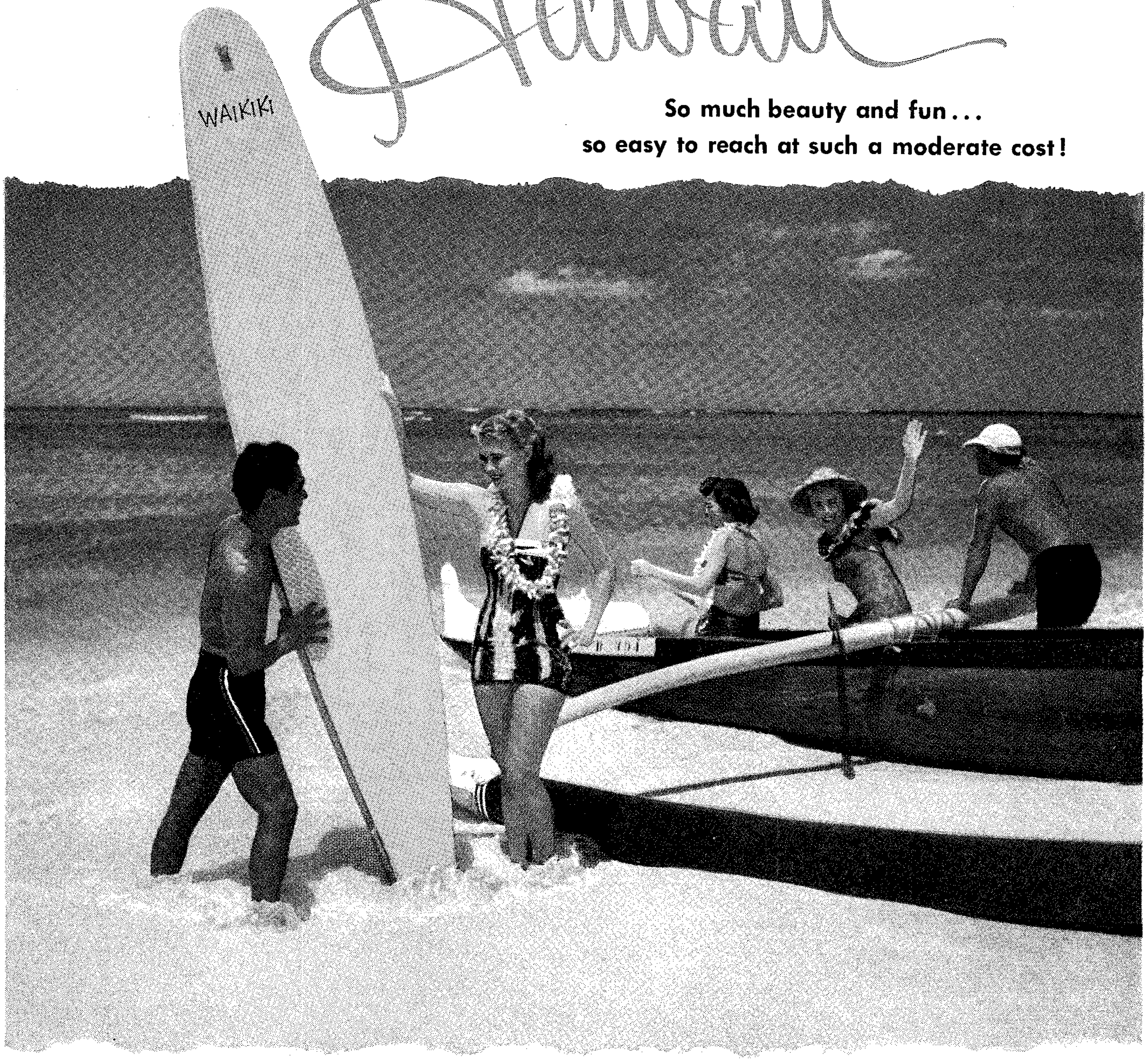

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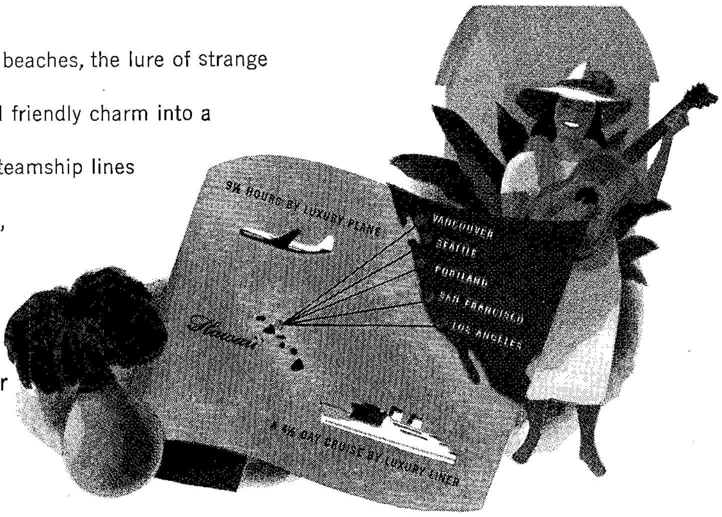
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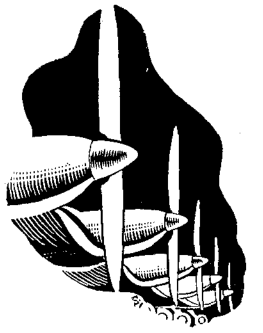
THE BREAKS OF THE GAME

LIKE many another baseball fan who happened to have a small bet on the Dodgers in the World Series, I was delighted when it turned out that Carl Furillo, broken hand notwithstanding, was able to start in the Brooklyn lineup. I like to think, however, that I was uncommonly delighted, not because of the bet, or even because Furillo and I both normally play right field—he in a tricky corner of Ebbets Field, where base hits carom off fences at crazy angles, and I on a Westchester softball diamond, where the ground rules call for no more than two bases on anything that drops in the goldenrod—but because of my huge admiration for and envy of Furillo's having triumphed over digital adversity. You see, I have been suffering from a finger broken on a ball field, and there is nothing like busted bones for making close-knit sympathies. Some of the best food I ever ate was served up by a man who was unknown to me until he and I both fractured our left legs skiing during the same winter, but with whom I later became friendly solely on account of our concurrently shattered tibias.

The details of Furillo's misadventure—how it happened in view of thousands of spectators while he was scuffling with Leo Durocher, and what the doctors thought about it, and what the sportswriters thought, and what effect it could have had on American history—have been so fully reported that it would be gilding the pinkie to reprise them here. My own case, aside from the physical symptoms, is quite different. Has anybody—not counting my surgeon and my immediate family—pressed me for the whole story? Has anybody offered to fix me up with a sponge-handled bat? No. On the contrary, I am widely accused by my neighbors, behind my back (I live in a small community, and such charges quickly get around front), of having beaten my wife.



It all began one quiet evening at home, after dinner, when my wife and I decided to look at some color photographs of our children that we had taken during the summer. I set up the screen, got out the projector, plugged it into a wall socket in our living room, and turned off the lights. Everything was going along fine when my wife, suddenly remembering she had to call her mother, whom we were arranging to visit, jumped up and headed for the telephone. In the dark, she tripped over the projector's electric cord and banged her nose against a chair. I switched the lights on, and we discovered that her face was bleeding slightly. She had cut her nose right at the top of the bridge.

"I'll bet you get a black eye from that," I said. "Possibly two."

"And I'll bet we both hear all the old gags *ad nauseam*," she said. "What do you suppose the children will say?"

"Hang the children," I said. "But what about your mother? What will *she* say, or at least think?"

"She'll think you did it," said my wife amiably. "Come to think of it, maybe you did. You should have warned me about that cord."

I was depressed by the thought of all the worn-out humor we'd be subjected to. I guess my wife sensed this, for after we had both brooded silently for a while over the likely consequences of her accident, she suddenly began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Stop looking so glum," she said. "I've got an idea. We don't have to have any gags pulled on us. We'll pull one ourselves."

"Huh?" I said.

"Look," she said. "Nobody will accuse you of clouting me if enough people see me get smacked in the face, or think they do, will they? All we need is witnesses."

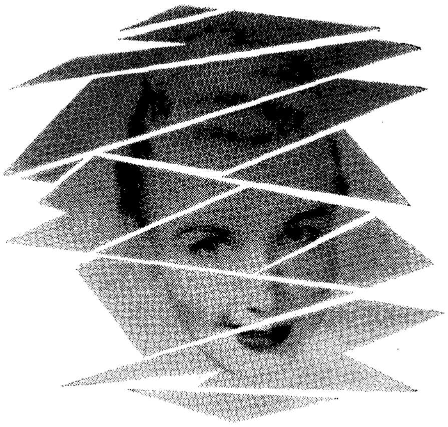
I gazed blankly around the empty room. It occurred to me she might have suffered a concussion.

"Tomorrow morning's the ball game, isn't it?" she went on.

I nodded. She was referring to a neighborhood softball contest in which, on opposite teams—I in right field and she at third base—we were both supposed to take part.

"I'll wear my big, dark skiing goggles," she said. "I'll pretend they're to keep the sun out of my eyes. You know how hard the ball's apt to come down to third. Well, I'll fake stopping one with my face, and after a while I'll pull the glasses off, and everybody will say, 'Hey, you hurt yourself back then!' And I'll be surprised and horrified. It can't miss. It's foolproof."

I was not altogether convinced, but it was getting late and I wanted a good



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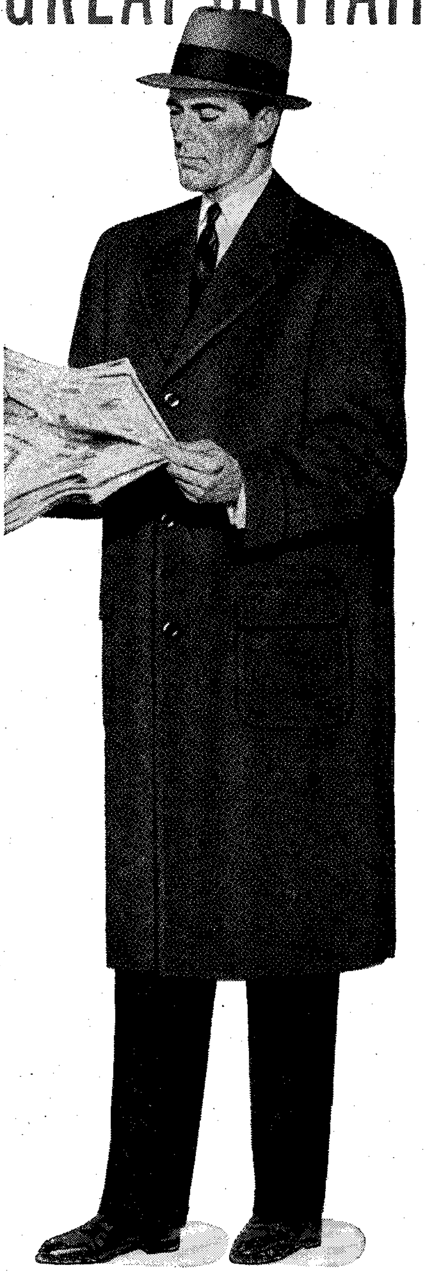

night's sleep, so I endorsed the scheme, largely to humor her.

WHEN we got up the following morning, my wife had a ghastly-looking black eye, and the bridge of her nose was a bit swollen. But the glasses hid it all nicely. We explained to our children that their mother had a slight irritation in one eye, and then we set off for the ball game. I cautioned my wife not to let herself get hurt any worse, and, promising to be careful (she is an actress, and anticipated no difficulty executing the deception), she trotted out to third base. A hulking neighbor of ours, whom we knew only casually but who we'd heard had once played semi-pro ball, was at shortstop on her team. It soon became apparent that he was anxious to demonstrate his talent. Every time anybody hit a ball in my wife's direction, he would swoop over and grab it away from her. Maybe he thought he was protecting her; I thought I had never seen such a hog. I began to get mad. It seemed terribly important that my wife should be able to practice her little stratagem. Whenever I came to bat, I tried my darnedest to give her an exclusive fielding chance, but the best I could manage was a pop fly, in foul territory off third base, that hung in the air so long the poaching shortstop was able to rush after it, scare my wife out of the way with thundering cries of "Mine! Mine!," and rob her of her opportunity to get conked. I could have slugged him.

In the last half of the last inning, with the score tied and my wife's team coming to bat, I got desperate. "Pretend to get hit by a pitched ball," I whispered to her as we changed sides. She seemed surprised at my strained expression, but she nodded, unenthusiastically. Alas, the batter preceding her hit a ground-rule double into the goldenrod, and since there was one out, the pitcher on my team, overriding my frantic protests, gave my wife an intentional base on balls.

I rushed in from right field. "Get two!" I cried, crowding the second baseman. "Easy play at second!" I prayed that the batter would hit the ball so I could get my hands on it and tag my wife on the head, or pretend to. I was even willing at that point to throw the ball at her if necessary.

I was lucky. The next batter hit a sharp grounder between first and second. I raced toward it and, emulating the opponents' shortstop, savagely elbowed my own second baseman out of the way. My wife came loping down

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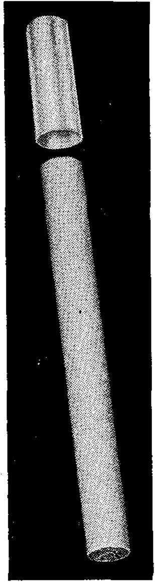

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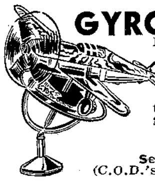

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the base path. She was only a couple of feet away, taking her time, so I could put the ball on her. Eagerly I reached for the approaching ball. Overeagerly, I should say. The ball clipped the tip of the ring finger of my right hand and skidded off into the outfield. There was nobody out there to retrieve it, since I had abandoned my post, and the base runner who had been on second scored easily. The game was over and my finger began to throb painfully.

As I say, countless people saw Carl Furillo get hurt. Nobody knew that I had been. It was not until the following day, when my finger really began to swell, and turn the color of my wife's eye, and ache badly, that I went to a doctor, was told that it was broken, and ended up trussed in a giant, egregious splint. That same day, my wife announced that she couldn't stand the sunglasses any longer; they were hurting her eyes. She discarded them, revealing to the world—or, at any rate, to our neighbors—a set of features comparable to those of Roland LaStarza the morning after his fight with Rocky Marciano. There isn't a jury anywhere that could examine my wife's bruised face and my bandaged hand and acquit. The things our neighbors have been saying! The way my mother-in-law looked at me! Furillo thinks *he's* had troubles?

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

P. T. Barnum said it—do you remember—"you can fool a part of the people all the time, all of the people part of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."—*Connecticut Circle.*

Sure we remember. It was just after he made that speech at Gettysburg.

•

The Wiltell News carried the notice last issue that Edward "Moose" Miroslavich is a defective in the Guard Force. This was a typographical error. Chief Miroslavich is really a detective in the Guard Farce.—*Wiltell News, Los Angeles.*

By God, there's a defective here somewhere!

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*From the Melbourne* (*Australia*) *Herald*]

At the United Nations delegates are saying to each other, "There seems a tremendous self-assurance about the British. They are all very confident and cock-a-hoop. What's the reason d'you suppose?"

(*Advertisement*)

The Connoisseurs' Corner

—in which there is discussion of California's versatility and suitability as a wineland. As examples, attention is called to some particularly fine varietal wines of California

ACCORDING TO respected historians, fine wine had its birth in Persia where first grew the *Vitis vinifera* — parent vine of all great wine grapes. As man moved Westward, cuttings of this choice vine accompanied him, adding pleasures to his civilization in measure to the fortunes of soil and climate.

In this New World, new pleasures of wine began when the missionary Fathers settled along the Pacific Coast. For here, it was found, Nature had created one of the great natural winelands of the world.

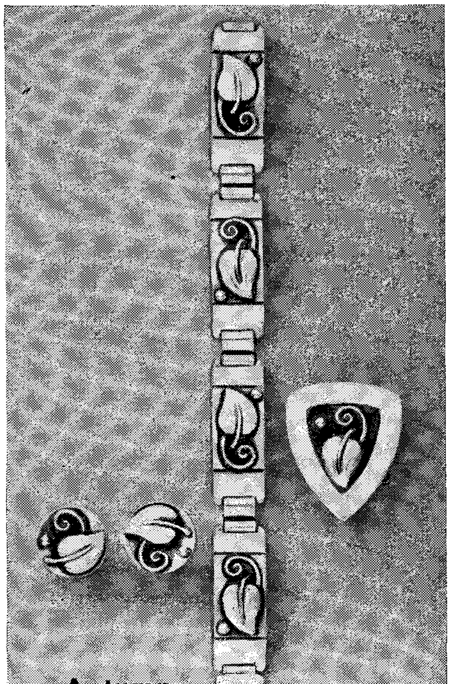
THIS IS NOT just Chamber of Commerce talk. The facts are vouched for by vintners and wine lovers the world over. For California provides an unmatched variety of wine-loving soils and climates, ranging from cool, protected ocean hillsides favored by white table wine grapes . . . to sheltered coastal valleys for the red wine grapes . . . to warm, sun-drenched flat lands where dessert and appetizer wine grapes can store up their precious sweetness.

SO IT IS, that many California labels bear the great red Burgundy grape names, *Pinot Noir* and *Red Pinot.* And when you taste, you find the blessings of their hillside homes — aristocratic bouquet, velvety taste, generous and robust character. The *Gamay,* too, grows well in California, producing a lighter more sprightly wine yet with well-rounded body and glorious aftertaste.

The classic Claret grape, the *Cabernet Sauvignon,* gives birth in California to sensitive and melodious wines of medium to heavy body. They are for you who delight in provocative bouquet and suave, lingering taste.

WHITE TABLE WINES? The White Pinots of California are some to discover — the *Pinot Blanc, Pinot Chardonnay* and *Pinot de la Loire.* These great grapes take to California vineyard soils where summers are long and nights are cool. Their resulting wines are rich in bouquet with smoothness and finesse. Another outstanding white varietal is California's *Traminer*—a green-gold wine distinguished by an extra spiciness and a delightful gay, fruity flavor that offers special pleasure to the palate.

WE WINEGROWERS of California invite you to try these and other of our varietal wines. When you do, we feel sure you will share our pride in them. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.



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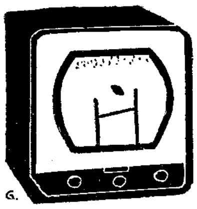
FOOTBALL

Ars Longa



EVER since the rules committee decided to impose severe restrictions on the use of substitutes during a game and the Ivy League decided to impose severe restrictions on the length of preseason practice, a lot of people have been a little apprehensive over what the new brand of football would look like in this neighborhood, where both sets of regulations apply. On the other hand, a lot of people who have been unhappy since football became such a fine art and one of the most exact sciences began to hope that maybe it would look more like a sport again, possibly even an amateur one. The latter group got its wish last Saturday, when the first set of intramural Ivy League games was played under the new regime. Seldom, by modern standards, have there been assembled two teams more innocent of the art and science of the game than the pair that represented Princeton and Columbia down at Palmer Stadium. And small wonder, for Princeton in the past year had lost, by graduation and other forms of attrition, every topnotch performer on the squad except its star fullback, Homer Smith, and Columbia, though not quite as badly depleted, had an incredibly small number of newcomers from which to choose the replacements it needed. None of the novices on either side had had a sufficient amount of practice at their jobs; all afternoon, men were missing the easiest sort of tackles, or throwing passes far too short or too long for the intended recipients, or just running about in complete confusion, and the kicking, which in the days of limitless substitutions devolved upon specialists sent into the game for only one play, was fair to middling awful. It could have been simply coincidence and it could have been cause and effect, but the football match that evolved out of this game of trial and error was a pretty glorious spectacle. Princeton led, Columbia led, Princeton led again, Columbia led again; then, half a minute before time ran out, a Princeton pass play that was a mixture of desperation and talent and the wildest kind of good luck won the game, 20–19.

The talent concerned in that play—and, in spite of everything, a good deal of talent was visible in Palmer Stadium on Saturday—was Royce Flippin, Princeton's new sophomore genius, who threw the pass, and Homer Smith, Princeton's old senior genius, who made the catch and the run for the touchdown. Flippin and Smith are names to remember. They are the team's principal offensive weapons this fall, and unless the line in front of them becomes a great deal less porous, they will be the team's principal defensive weapons. Against Columbia they were doing plenty of defensive work that the linemen were supposed to be doing. Flippin looks to be one of those athletes the sun always shines on. This department watched him twice in his freshman year as he worked out on slippery, muddy turf, and was impressed; he appears now to have taken giant steps not only in stature and size but in calibre and instinct. Coaches, given time (which they haven't been this season), can do a great deal for a potential star, but the prescience has to come from within.

Columbia's problem is something else—the backfield. If the team had had ballcarriers like Smith and Flippin behind it on Saturday, the score would not have been 20–19, or anything like it. The Columbia line may be thin and undermanned, but it is wiry and knowledgeable, on both offense and defense. The important man behind that line is Dick Carr. He played the whole hot, tumultuous game against Princeton, and did himself proud. This department also happened to observe Mr. Carr last year, and was *not* impressed. It is now. On offense, he serves as T-formation quarterback, which means that he must handle the ball on every play. And handle it he did. His passing, erratic at the start, grew steadily more accurate, and toward the end of the game, when he began flipping those short ones dead ahead over the line, he looked like a terribly hard man to beat.

One other thing: No one, in the heat of the afternoon and the game, took a poke at anyone else. It was one of the friendliest matches on record. Is the Golden Era really on its way back?

—J. W. L.

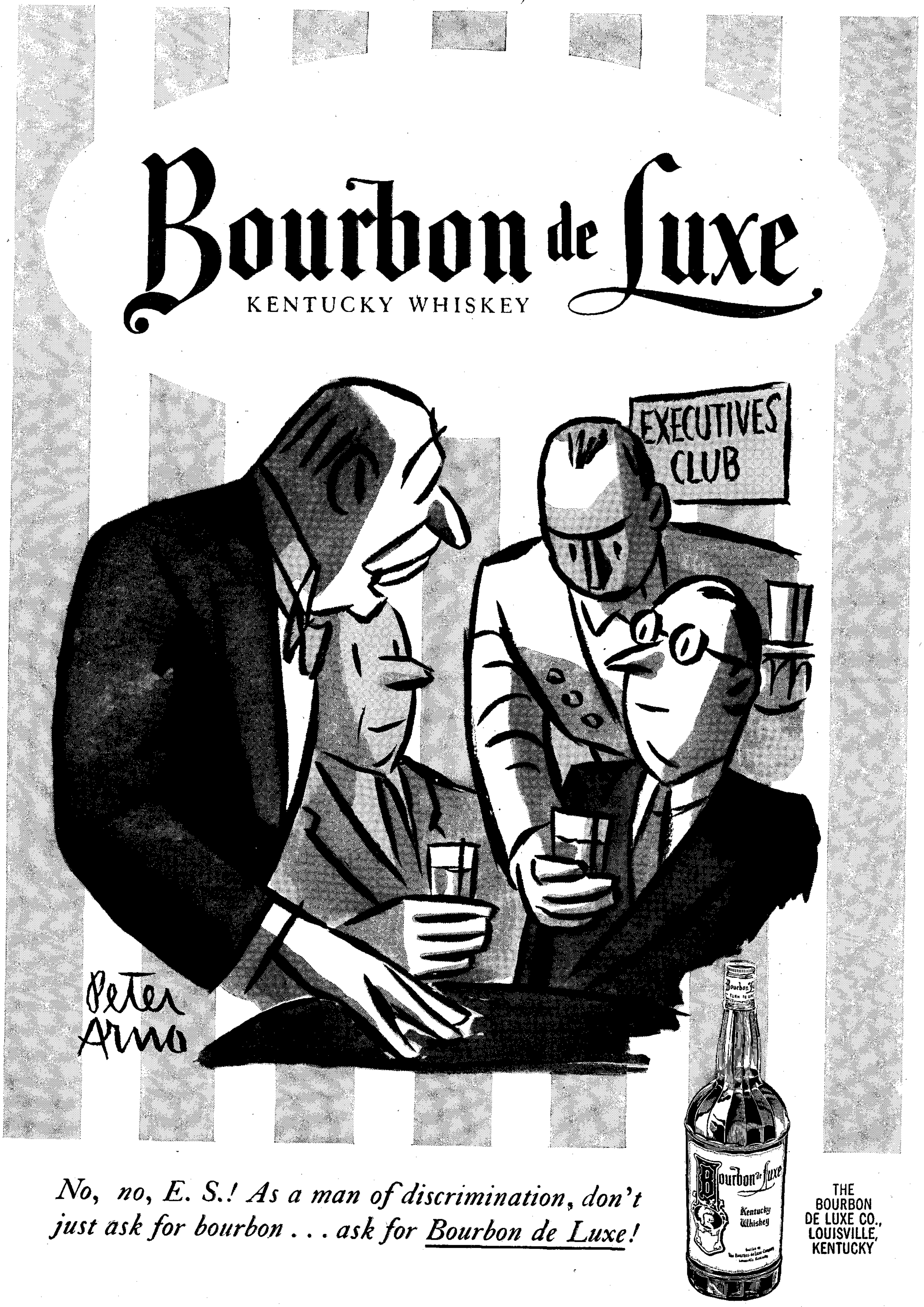
●

OUR FORGETFUL EDITORS

[*From "The Man from Main Street," edited by Harry E. Maule and Melville H. Cane*]

He [Sinclair Lewis] discovered music and acquired a magnificent library of records. —*Page 45.*

Never a collector of anything (except that he accumulated books as a magnet draws steel), Mr. Lewis here pays tribute to the collector's pursuit. —*Page 100.*



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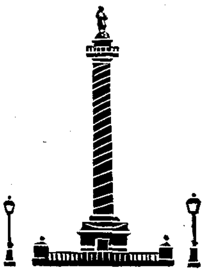
LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 1



THE October season has opened with a couple of titillating events. With international diplomats tensely searching for European union, France has broken off relations with midget Andorra, and with Paris theatres bursting with new plays, there is an embalmed Norwegian whale on display in a sea-green tent on the Esplanade des Invalides. At no Paris theatre would thousands of adults stand in line for two hours waiting to see the attraction within, as they are doing for the Norwegian spectacle. Many children, weary of waiting, are dragged off to see Napoleon's tomb instead, it being practically next door to the whale. On Sunday afternoon, in the mild Indian-summer sun, the Esplanade was as jammed as Times Square on Election Night. The phenomenal curiosity the monster has aroused is being explained by some in a literary context. Not since Jules Verne has adventure literature been so popular in France, or based on such satisfying realities for stay-at-home readers. There are French frogmen looting amphorae from a sunken antique ship near Marseille, Professor Piccard has just gone down ten thousand feet in his bathyscaphe in the Tyrrhenian Sea, there has been Dr. Bombard and his solo drift across the Atlantic, speleologists have discovered a new cave with rupestrian art in the Drôme, adventurous French investment plans are now under way to conquer the sterile Sahara Desert, and one of the most popular newspaper serials of the summer was, as it happened, on whale hunting.

Over the weekend, a hundred and twenty thousand visitors, some from hundreds of kilometres away, filed in, at a hundred francs a ticket, to stare at the becalmed cetaceous mammal in his tent. He affords little perspective seen from a few feet away. His eye is no bigger than a cow's. His bulk is the color of dark river water, and he smells slightly. The fatal harpoon is still embedded in his flank. He is sixty-five feet long, weighs sixty-three tons, is in one piece, is kept in public condition by formaldehyde, and is in charge of two Norwegians called professors. He is making a tour of France on a ninety-foot truck, which got stuck here on a curve in the Avenue de Châtillon as it was coming in from Rouen. The whale is the greatest popular attraction shown here since the war, not only for adventure-literature readers but for everybody who just wants to see a whale for himself.

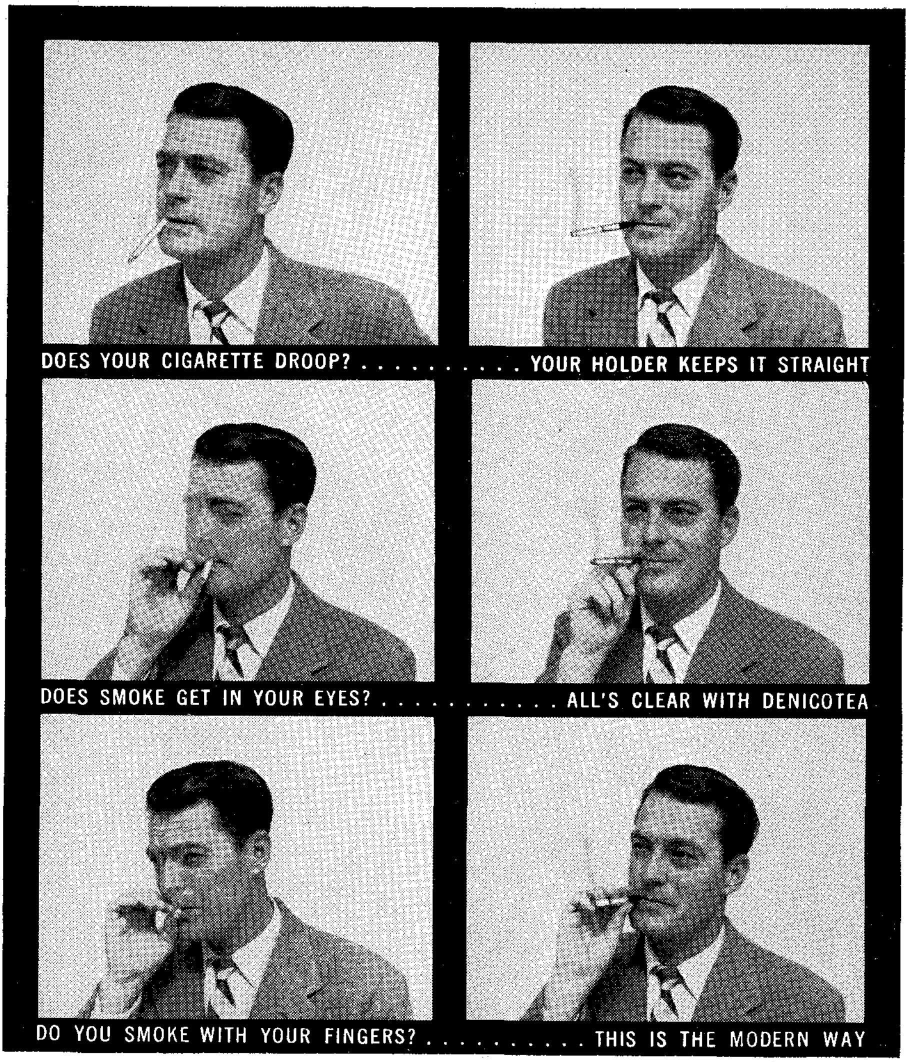
FRANCE's conflict (as it is now officially called) with Andorra began like something out of fairy-tale diplomacy, since there was no question of atomic bombs or United Nations intervention. The cause of the squabble, however, was strictly modern. This summer, President Vincent Auriol, who is also co-Prince of Andorra (the other is the Spanish Bishop of Urgel), failed to receive the Andorrans' permission to set up in their mountains a new French radio station needed in France's radio chain; Andorra already has a radio station of her own and feared that the rival French novelty might cut down her radio-tax revenue. Co-Prince Auriol then slapped a thousand-franc fee on French tourists entering Andorra, which cut down the Andorrans' two other sources of revenue—tourism and the sale of stamps for tourists' postcards. Now Auriol has declared that he no longer recognizes the Syndic, the Andorrans' chief of state, because he failed to convoke the Council of the Valleys, Andorra's twenty-four-man parliament, to discuss the radio proposition when it was first made. This weekend, the French *viguier* in Andorra (a *viguier* is a sort of magistrate), who apparently acts as a consul there, has refused to affix a French visa to any Andorran passport signed by the Syndic, and is honoring only emergency *laissez-passer* signed by a member of the Council of the Valleys. So plenty of Andorrans are theoretically boxed off from France.

The whole dispute was semi-comic and feudal when it started. For three months now, Andorra has spunkily refused to communicate with its French co-Prince. The crisis, if carried too far, could menace Andorra's political status, established in 1278, when the Valleys of Andorra were placed under the joint suzerainty of the Comte de Foix and the Bishop of Urgel; eventually, the rights of the House of Foix devolved to King Henri IV, and, finally, to the Presidents of the Republic, raised to Princes for the occasion in order to equal the Bishops. If Andorra should demand cancellation of radio-mad France's suzerainty and thus be only under Spanish control, the problem would, Paris diplomacy considers, become a real scandal in a teapot for France, already bedevilled of late by her unpopularity with certain of her colonials. The rest of Europe, whose maps and states have so often been changed by wars, would be shocked, too, if this ancient principality, no bigger than a Texas ranch, should now shift its rare permanent status quo after nearly seven hundred years.

THE two hundred and fifty cave lovers from twenty nations who attended the first Congrès International de Spéléologie here, to hold conferences on hydrogeology, petrology, ladders, portable telephone sets, and other related matters, have now finally dispersed after a fortnight of travel in the French field—which for them meant underground. Nearly all the foreign members—Greeks, Italians, Englishmen, four East Germans, whom the Russians permitted to attend, and three Japanese scientists, who had come all the way from the Geological Institute in Tokyo and the Hydrogeological Station at Otsu-Shi—chose to go to Lascaux Cave, in the Dordogne. Lascaux, which contains the greatest paleolithic rupestrian paintings of animals discovered since the caves at Altamira, in Spain, were plumbed in the last century, is still new to most outlanders, having been stumbled upon, as you doubtless know, during the war by two local youths hunting for their dog, which had fallen into a pothole. Other Congrès trips were taken to the Pyrenees' prehistoric grotto of Gargas, with its Aurignacian art; to the Médous caves in the Department of Hautes-Pyrénées, which were unearthed five years ago by local speleologists; and also to the famous stalactite caves of Padirac, ten miles of which have now been explored, disclosing a subterranean river on which one can take a boat ride. The Padirac caves have tender associations for speleologists, because they were found in 1889 by Edouard-Alfred Martel, father of French underground geography and thus grandfather of speleology. The most recent speleological discovery, made in September, is a grotto near Valence, in the Drôme, that has rock engravings of birds dating back fifteen thousand years. Cave art is what the speleologists are wild for today.

The world's first underground laboratory for the study of *cavernicoles*, or living cavern creatures, has just been set up at Moulis by the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique. The elderly Abbé Breuil, who in 1901 forced the recognition of cave painting

how do you look when you smoke?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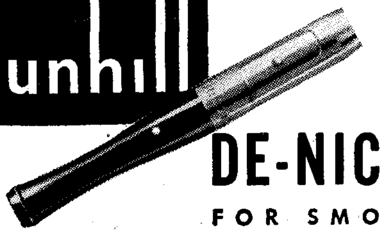

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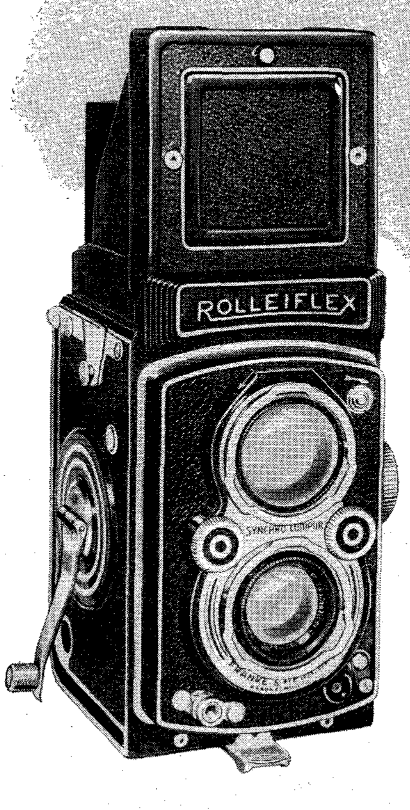

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as the work of prehistoric man—who was up to then considered to be a barbarian incapable of such art—has just published his latest work, "Quatre Cents Siècles d'Art Pariétal," about wall paintings, a subject on which he ranks as Europe's expert. Caves are now such a tourist attraction that Michelin has recently put out a guide called "Grottes de France."

During the Congrès, the public was permitted to attend showings, at the Musée de l'Homme, of sixteen-millimetre movies made in caves. Most appreciated was the first one ever made in Padirac, filmed this summer by a young explorer named Marcel Ichac and three friends. They spent fifteen days in the cave, climbing out on their rope ladders only at night for supplies. The film shows them exploring the underground river's sources in tiny canvas boats. Simply terrifying. Among the lady congressionalists was the only American, Mrs. Chrissy Mansfield, who lives in France anyhow. Her specialty is cave photography. Another lady member was young Mme. Solveig Munck, curator of the Museum of Mineralogy and Geology in Copenhagen, who had never been in a cave until she came to France. Her previous field work as a petrologist had taken place at a considerable height, in Greenland. One afternoon during the Paris session, all the lady Congrès members were invited en bloc to see the Dior dress collection.

EXCEPTIONALLY copious criticism accompanied the première here of the new French film "Madame de . . . ." It brings Charles Boyer back to the French screen after years of American stardom and in the company of two other great *vedettes*, Danielle Darrieux and Vittorio De Sica—a trio of intelligent actors hard to beat. Also, the picture was filmed by the German Max Ophüls, notable for having fabricated that gem "La Ronde." The Paris cinema critics' main interest, however, was in the original sparse literary novelette from which the film derives, perhaps because the novelette is almost lost in the Viennese furbishings of the elaborate movie. "Madame de . . . ," published here two years ago, is from the pen of Mme. Louise de Vilmorin, who is a writer, beauty, poet, musician, wit, and eccentric, and one of the few gifted *précieuses* of the Paris *haut monde*. The story she tells is décolleté in its formal style. It concerns Mme. de . . . , an extravagant young matron who, to pay her debts, sells a pair of heart-shaped

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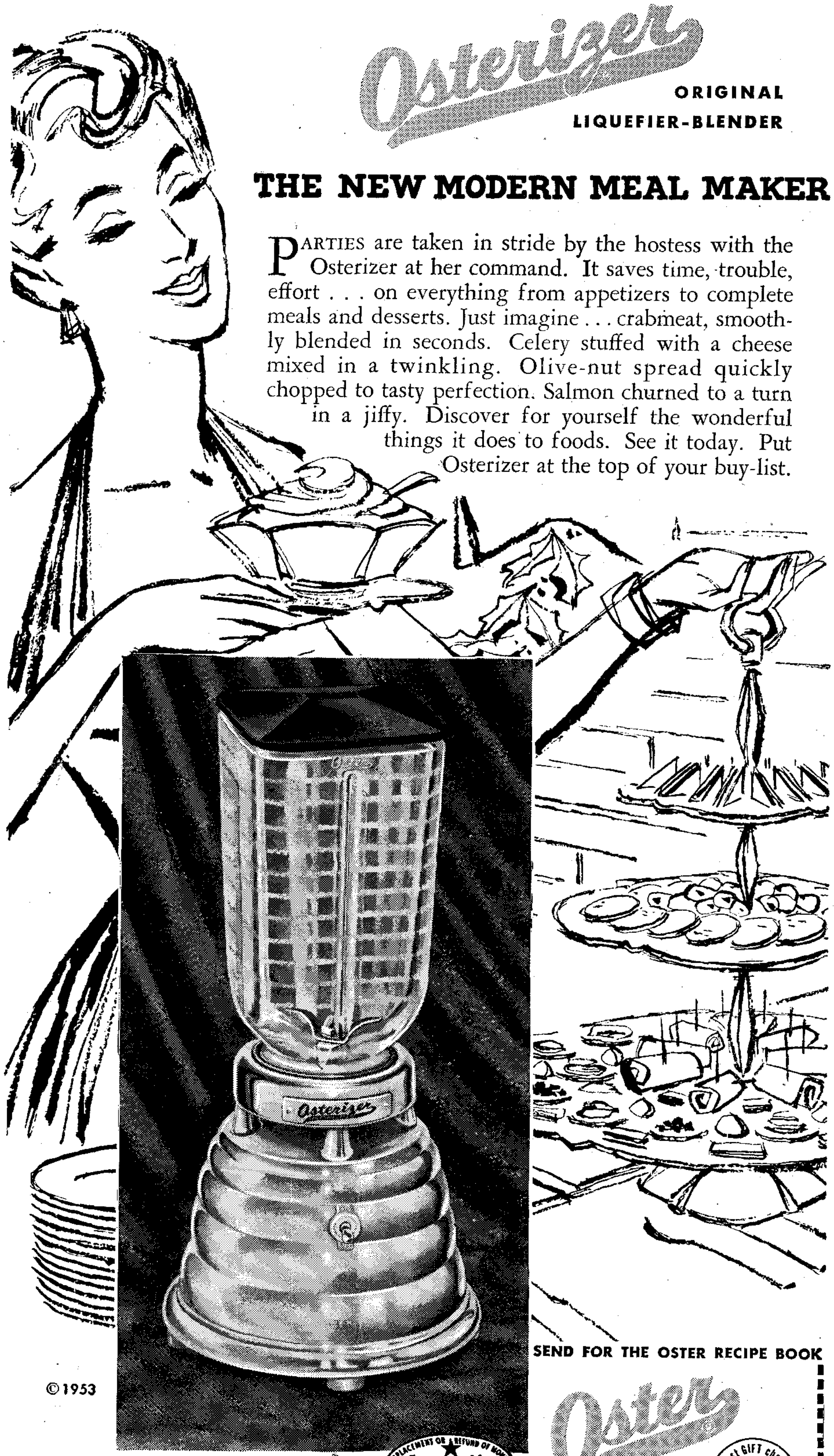
diamond earrings her husband has given her, telling him that they have been lost. He buys them back from the jeweller and gives them as a farewell present to a foreign mistress, who also sells them to pay debts. They are purchased by a diplomat, who happens to become Mme. de . . .'s first and only lover and unsuspectingly gives them back to her. Exposed in her polite lies and single infidelity, Mme. de . . . dies of a broken heart.

The double distinction of Mme. de Vilmorin's style lies in the cool, choice, démodé limpidity of her French language, as remote from intimacy as that of "La Princesse de Clèves," and in the overcivilized *ambiance* in which her three protagonists move, like the indoor light of a salon, where their characters and actions have the silhouette of style rather than the full face of personality. Marcel Achard was called in to amplify the film's dialogue, which unfortunately omits one of Mme. de . . . 's key statements: "Permit me to tell you a lie, since you know the truth." Because the book mentions the husband as a reader of military memoirs, in the film Charles Boyer becomes a general in a 1900 uniform. Because in the novelette the husband shows his dignity by not provoking a duel with his rival, in the film the duel is fought to the death, which changes not only the ending but the beginning and the middle of the original tale, if only by the thickening celluloid process of overdramatization. Max Ophüls' restless camera technique results in an incredible, if fatiguing, beauty and virtuosity. With his own marked European talent, he has succeeded in changing the Gallic "Madame de . . ." into Viennese baroque. At that, it is well worth seeing.

THE autumn symphony-concert season has opened with Beethoven's Ninth and the "Eroica," and with Debussy and Ravel as usual. Some more freshly and vigorously appreciated concerts of jazz music have also just been given. American jazz—when Parisians can obtain the real article—is still of concert-size significance here. Since the 1948 concerts in Paris of Dizzy Gillespie, fans of *le jazz-hot* have starved for the sound of a big-name jazz band. Now they are almost having a glut, with five jazz concerts in the last ten days, and with more, by Count Basie, soon to come. Stan Kenton and his band gave one sellout performance at the Alhambra, and Lionel Hampton's orchestra gave four concerts in two days at the Palais de Chaillot, the largest



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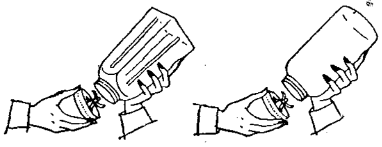

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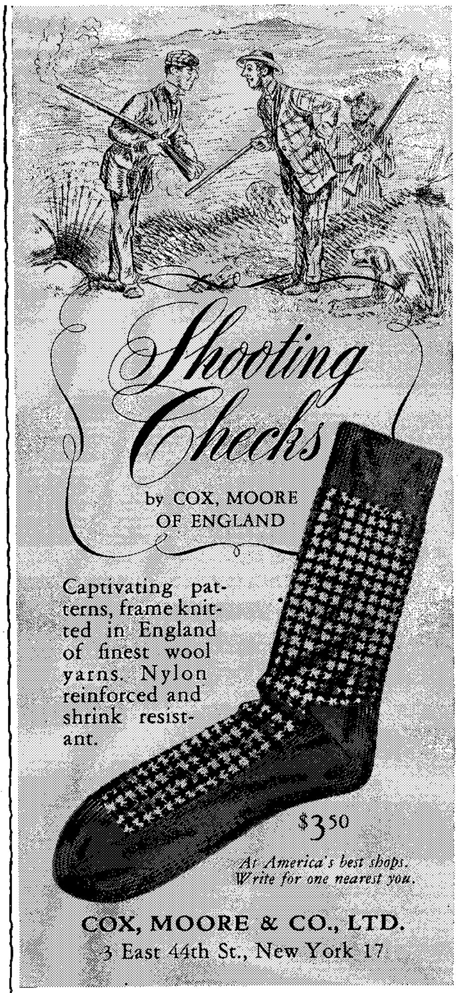
theatre in Paris, which he packed. French *jazz-hot* fans are as intellectual in talking of *swingue* as if they were discussing Schoenberg. They praised Kenton for—as one fan put it—"his meticulous orchestrations, the maximal efficacy of his howling trombones, and his whistling cornets, which bathed you, drowned you, stiffened you with sound, till they suddenly gave way to the soft languor of saxophones, which were like balm." Kenton was also thought to be too intelligent in his jazz, too rehearsed, and too ascetic.

There was no intellectualization at all at the Hampton concerts, especially after the intermissions, when some of the musicians came down into the aisles to play and some of the audience climbed up on the backs of their seats to cheer. Hampton was, however, criticized as a formalist for his fidelity to elements of boogie-woogie. It was his tenor-saxophone soloists, his quintet made up of a flute, three trumpets, and a sax, his vibraphone solos punctuated by his odd, bleating voice, and, above all, a few melodic climaxes of wild octaves run up by the brass in shrill arpeggio that brought down the house. The costumes of the musicians were also much admired. They wore violet tuxedos, huge Byronic shirt collars, and bullfighters' string ties.

AFTER two years of equivocation, France is supposed to be at the crossroads in her decision on the new European Europe, with its European supranational political community and its European Army, including troops from federal Germany. Actually, France is at three crossroads at once. She is in New York at the United Nations, in the person of M. Maurice Schumann, with a new idea of border guarantees to offer the Russians in compensation for German rearmament. She is in Rome with spokesmen for the Foreign Ministers of *les Six* to determine whether universal suffrage is feasible for the hundred and fifty-five million Europeans who are to be represented in the supranational European Parliament. And until last Saturday she was in Strasbourg at the Consultative Assembly to find out whether Franco-German negotiations can arrange the preliminary matter of the Saar. France is at crossroads west, south, and east. She is not expected to be at a crossroads in Paris until the new year, after the December election of the President of the Republic. On the other hand, Premier Laniel might force the final Paris crossroads in November by pulling Parliament up short to debate the whole issue of uni-



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fied Europe for the first time. How will Parliament vote, when vote it does? This is major among all the questions the French are now asking themselves. Politicians seem to think Parliament will vote favorably, if reluctantly, and perhaps by only a few hairs—for what can the French mind invent to take the place of this bold, visionary idea, which has now become so rigid and practical as to alarm France but which France first created? Can France hope to lead postwar Europe as a *frondeur*, always the dissatisfied critic and naysayer? Some French think that she can, if "Nay" is said strongly and loudly enough, and that, as the neutralist *Monde* has just suggested, "the policy of 'Yes' pays no better than the policy of 'Ja' or the policy of 'Da.' " And how would the mass of the French people vote in a referendum on a European Europe, which is what General de Gaulle thinks they should be given the chance to do, since he has a strong lack of faith in the French Parliament's vote on anything at all as being representative of the French people's true decisions or minds? Right now, the feeling is that the French people, though almost as torn as their deputies by differing party dialectics, would be more realistic about the blunt human essentials in the proposals for a community of Europe, and would in majority vote for them, especially since it is the French people themselves who physically feel the cruel pinch of present French life, which their politicians are deploring more than ever with words and doing less than ever about. Certainly many French now think that a new, united community of Europe might be the only way to get a new, modern, healthy France. —GENÊT

•

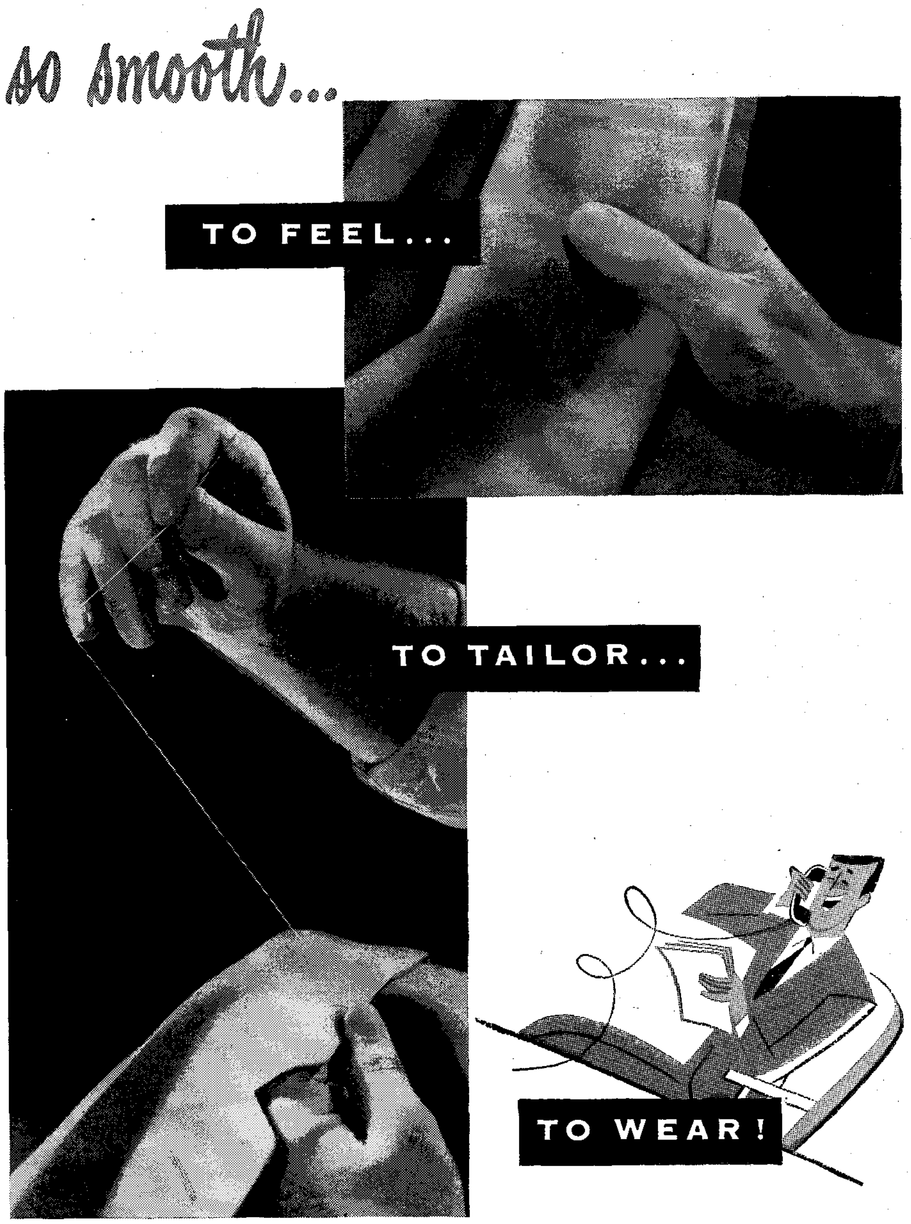
THE LITERARY LIFE

[*From the society page of the Louisville Times*]

Ernest Hemingway was on the boat with them going over, Dorothy said. He seemed just as pleased as a lesser literary light would be when they spoke admiringly of his "The Old Man and The Sea."

Although the table of Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway was right next to that of the Clarks and their party, Dorothy said she was never able to mention, casually, that she too had written a few books. She and Isabel (Mrs. Sam) McMeekin have a new story, "Tyrone of Kentucky," coming out before long.

At a little dinner celebration in Dorothy's honor one night there was a wonderful cake embossed with the book's title. She thought the great author might inquire about her literary production, but the only comment from the Hemingway table was, "They must be some race horse people from Kentucky."



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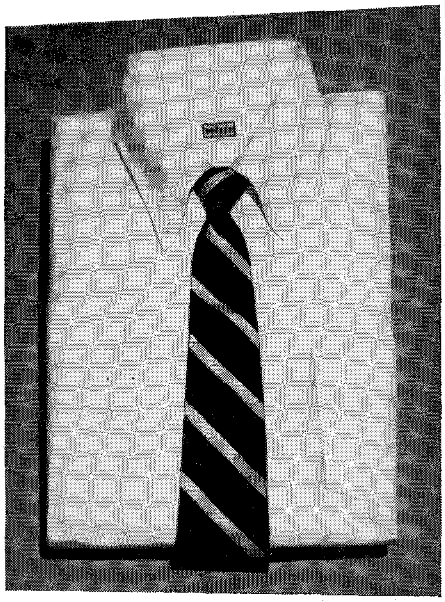

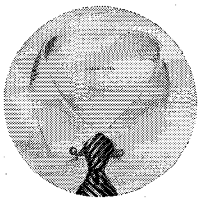

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LOLLAPALOOZA AND THE ROGERS ROCK HOTEL

LOLLAPALOOZA was a travelling magician who during the late twenties and early thirties gave a performance each year in the Rogers Rock Hotel, at the northern end of Lake George. I had all but forgotten him until last summer, when I went with my wife and children to visit my mother, who still owns a cottage on what used to be the property of the hotel. The hotel itself has been torn down, and the spot where it and its formal gardens stood is now simply a lawn, and to me a surprisingly small lawn.

I took both Lollapalooza and the hotel completely for granted when I was a boy; it is only in retrospect that they appear strange. The hotel was a more or less fashionable summer inn that served blueberries with heavy cream for breakfast and had a string trio that played after luncheon and dinner. A stone the shape and color of a potato kept the pages of the register, which lay open on the front desk, from being turned by the breeze off the lake. The hotel was built around 1874, and for a while was owned by the Treadway family, which still is connected with many inns. It was no different from most such establishments until the beginning of the century, when a man named David Williams bought it.

Mr. Williams died at the age of eighty-five, when I was seven years old. He was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1841, and was brought to this country by his parents when he was eight. They lived in a small town on Long Island. When Mr. Williams (I cannot possibly think of him as "David") was sixteen, he graduated from high school, and with what he used to describe as "a country suit and a country haircut," he came to New York and applied to Harper & Brothers for a job as a printer. Harper's turned him down because he had no experience.

Mr. Williams then got a job in a smaller printing establishment, and soon had saved enough to buy himself a city suit and a city haircut. He promptly returned to Harper & Brothers, applied again, pointing out that he was an experienced printer, and was hired. He used to be proud of the fact that the people at Harper's hadn't recognized him the second time he went there.

As apparently was not too unusual in those days, Mr. Williams became a millionaire in a short time. I don't know how long he stayed with Harper's, but within a few years he owned at least two large printing establishments and was the publisher of the *Iron Age*. I always thought he was a self-made man, but I have learned that his father started the magazine. At any rate, David Williams expanded it. He then began to travel, which he said he had always wanted to do. He made more than sixty ocean crossings, visiting almost every nation in Europe and the Orient and buying whatever transportable objects interested him. Between voyages, he and his wife often spent some summer months at the Rogers Rock Hotel.

Somewhere around 1900, when Mr. Williams was close to sixty, the Treadway family sold the hotel, and in the opinion of Mr. Williams it lost its class under the new ownership. One time, he saw some men playing poker in the lobby with their feet on a delicate antique table. He became indignant, and his indignation grew spectacularly when the manager refused to do anything about the men. It is said that Mr. Williams bought the hotel simply to make them take their feet off that table. It is difficult for me to believe this, but anyway he did buy it.

THERE are a lot of stories about Mr. Williams, and it's uncertain which are completely true. One is that he bought the hotel without telling his wife, and that when she found out, she was delighted because she thought he was going to make it into their private summer home. This, however, was not his intention. He was both a canny and a convivial man, and operating a hotel apparently struck him as a marvellous and profitable way to surround himself with friends.

Thereafter, he spent his summers in a cottage on the property and ran the hotel. He hung his collection of Turkish battle-axes and other ancient instruments of mayhem on the walls of the hotel's casino. He built a full-sized replica of a Dutch windmill on a point of land extending into the lake, and had a little canal dug across the point, so that the windmill would be on an island. I have heard that he had only

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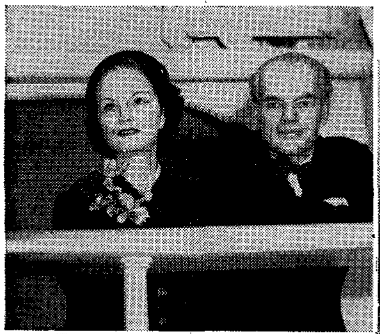

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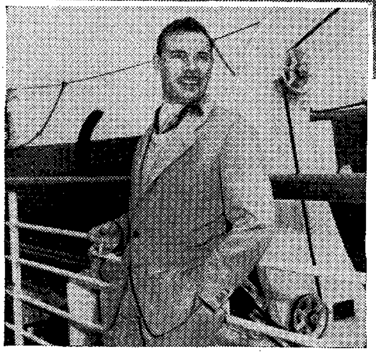

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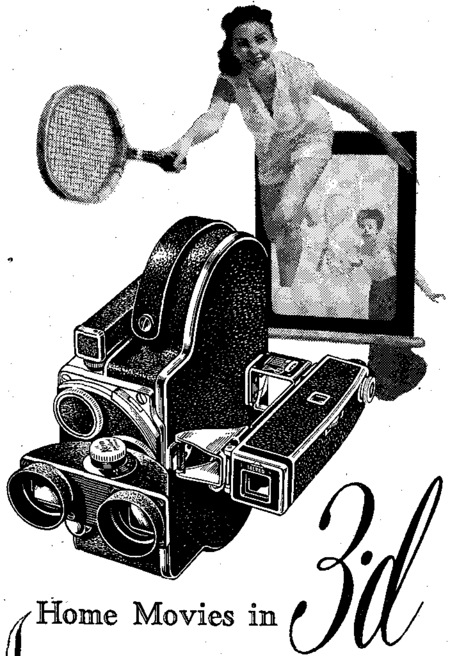

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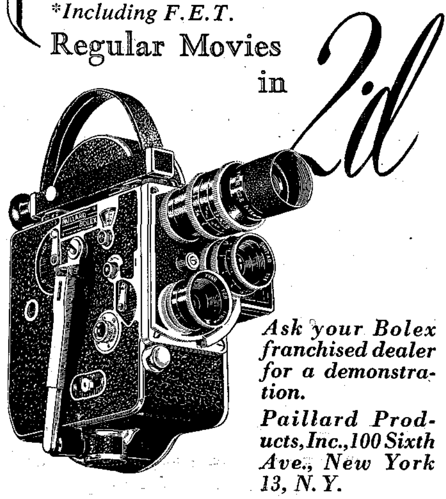

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his memory of Dutch windmills as a blueprint, and that the structure was torn down and rebuilt several times before he was wholly satisfied with it. Then, being a practical man, he had it pump water for the hotel laundry. The windmill had three tiny circular rooms, one above the other, and this is where the musicians who played in the hotel's string trio were lodged.

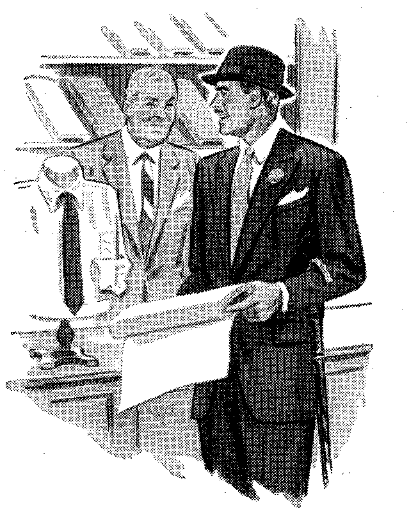
On the back porch of the hotel, protected only by the roof, Mr. Williams hung about a hundred prints he had bought in France. Many of them made fun of the machine age by showing impudent peasant girls, on donkeys or horses, thumbing their noses at the drivers of stalled automobiles. Some of the prints depicted macabre accidents, with bodies in grotesque positions along the road. Motorboats and airplanes came in for derision, too.

Mr. Williams also scattered a collection of metal gargoyles over the hotel at various points, and many carved stone figures around the property. One of the gargoyles, which perched on a shelf on the front porch, was an iron creature about two feet high with the sardonic face of a grinning and somehow dead-looking dog under the hat of a Chinese coolie. Mr. Williams had it chained to the wall, as if it might get away.

In addition to gargoyles, stone figures, and French prints, Mr. Williams collected arrowheads and other relics of the French and Indian War, part of which had been fought in the area about Lake George. In a showcase in the hotel's lobby were a number of powder horns and a carefully framed piece of bone said to be the rib of a young girl tortured and killed by the Indians long ago.

One of Mr. Williams' passions was building fancy summerhouses with cupolas. He had them constructed like watchtowers on several hills, and along the shore of the lake. Each summer morning he would decide in which of these aeries he would have his breakfast. Negro waiters would carry trays loaded with covered dishes there, a feat rendered difficult by the winding and often steep footpaths. Mr. Williams would follow the waiters gravely, often pausing to sniff wild flowers beside the path.

My father and mother stayed at the hotel occasionally while Mr. Williams owned it. I don't know that they cared for the objets d'art, but the gardens were beautiful, the food was excellent, and many of their friends also went there. There were tennis and swimming, and some of the guests kept horses



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in the barn. Mr. Williams ruled the place benevolently, and the local people took to calling him and his wife the King and the Queen; in fact, the head bellboy of the hotel wrote a poem about King Williams.

When Mr. Williams got near his eighties, his health began to fail. He eventually made up his mind to sell the hotel, and a group of the guests who had had such a good time there over a period of years formed a club and bought it. It was called the Rogers Rock Club, and my father became president of it. Mr. Williams was made a member, and spent his remaining summers in his cottage.

I WAS only about five years old when Mr. Williams sold the hotel, and during the rest of my boyhood my father, with the help of a succession of managers, ran it. He and his friends decided to go on taking regular hotel guests, and so managed to make it both a club and a commercial enterprise. The main distinguishable difference between guests and club members was that most of the club members built cottages on the grounds; they all continued to eat at the hotel, though. The guests were mostly friends of the club members, so Mr. Williams' combination of canniness and conviviality in the affairs of the hotel survived him.

Lollapalooza, the magician, came to the hotel every summer that I was there. He had been coming for years. I don't know his real name. When he waved his wand to make a coin disappear from a box or a rabbit come out of a hat, he always said "Lollapalooza!," and the word had become a name for him. The servants at the hotel called him "Mr. Lollapalooza."

He was a small man, almost a dwarf. The summer I was ten years old, he was close to seventy and we were about the same height. He spoke with a marked accent—German, I think. When he asked one of the volunteer assistants he always got from the audience to pass him the scissors, he'd say, "The chissors, please—the chissors!"

He wore a black frock coat. Except for a fringe of curly white hair, which he let grow long, like a girl's, he was bald. I looked forward to his annual visit the way I looked forward to Christmas. Lollapalooza was a lot more real to me than Santa Claus, and just as satisfactory.

It seems to me, now, that it must have been hard for the old man to journey about the Adirondacks giving performances at summer hotels and passing

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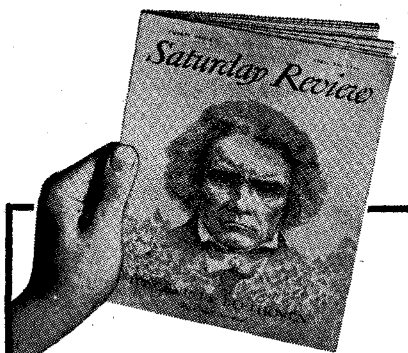

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the hat, as he did, for his pay, but if he was ever despondent, he concealed his feelings well. His wrinkled face reflected only good humor. Usually he brought me gifts. Sometimes it was a rabbit grown too big to be manageable in a hat, and sometimes it was a guinea pig. Once, he gave me a white pigeon.

His arrival was always difficult to predict—a circumstance that seemed to me fitting for a magician. Instead of coming by car or train, he came by steamboat. The Rogers Rock Hotel had a wharf on Lake George, and three steamboats stopped at it. The Mohican was a rather prosaic, high-funnelled, single-screw excursion boat little more than a hundred feet long, but the Sagamore and the Horicon had enormous paddle wheels and big iron rocking beams that could be seen pumping up and down over their top decks. Both these steamboats were about two hundred feet long, and on Lake George they looked bigger than the Queen Mary does in New York Harbor.

Lollapalooza would arrive on one of these three vessels sometime between the first of July and Labor Day, when the hotel usually closed. Starting a few days before the first of July, I would meet each boat I possibly could, hoping that he would be on it. When I finally saw his diminutive frock-coated figure, I always rushed to the gangplank to help him with his collection of mysterious black suitcases and boxes. He had a young man, of whom I was jealous, along to help him, but Lollapalooza let me help, too. Most often, he would give me one of the animal boxes, with holes in its top and sides, to carry up the hill from the dock to the hotel, and when we had got to the wide veranda, he would open it and show me the guinea pigs and rabbits inside. It was at this time that he would give me one. I would hug my gift close to my stomach so that it could not get away, and Lollapalooza would disappear into the hotel until it was time for his performance.

He always gave his show in the formal parlor of the hotel at nine o'clock. I was allowed to stay up late to see him, which was one of the charms of his visits. Also, the string trio, which obliged me to keep painfully quiet for an hour after dinner each night, was mercifully absent when Lollapalooza was there. Before the performance, the Hampton College students who spent the summer there as bellboys arranged pink-covered chairs in semicircular rows facing a long table made of three card tables.

I suppose that most of Lollapalooza's

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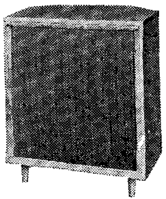

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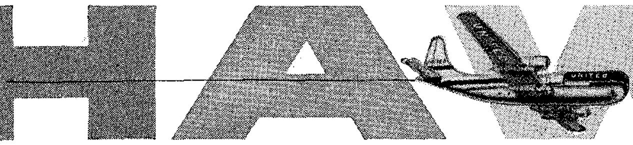

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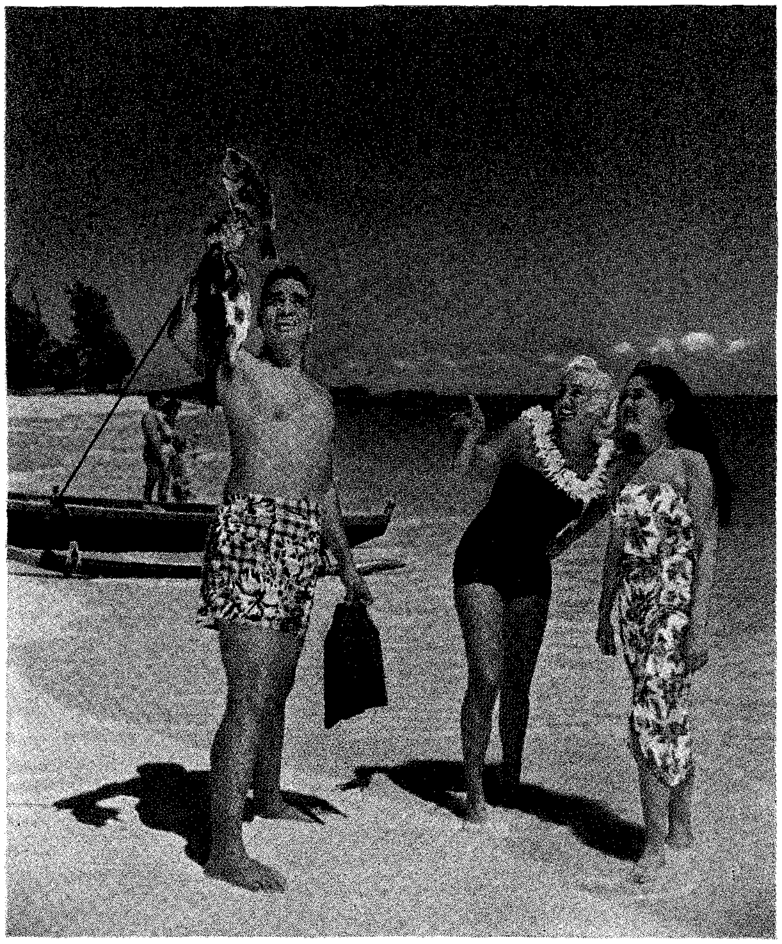

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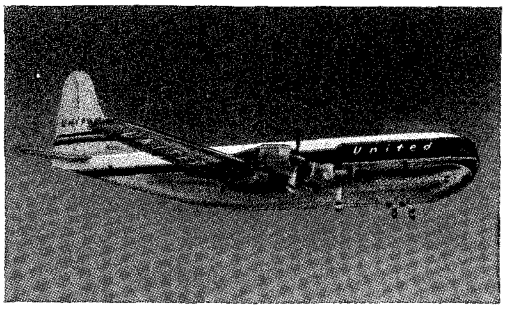

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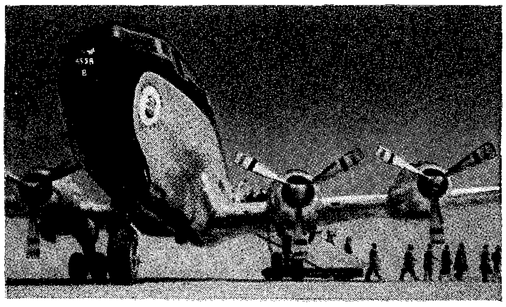

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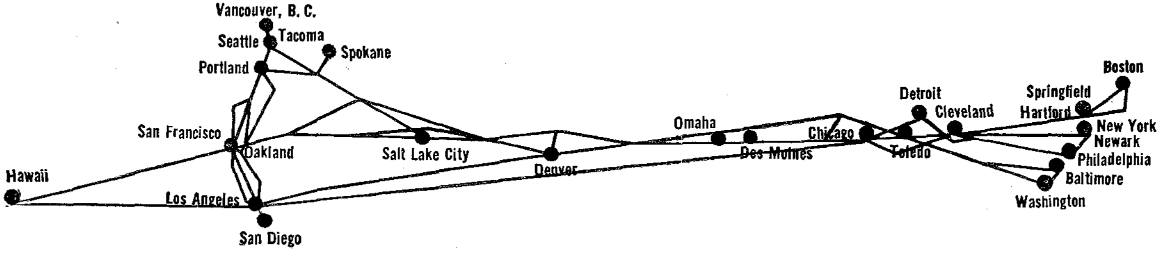
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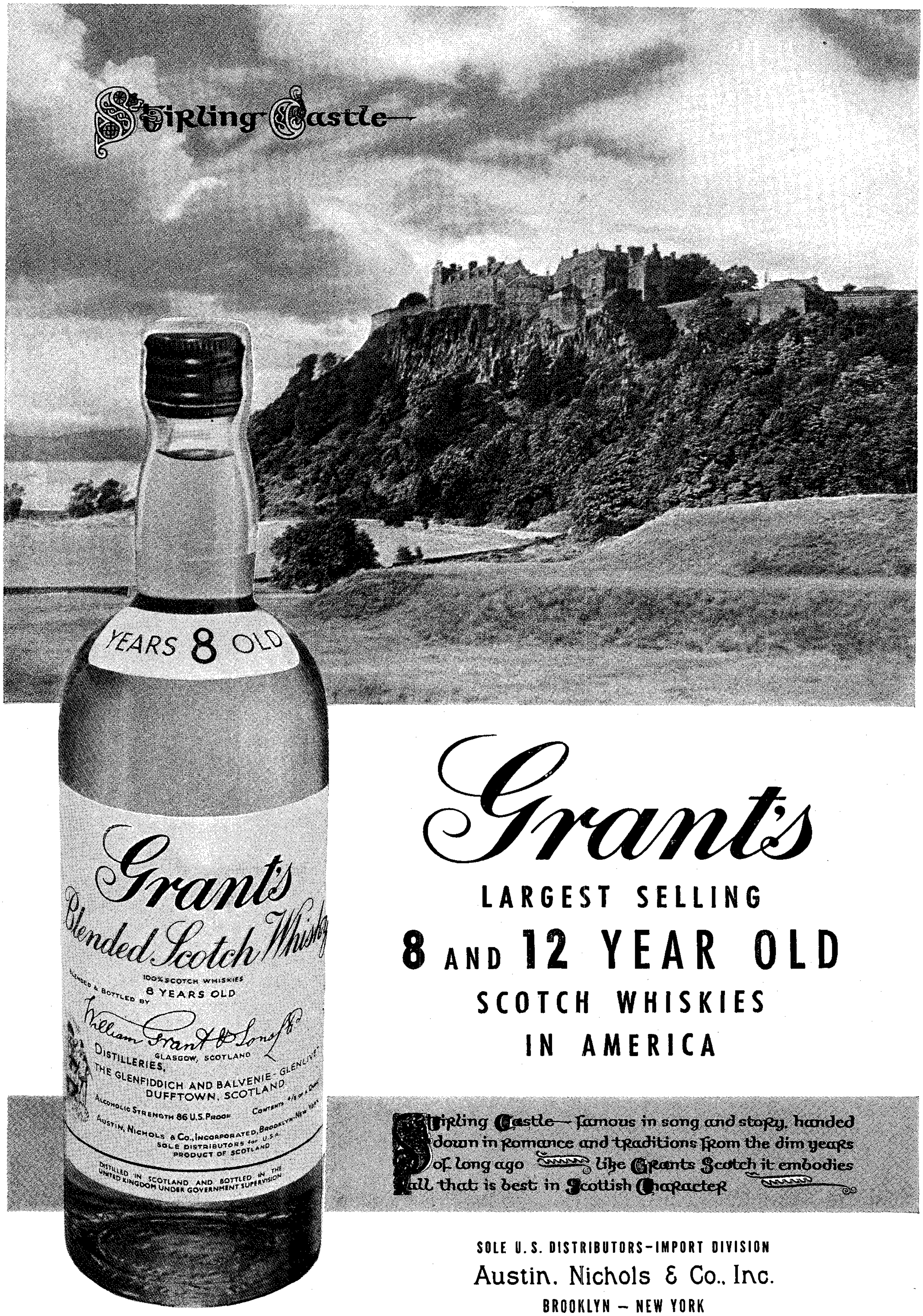
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tricks wouldn't seem extraordinary to me now. When the adults, all of whom at the time seemed very old and dignified to me, had filled the back rows of chairs and the children had filled the front ones, he would come into the room and begin either by taking a rabbit out of a hat or by extracting coins from the hair or nose of one of the little girls. He had one trick, though, that I still think was pretty good. He would take three of the hotel's fancy goblets, fill them with milk from a pitcher, and lay a piece of glass across the top of two of them. Then he would place the other goblet on the glass, forming a precarious tower in the center of his long table. After that, he would hold a red silk shawl between the tower and his audience. "*Lollapalooza!*" he'd say, and when he whipped the shawl away, the tower of goblets would have disappeared. I was never able to see how he could move and conceal those glasses without breaking them, or at least spilling some of the milk.

That was the only one of his tricks he never would explain to me. After the show, when the ladies and gentlemen had dispersed into other rooms to talk or play bridge, he would spend as much as an hour showing me how to make one trick ball turn into four and back into one again. It is possible, I suppose, to be cynical about his kindness to me, for doubtless he wanted to keep in my father's good graces, but I don't actually think he could have pretended the feeling he had for children.

Each year, I was disconsolate after he left. None of the other attractions of the hotel compared with him. Sometimes I would watch the musicians of the string trio, who lived in the windmill, trying to stop its wings so that they could practice without its creaking, but although they were occasionally lifted from the ground while trying to tie one of the big wings to a tree, I was bored by them. The Negro spirituals the Hampton students sang in the parlor every Sunday evening did not interest me, either. Even when one of the bellboys, who was a medical student, slit open a live frog and showed me the heart beating under its thin membrane, I was consumed with apathy.

WHEN I was ten years old, I was inspired by Lollapalooza to become a magician myself. I practiced tricks constantly. Often I interrupted my father while he sat out on the veranda chatting with his friends to show him how I could make one ball turn into

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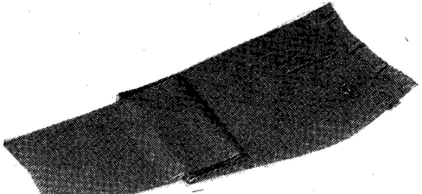

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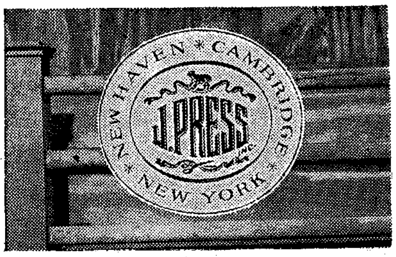

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four and back into one again. My father was always astonished.

My ambition had an immediate goal. I hoped that by the time I was fourteen or fifteen, Lollapalooza might let me accompany him on his travels and carry his bags. I mentioned my plan to him that year, while I was helping him up to the hotel, and he said that when the time came, he would speak to my father about it. I like to think that he meant it. We discussed the matter twice more—once when I was eleven and once when I was twelve. The last time we talked about it, I was already considerably taller than Lollapalooza, and he said it wouldn't be long before we could speak to my father.

The trouble was that when I got to be thirteen, I began to lose interest in magic. I met Lollapalooza that year at the boat, as I always had, and I helped him up to the hotel with his bags, but I didn't discuss the possibility of travelling with him, and he didn't give me a rabbit or a guinea pig—he just thanked me. That evening, I watched his performance, and though I still couldn't see how he made the tower of goblets disappear, I found even that trick a little dull. Instead of staying to talk with him afterward, I hurried away to a dance.

During the next five years, I attended Lollapalooza's annual performance out of loyalty, but I didn't meet him at the boat, and we seldom talked. Then, in 1939, my father died, and the hotel, after running uncertainly for another season, was closed.

The war came along soon afterward, and I joined the Coast Guard. Presently, the club members decided to tear the hotel down. There was no one able or willing to run it, and the taxes were about to go higher. While I was in Greenland, a wrecking company came and dismantled the whole structure. I understand they charged nothing for this service, and paid two hundred and fifty dollars for the heavy old beams that had kept the hotel up for close to seventy years. Most of the club members and their families saved souvenirs. My younger brother acquired a big marble mantelpiece he has never quite known what to do with, and my mother got a grandfather clock that is too tall and formal for any room our family now has.

Last summer, when I took my wife and children to visit my mother in her cottage on what used to be the hotel property, I couldn't get used to the littleness of the lawn where the big building used to stand, or to the other changes. The club still exists, and now

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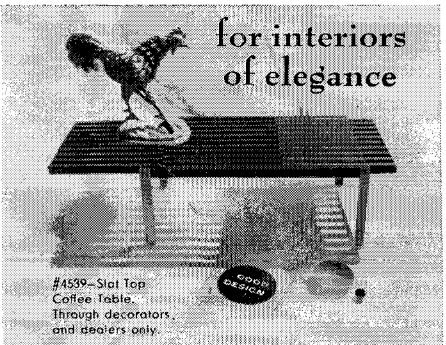

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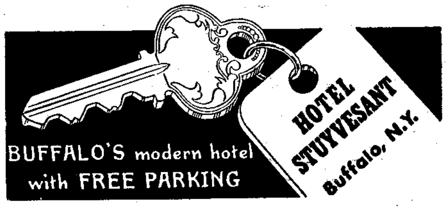

BUFFALO'S modern hotel with FREE PARKING
HOTEL STUYVESANT Buffalo, N.Y.

owns several cottages with efficiency kitchens. The windmill's wings are broken, its island is reuniting itself with the land, and a big sign on it tells people to keep out. The Mohican is still running, but it has a short, streamlined funnel now. The big side-wheelers, the Horicon and the Sagamore, have been broken up and have been replaced by a converted LCI and a PT boat—craft from which a man like Lollapalooza couldn't possibly be expected to emerge.

ONE afternoon soon after we got there, my older daughter, who is six, said she had seen a croquet set on the lawn at the top of the hill, and asked me to play a game with her. We walked up together from the steamboat dock, where we had been swimming. On the way, I noticed a few of Mr. Williams' carved stone figures still crouching in the bushes, but there was no sign of the metal gargoyles that had watched over the porch of the hotel. The site of the hotel proved to be a good place for croquet. The view down the lake was the same as it used to be from the capacious veranda where my father sat so many evenings talking with his friends, and there was a good breeze from the water.

"There used to be a hotel here," I said to my daughter.

"There did?" she asked. "What happened to it?"

"They took it down," I said.

"What was it like?" she asked.

I tried to tell her. I found I could remember every detail of the place, including the sound of the string trio tuning up after dinner, and the precise texture of the stone like a potato that had been used to keep the pages of the register on the front desk from blowing. It was extraordinary to think that just about where my daughter and I were playing croquet there had been that formal parlor where Lollapalooza performed his magic every year. I could almost see him standing there holding his red silk shawl in front of the graceful goblets piled on top of each other. "*Lollapalooza!*" he'd say, and the whole precarious tower would simply disappear. —SLOAN WILSON

•

THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

[*From the London Times*]

It is the Cinderella story in modern dress and in reverse, for, as the clock strikes twelve, it is to the prison of the palace that Princess Ann must return after 24 hours of truant freedom in the company of the hero, whom no one will be surprised to learn is an American newspaper correspondent.

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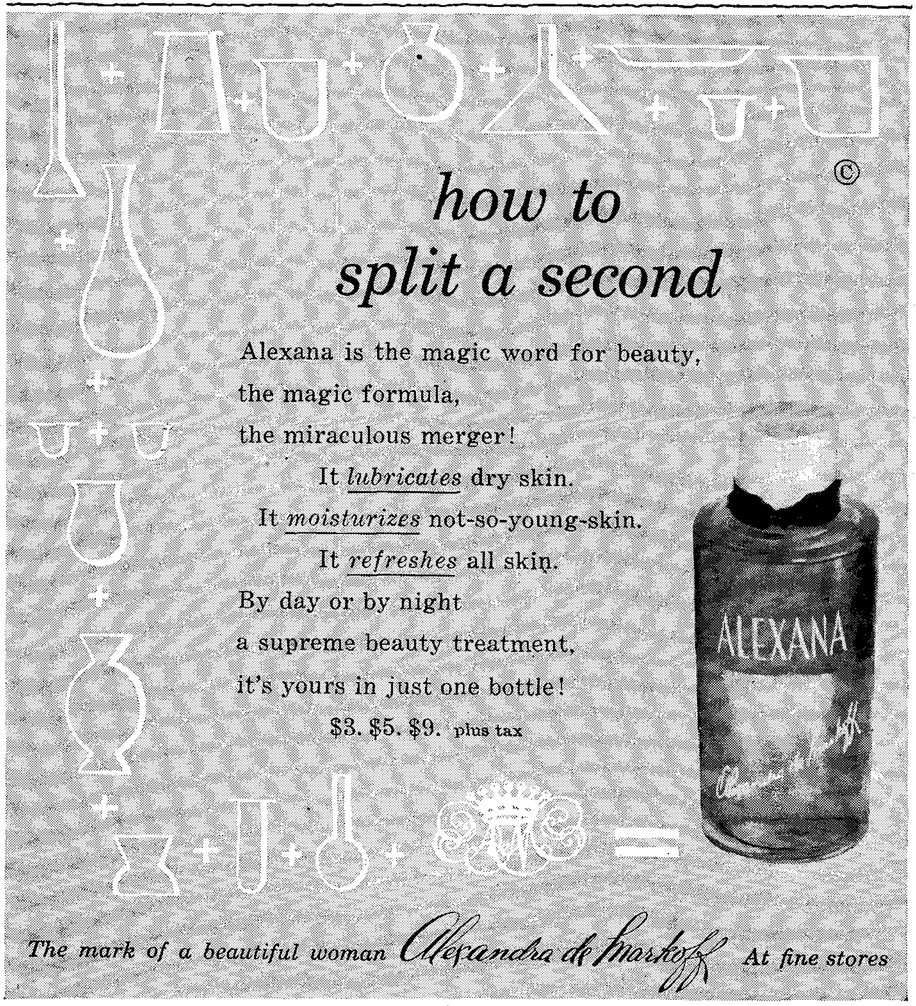

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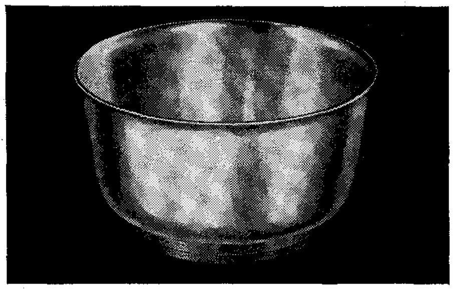
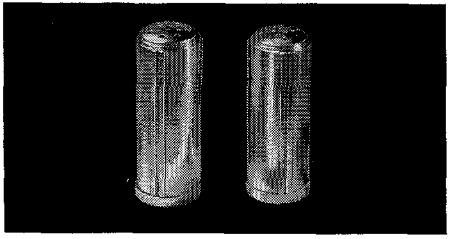


Kensington

is perfect for ice cubes, salads, fruits, flowers in this gracious, spacious Coldchester bowl (above). It's well worth seeking out at $10 (matching tongs, $2.75) because of its wonderful resistance to stain and tarnish.



Kensington

makes even salt and pepper important when they're in these lustrous Raleigh shakers (above). They're 2¾" tall, and aren't they smart? Practically indestructible in normal use, too—and only $5 a pair anywhere.

Kensington

has a neutral, yet distinguished air about it. This 6¼" Kingston Vase, at only $5.75, is typical—it flatters flower arrangements instead of overpowering them. You'll find Kensington pieces unobtrusive accents for any decor, period or modern.

Every Kensington gift is smart and useful. It's easy to care for because it won't tarnish or stain, and it never needs polishing. You'll find it at good gift, jewelry, or department stores everywhere. If you don't find it, write us for store nearest you.

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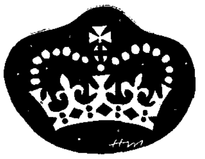
LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 30

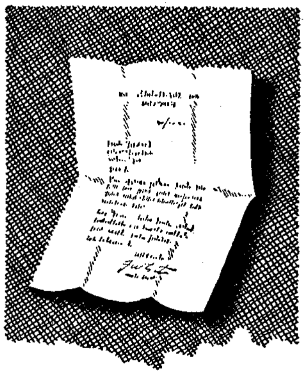


AUTUMN has officially set in here, as is confirmed by the first chilly morning mists hanging thick over the river, by the smell of bonfires in the parks, where the dahlias are also gorgeously smoldering, and by the heavy agenda for both the Labour and the Conservative annual party conferences, which always take place at this time of year, like a sort of harvesting of ripe ideas and tart differences. The Labour gathering, which has just opened at Margate, promises to be noisier and more acrimonious than the Tory gathering, which comes off next week, also at Margate. Although some alarmed voices have recently been raised urging Labour's Right and Left wings to cease carving each other up in public and to try to look to the average voter like an able-bodied future government, the rank and file show no signs of having heard, to judge by the number of irritable topics for debate that have been slapped down on the Margate agenda by local Labour organizations. In contrast to the Socialists' expected exchange of discourtesies, the Conservative conference is likely to seem almost too content with itself.

WITH autumn here, the public is beginning to peer nervously ahead into the season of fogs and bronchial wheezes. The newspapers' correspondence columns have lately printed a lot of worried letters recalling last winter's smog disaster, when the jump in London's death rate was higher than that registered in the worst week of the cholera epidemic of 1866, and asking what is being done to lessen the chances of another lethal visitation. The experts say reassuringly that a recurrence this year is most unlikely, since the atmospheric conditions last year were extremely unusual, but those Londoners who are convinced that atomic explosions encourage unusual weather don't seem particularly reassured. The most cheering constructive step to date has just been taken by the City of London itself, whose Court of Common Council (a body consisting of the Lord Mayor, twenty-five aldermen, and two hundred and six common councilmen) has recommended that certain sections of the city be declared smokeless zones—a scheme that has been successfully tried out in Manchester, Nottingham, and other cities—and that the installation of smoke-producing furnaces be forbidden altogether in the future. This step will, of course, have to be given sanction by Parliament, which takes time and means that this winter's dose of soot and sulphur will be just about the same. Still, it is felt that at least a start has been made on the old problem, once merely vexatious and now scaring.

As a timely reminder that London's sooty climate can be a killer of buildings as well as of citizens, the health of Westminster Abbey has been the subject of a new and urgent report from its archdeacon and treasurer, Dr. Adam Fox. The appeal earlier this year for a million pounds to save the Abbey's fabric, into which the corrosive smoke and grime of the last hundred years has bitten deeper than all the preceding centuries' wear and tear, has brought in only just over three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, which is already being tapped for the most imperative repairs. According to the Abbey authorities, the deterioration of the vast medieval structure got disastrously out of hand when the permanent staff of workmen was cut drastically during the war, and they point out that, because of lack of funds, nothing has been done since to increase the staff. Most of the really dangerous spots are high up on the roof, on which pieces of carved-stone finials fall like snow after every high wind. The most striking evidence of decay to the layman's alarmed eye is in the cloisters, where the groined vaulting seems to have been attacked by some fearful form of leprosy—"striking" being literally the word, since chunks keep rotting off. There is a melancholy possibility that this part of the Abbey may have to be closed to tourists. The cash that has so far been collected in answer to the call for a pound note from every lover of the Abbey includes hundreds of thousands of gifts of a shilling or two, accompanied by anxious little notes, from working people who could not afford a pound but said that the Abbey is not going to go to ruin while they can spare a bob. If some of the big business concerns, which did pretty well financially out of the Coronation, were equally ready to rush first aid to its ancient doors, the Abbey might well be made safe tomorrow.

THE Stratford Festival, which lasts until the end of October, has been a thumping success. The season is under the direction of Glen Byam Shaw (who produced two of the plays, "Richard III" and "Antony and Cleopatra"),



"DEAR SIRS: By 1960 please send me these items..."

The facts in this letter are not imaginary. They merely sum up what economists predict for the United States by 1960.

> **To American Industries**
>
> **Dear Sirs:**
>
> **By 1960, please arrange to be making thirty per cent more goods than you made for me in 1950.**
>
> **I expect a growth of about twenty million people in my family, the same as in the past decade. Part of my order is because of them. Part is to increase my standard of living.**
>
> **If possible, arrange more leisure time for me. I do not wish to work longer hours to pay for increased purchases.**
>
> **You will, of course, find me new products better than the old. You have done this in the past, but please increase your efforts.**
>
> **Please tell the electrical manufacturers to be making 2 times as much by 1960. I am increasing particularly my purchases from them.**
>
> **Very truly yours,**
> ***(signed)* The American Public**

What this letter calls for is clearly understood by any company or industry that has earned public good will and hopes to keep it.

Here are three moves that General Electric is accordingly making:

First, if production and leisure are to increase at the same time, the nation's skilled man power must be used with increased effectiveness. To help create more goods to meet America's needs, General Electric is in the middle of a billion-dollar expansion program.

Second, products now on sale must *do* more if people are to get more for their money. Examples may help here. Engineers at General Electric have multiplied the efficiency of turbines, the light from lamps, the power of x-rays, and so on. Such engineering is and must be an always expanding program.

Third, new products must be found to make known products obsolete by comparison. To find new truths, research in America must increase. At General Electric, new research facilities and people are being added.

Here are some fields where scientists say new discoveries could make a big difference to all of us ... ways to convert atomic energy into useful power ... ways to store heat for later use . . . ways to create light from now invisible infrared rays ... "fuel cells" to convert energy of gaseous combustion directly into electricity ... new metals to stand higher heat (for jet engines and turbines).

October 15th marks General Electric's 75th anniversary. We start the next 75 years with greater experience, more capacity and, we hope, more efficient planning. We hesitate to look back over our shoulders at what has been developed — modern x-ray, electrically driven trains and ships, the tungsten lamp, the fluorescent lamp and such — for we are convinced that the findings of the future will be more significant.

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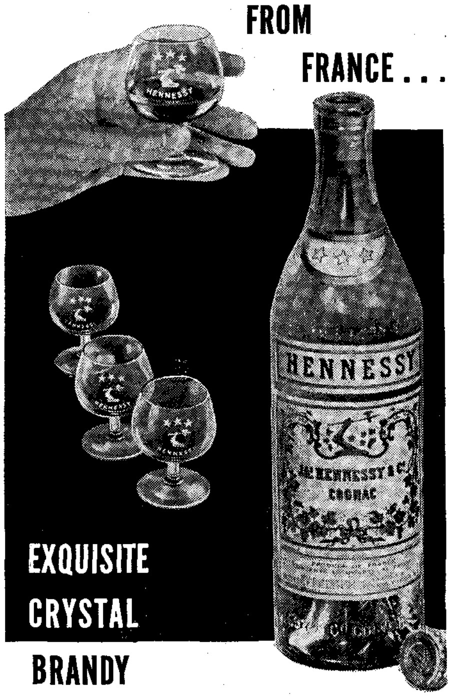

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since his co-director, Anthony Quayle, is in Australia this year with another Stratford company. Next year, a company is going to New York, for the first time in many years. In the current and first-rate season, Michael Redgrave has been an absolutely superb Shylock (in a production that Professor Dover Wilson, in a lecture to a Stratford audience, pronounced the best "Merchant" he had ever seen), an interesting but curiously unmoving Lear, and a noble-looking and -sounding Antony. Cleopatra was played in a red wig and exotic feathered headdresses by Peggy Ashcroft, who triumphed by intelligence and beautiful voice over the physical difficulties of suggesting everyone's private notion of the lure of Egypt. As an unexportable added delight, Stratford tourists have had the surrounding countryside at its splendid best. This year, the nearby Cotswold villages have completely returned to prewar spruceness and vigor, with everything clipped and repainted and repointed, handsome new houses going up, old barns sprouting new thatch, lawns once more, like velvet in front of apricot-colored manor houses, and every village one huge flower patch of petunias, zinnias, and asters.

Another immensely successful point of annual pilgrimage—the Edinburgh Festival—has just passed on two eagerly awaited shows to London. T. S. Eliot's verse comedy "The Confidential Clerk" was received at its northern première with remarkable praise from the critics, who were braced to interpret another enigma like "The Cocktail Party" and were relieved to find that they could catch on perfectly—more or less: After its opening at the Lyric Theatre here, it was again saluted as a masterpiece. There was enthusiastic mention of the old master Wilde, since the play inevitably recalls Miss Prism and upper-class English babies left in Gladstone bags, whence they emerge, fully grown, to hail recoiling peeresses with the glad cry of "Mother!" In Eliot's new work, illegitimate sons and daughters slither through the home of Sir Claude Mulhammer (Paul Rogers), a singularly unconvincing financier, whose early life was apparently untidy at a clip that must constitute a record even for Mayfair. One of its themes states that if you discover you are not the natural son of a powerful, rich man, as you supposed, but the legitimate son of a poor, dead, third-rate organist, you can happily quit the City and take up music, as your instincts have all along prompted you to do. Or maybe Mr. Eliot means to say in this assorted package that unless the human spirit recognizes itself as a child of God,

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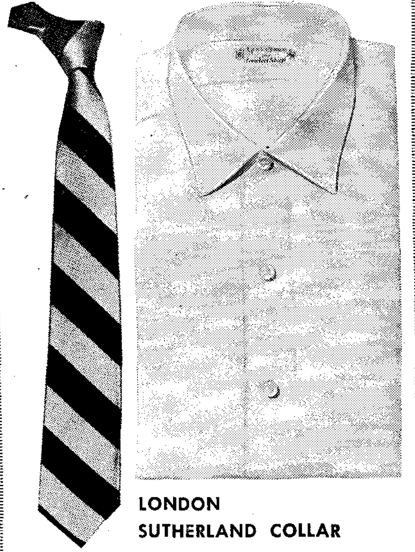

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its direction must forever be unsure, clouded, and off course. In a fine cast, Isabel Jeans is wonderful as Lady Elizabeth Mulhammer, the financier's elegant wife, who vaguely remembers that she once had a love child, too, though she can't quite recall where she left the little fellow. The Mulhammers are finally shown drawn spiritually closer together, cheerfully ringed around with such illegitimate heirs as they have been able to salvage from the confusion. The play is doing sellout business.

The second importation from Edinburgh is the quite lovely Arts Council show of Renoirs, now at the Tate. This exhibition of fifty paintings, drawings, and sculptures—some lent by American galleries and some by the Louvre—is the richest collection of Renoir's work that London has had a chance to see in years. It may be difficult for London to see it even now, to judge by the opening-day crowds, which slowly passed before the pretty women looking like peaches ripening under pink sunshades and enormous flowery hats, the children looking like flowers themselves in deep grass, and the ravishing views of French water, sky, and trees.

ENGLISH housewives were only mildly pleased when sugar at last came off the ration this week, since few would have bought more than their weekly coupons gave them anyway. They were pleased mainly because this was one more move toward making a nice little bonfire of ration books, which are now needed only for butter, cooking fats, and bacon. They are also needed, in theory, for meat, but butchers for some time now have been sticking up signs reading "Anyone served with anything on sale" in their windows, and winningly asking customers if they could not do with a larger Sunday joint. Most of the customers cannot, on account of the price. That strange, prized symbol of prewar good living—pure-white bread—has, for the first time since the war, turned up in the shops for those who can afford to pay more for it than for the subsidized semi-white national loaf. The bakers report no stampede to buy. The food situation here is excellent, except for prices, which swallow pay packets at a gulp and are certain to be mentioned with equal anxiety by both parties at Margate.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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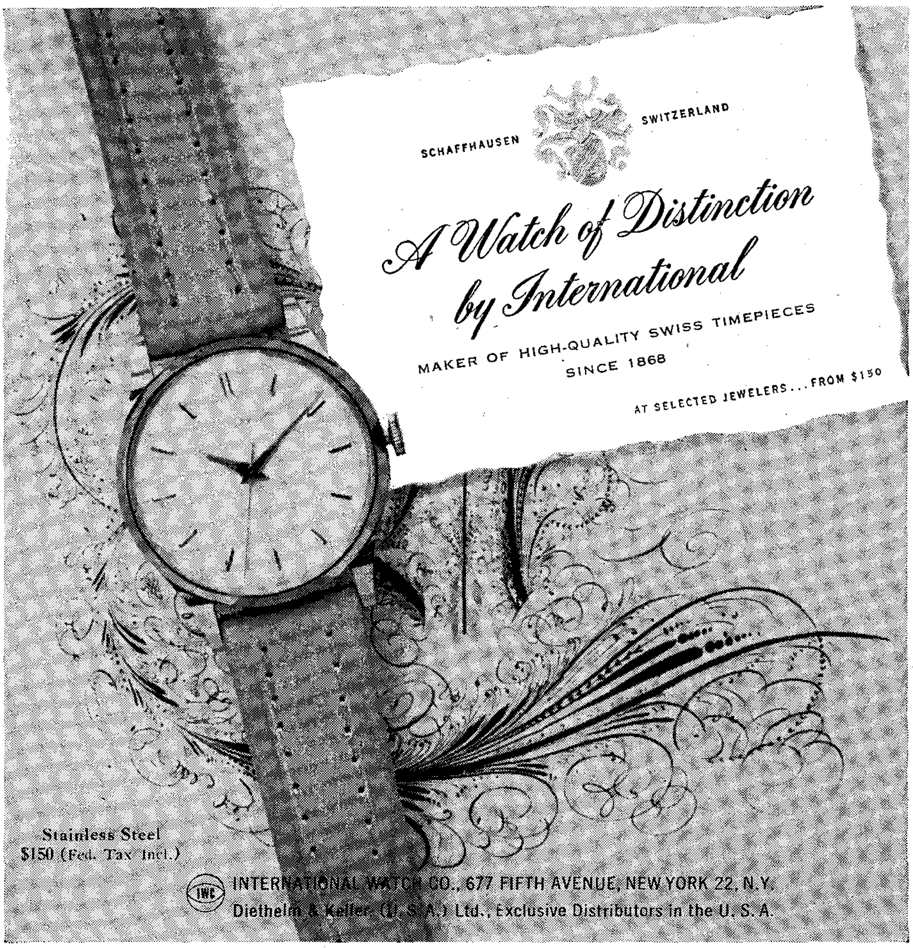
UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American*]

I don't like to print gossip but . . .



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

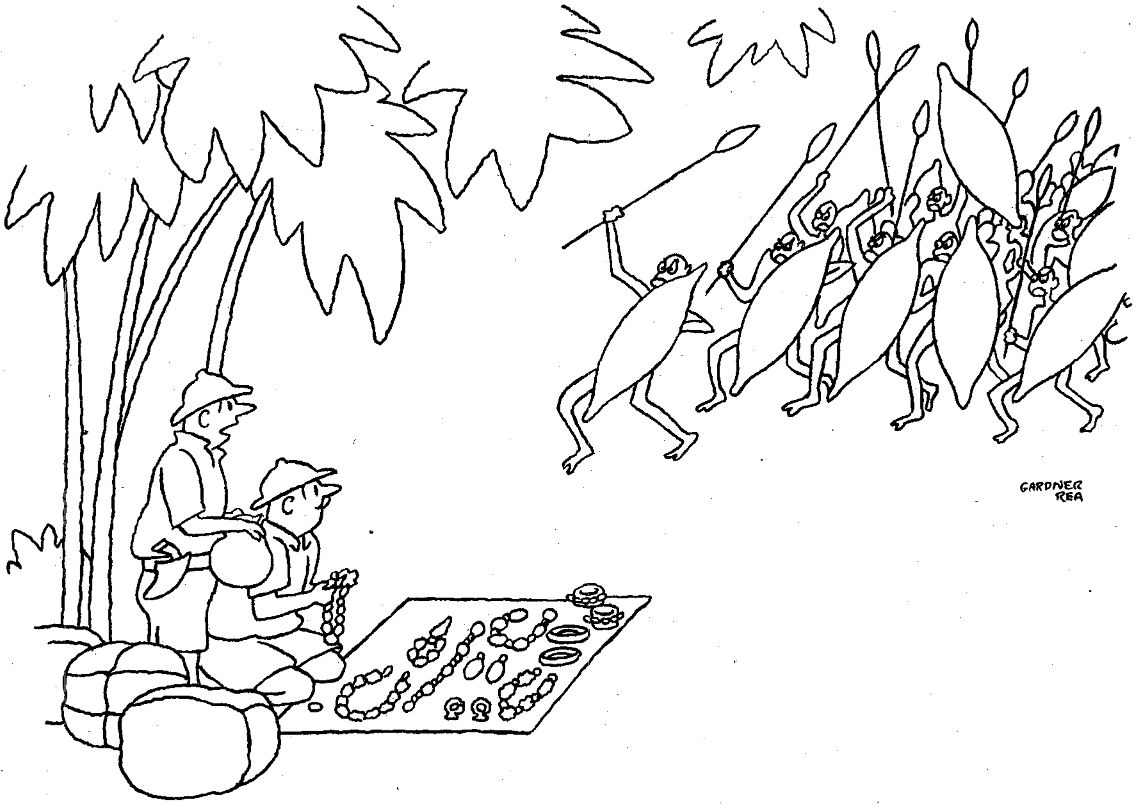
FEMININE FASHIONS

THAT formidable creature, the American woman, wielder of all that purchasing power, is, as usual, being talked down to, which seems shortsighted indeed. Granted that she is conservative. For example, she has latched onto the Parisian idea of having her important costumes "basic," to be enlivened with a variety of accessories. But too many "high-style" houses, custom or ready-to-wear, think that a day-in-and-day-out dress must be conservative to the point of atrophy to please her, and a largely paternalistic industry has decided to carry things to terribly ladylike extremes. I cling, though, to the notion that American women, however respectable, love to feel desirable, and there is no reason a challenge can't be built into the most practical costume.

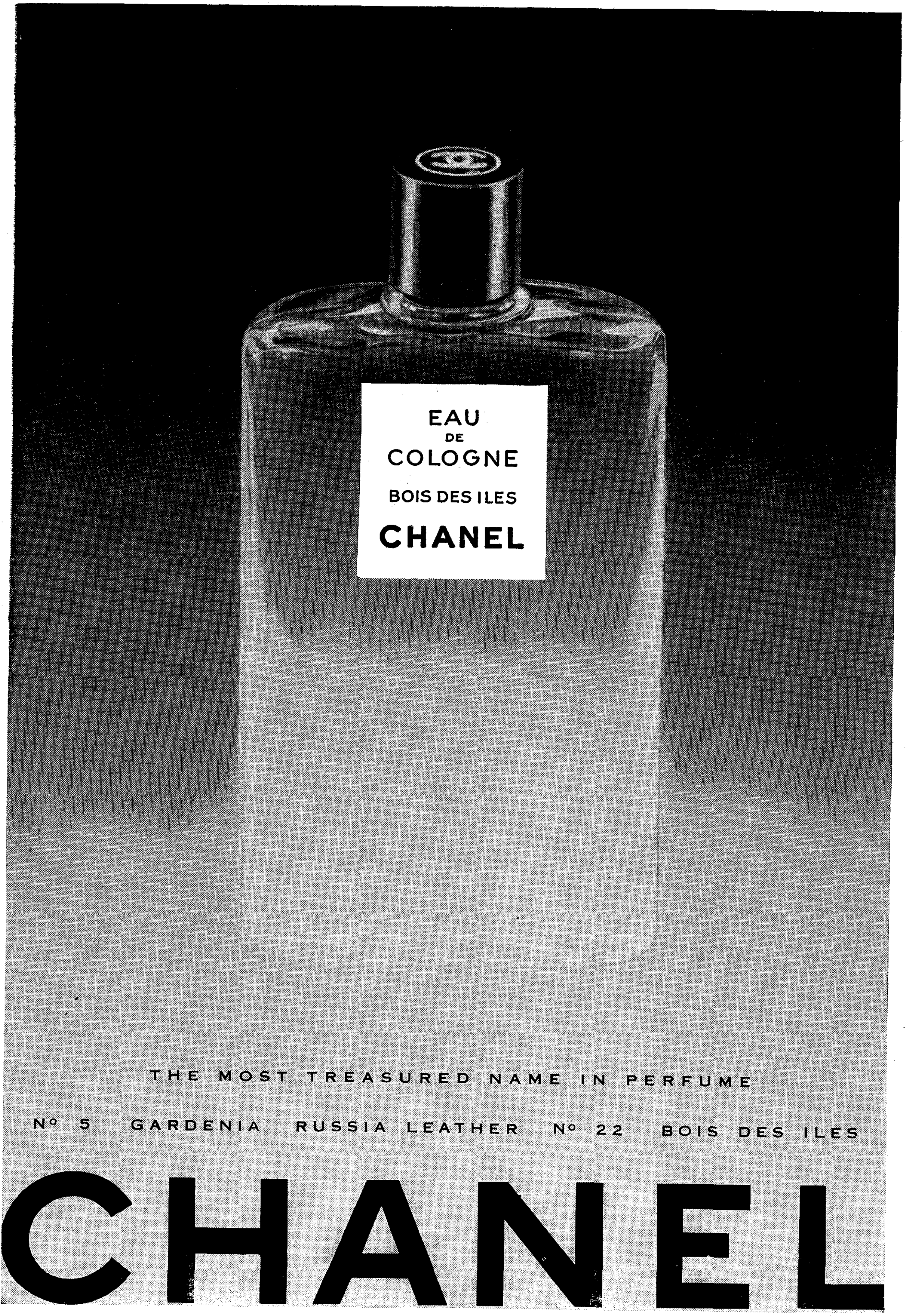
Even the original French models that have lately arrived on these shores (to suffer divers fates at the hands of "adapters" in every price range) merge so easily into the American scene that there is reason for dark suspicion that they were Americanized before they'd ever left Paris. There were many delights in the imported fall collections, but few good, stimulating shocks. What sticks in my mind after viewing the mass of French imports is that many go into the deepest sort of V in front, and spread wide on the shoulders, and have a thousand layers of crushed softness below the shoulder tips to give more width. Dior is still an artist at keeping this line subtle, but our busy little copyists will probably make it obvious and ruin it in no time. The same hazard confronts Fath's suits with melon fullness through the upper arms; it will be awfully easy for "adapters" to exaggerate them to the point of clumsiness. But those great, flaring portrait collars that appear everywhere (they're a special Balenciaga favorite) should thrill us for quite a while yet. This should also be true of the enveloping fleecy coats and the pert street-length cocktail coats, in luxury fabrics of all sorts, that go over short afternoon or dance dresses, often with vast width flaring out from beneath the arms. Whatever the country of origin, designers have had a romantic and merry time with these. The high Empire waistline, topping a sinuous line down the body, appears in dozens of carefree variations, but the semifitted suit that Balenciaga continues to sponsor needs expert fitting; with really clever darts under the breast, lest it look shapeless. And Balenciaga's three-quarter white wool Chesterfield, with wide, wide shoulders, a tapered look toward the hem, and a double row of buttons descending from the waistline, is everywhere. It is the clinching proof of the growing vogue for this type of topcoat, which has been around for a short while under the label "Edwardian" and, with this encouragement, is likely to sign a long-term lease.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's magnificent collection of French imports, for to-order customers, not only offers a cross-section of all the top Paris couturiers but presents twenty-five Parisian designs that no one else in this country will be allowed to show—a tribute to the diplomatic charm of somebody around here. One of them is a soft gray wool wraparound coat by Balenciaga with a collar of gray squirrel—a revival that stands out even in a season that's gone mad about furs. Bergdorf also has many examples of little black dresses by Dior (the rich girl's Anne Fogarty), with soft folds below the shoulders, doll-like waistlines, and skirts that are taut or all swaying unpressed pleats. Then there are instances of Jacques Heim's antics with tweed, made flashing by the adding of sequins and other incongruous décor. One, an evening coat of black-and-white tweed that's aglitter with steel nailheads, covers a short sheath of emerald satin with an Empire waistline.

BENDEL has given up custom clothes and is concentrating on its own graceful ready-to-wear adaptations of some of the Paris successes. Among them is Fath's slim, formal chiffon dress, shown in tobacco, with a black satin ribbon encircling the Empire bodice just below the bosom and tying in a



"Does it occur to you that they might be bright enough to realize they can get all this stuff for nothing?"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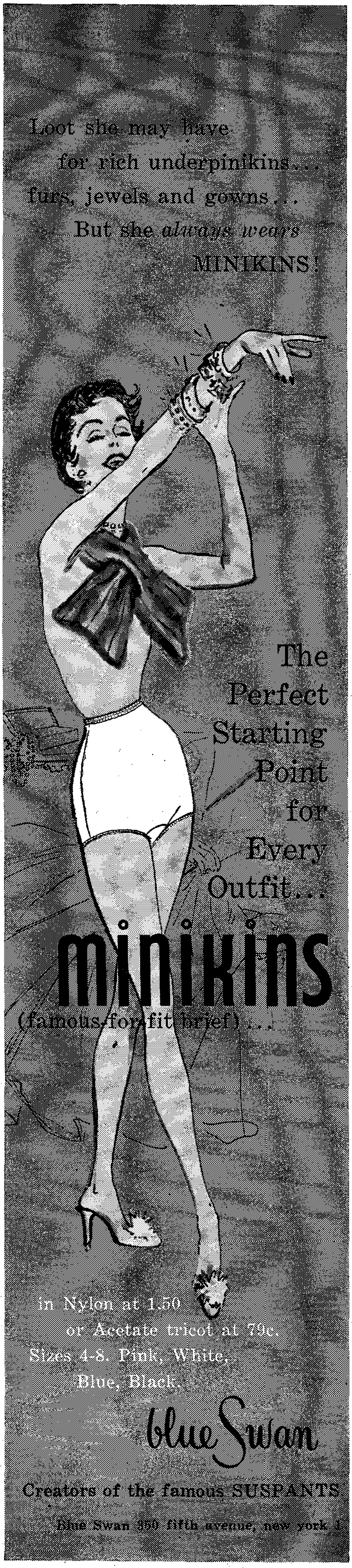
Loot she may have
for rich underpinikins . . .
furs, jewels and gowns . . .
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bow at one side, whence a circular panel floats lazily to the floor. Another is his ball gown of blue or pink satin. Its short sleeves tie in a knot right under the shoulders, and there is sweeping fullness astern. Then there are Grès's daytime jobs of black wool jersey, flat down the torso except where detail is pulled around under the bust and at the hips. There is easy, circular fullness in the front of the skirt. Also around are samples of Dior's miraculous swan silhouette; it's just part of the evidence that the buttocks are to be accented and arched this season, and who knows what this will do to the flat-bottomed posture, universally known as the "tuck-in"? One is a white satin dance dress with a fichu top and self loops well south of the waistline to produce a bustle effect above a hem that dips in back. I think the line is ravishing.

HATTIE CARNEGIE (we're back among the custom deals again) includes several Schiaparellis in her well-balanced collection of French clothes. None of them seem to have suffered any sea change, but then Miss C. has always been known as an expert translator of Paris. The Schiaps include a couple of super-severe wraparound formal evening dresses, of mat jersey or one of those mysterious silk-and-wool mixtures, that are as skinny as possible. The wraparounds are held in place by big bone buttons. Carnegie's own custom collection demonstrates again that she has not lost her feeling for adventure or her determination that her customers look demure, covered up, and yet enticing. The invitation embodied in her clothes is suggested by line, not exposure. Her suits may be succinct, but in her dresses there is a delicious roundness wherever womankind is supposed to have roundness, including the stomach and the derrière. Like the French, Carnegie prefers a very long line down the back, often by means of a flat hip yoke that extends a good three inches below the waistline; all kinds of gathered or other fullness sways outward below. Sometimes, in the Dior and Balenciaga tradition, there is even looped detail to give a bustle look; a dance dress of Kelly-green satin, with Carnegie's highly proper little round neckline and short sleeves, couldn't be more flip in the rear. In coats, there are a lot of semifitted effects, achieved by snug crossed tabs and other detail around and under the bosom to provide an Empire line, and a subtle inward curving down the diaphragm makes sure that the slenderest coat has supple-

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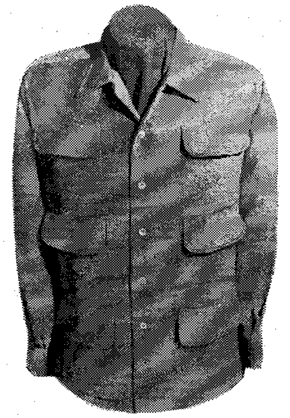
CORDUROY CARRY-ALL


Long sleeve "All-Pockets" is made for fellas like me who have a hankerin' for totin' things around instead of tossin' 'em away. Looks mighty snazzy when you go into town, too. And you've got my guarantee that this soft corduroy will wash without a whimper. Charcoal grey or desert tan.

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Indicate jacket or shirt size.

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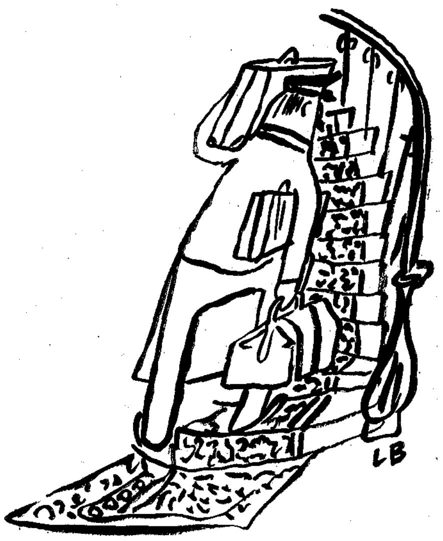
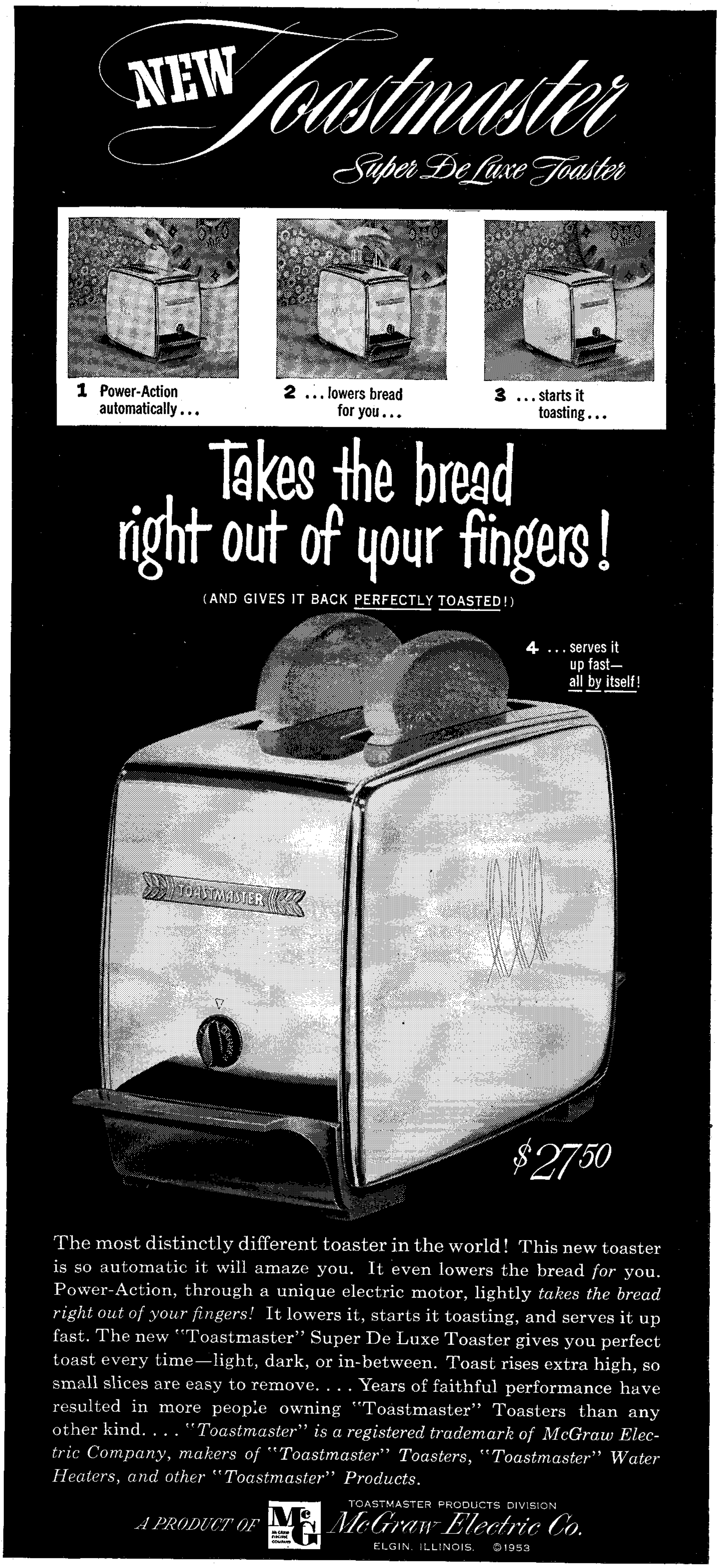
ness. In Carnegie's cocktail and day dresses, the smooth line down the torso is emphasized by details that produce hip and stomach roundness; a pet trick is darts slanting forward and downward from the hipbones. Shoulders are modestly clothed and moderate in line around here; instead, a hint of the Gibson Girl torso, with its attendant sway-back elegance, is used to get the attention. This happens in one of her covered-up cocktail dresses of ribbed faille and in a cocktail dress of pink cotton brocade with a deep V neck and a snug, waist-length jacket that dips a trifle at the rear. Several turned-under harem hems show up in the collection, because the Carnegie customers love them (a sensible reason) for both afternoon and evening; she even has an ermine cape stole with a bloused-under look in back, just for fun. The fabrics, all imported, almost defy description, but I could identify flannel-like wools crushed into broadtail texture (one is used in a suit whose long jacket is lined with mink bellies), two-toned silk-and-wool mixtures, and a pressed silk crêpe that looks like flattened accordion pleats.

EVERY designer, however unconsciously, reflects her own figure and philosophy of life in the clothes she produces. Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, is active in private life as well as business, so her custom collection reflects her love of long-legged ease for both crowded daytimes and for dancing evenings, with extra luxury and femininity added after five. The current lot is her most elaborate one as far as detail is concerned, but its lines remain simple and malleable. Low flares and panels at the back of her trig suits and day dresses, which have a hint of the trumpet flare I was speaking of a couple of weeks ago, make them

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slender yet easy to move in. As a simultaneous tribute to *le sport* and *la danse*, she unexpectedly uses a lot of black wool jersey for cocktail and evening dresses. A street-length cocktail dress with a characteristic deep U front and back (edged with transparent net and appliqué) has a covering bolero lined with white ermine, which spills over to face the substantial revers. A box jacket of black American broadtail is trimmed with white ermine curving away front and back, giving us *two* furs to console the humble jersey of the dress beneath. Another sign of the ski-lodge influence in Sophie's private life is a white cashmere costume sweater with white lace appliqué across the yoke to match the lace on the white peau-de-soie dance dress. A sparkle of rhinestones frosts the whole thing. Encrustations of beading, sequins, and other extravaganzas, combined with furs and furs and furs, are dazzling but never do anything to affect the sleek lines of the things they adorn.

CARRIE MUNN is always thinking about the sort of life that involves the sudden airplane trip and plenty of nightlarking, so she has turned out a custom collection full of clothes all ready to go places and have razzle-dazzle fun. Her celebrated separate skirts, tiny through the waist, smooth down the hips, and widely circular at the hem, show up in dozens of new variations, the most notable of which is of stiffened net entirely covered with a dozen kinds of black braid, with dangling balls, and with fringe (all specially made for Carrie Munn); a separate top of black mat jersey trimmed with fringe has short sleeves slashed to reveal the tips of the shoulders. For daytime, a flat-surfaced Italian satin printed in a splotchy tobacco-and-black leopard-skin design makes a skimpy dress with puffed, off-the-shoulder sleeves and a jagged scoop neck. Over this goes a typical reversible Munn coat of plain and printed silk, all quilted; the collar flares up beside the ears and the coat flares vastly to the sides below the arms.

ELEANORA GARNETT offers clothes (some ready-to-wear, some to order in three weeks) that are designed and made in Italy and that manage to convey the holiday mood of that land. They include such worldly efforts as a willowy dress of black broadcloth, beltless and snug at the ribs, whose scoop-neck satin top is all vertical accordion pleats down to the bust. A long-sleeved bolero, of the same length and covered

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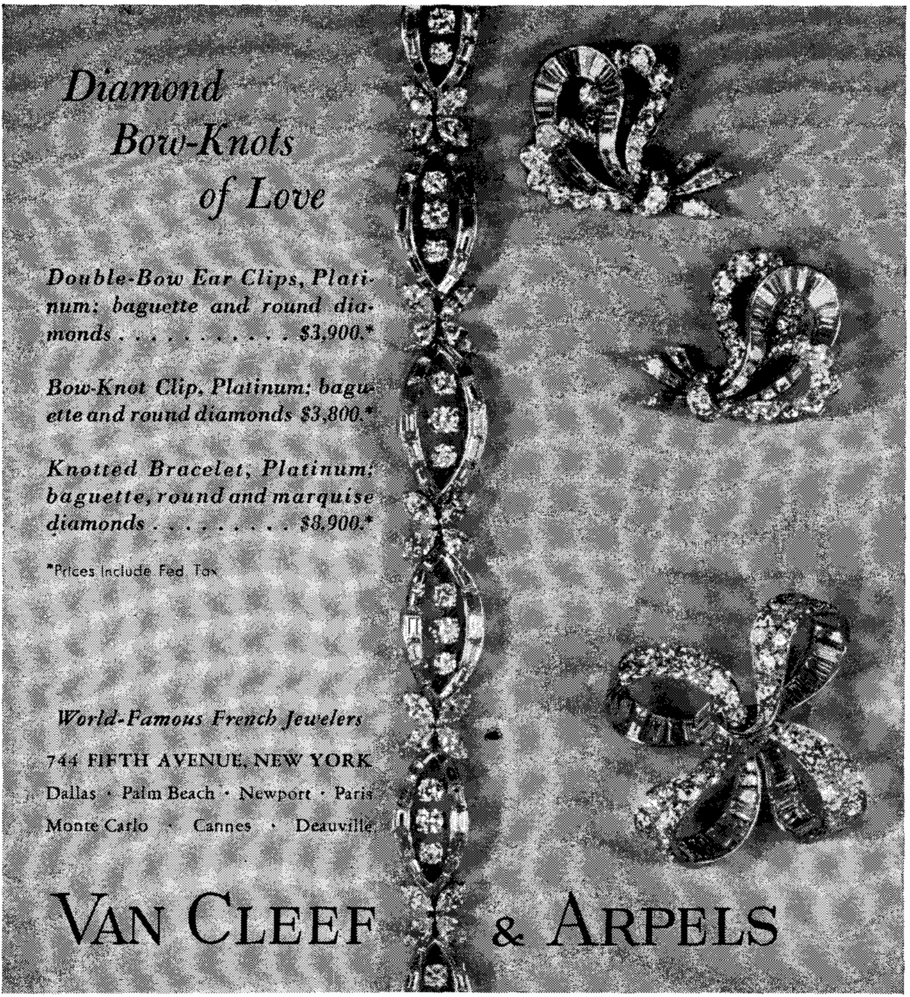
with braid, goes over it. Lovers of the new whimsey for big sleeves should inspect a gray flannel suit with huge melon ones below wide, flat shoulder caps. These sleeves also occur on a straight box jacket surmounting a straight skirt. For important evenings, a blue satin dress is draped wide out over the shoulders and twisted between the breasts; its really broad belt of red faille is covered with silver embroidery and rhinestones. The full skirt is so reinforced it needs no petticoat. And for drama, a fitted, full-length evening coat of Kelly-green faille has four dozen self-covered buttons down the front and box pleats to make the skirt stand away in back. I guess you never button this one—takes too much time. It is to be worn over a black velvet gown constructed on the same lines; the strapless décolletage of this is edged with mink.

THE renaissance of the long, slender, formal evening dress is one of the nicer things about the new season, whether it comes from New York, Paris, or faraway, exotic old Hollywood. Gunther Jaeckel have now captured Irene, the long-torso specialist, for their very own. Her lovely formal evening clothes, which are ready-to-wear and made in (bless her thoughtful heart) American sizes in Hollywood, are likely to be very high-waisted and very long through the body. A silk taffeta with a shantung surface and a gray leaf-and-fern pattern printed on a pink-to-red ombré makes a dress whose tucked, strapless top and enormous stole are of net. The line is typical Irene—the body is clearly outlined in front, where tucks go outward and downward from the hips to end up in cartridge pleats low on the buttocks, whence fullness sweeps down and back. This sort of line also shows up in gray satin, with pink roses nestling on a diagonal scarf across the décolletage. Her famous suits (some snug, some with a riding-jacket flare) have the longest jackets to be seen around, but there is generally bolero detail through the bosom, as in a superlative brown-and-black-striped wool affair with the stripes vertical down the body and diagonal on the chest. Other suits are of iridescent wool. And all are worth the attention of the small woman who wants to look tall, as well as the tall woman who doesn't mind looking taller.

ANYONE partial to the notion of working out her own ideas with expert help might like to know about a couple of tiny new one-man custom houses. (It's always advisable, with



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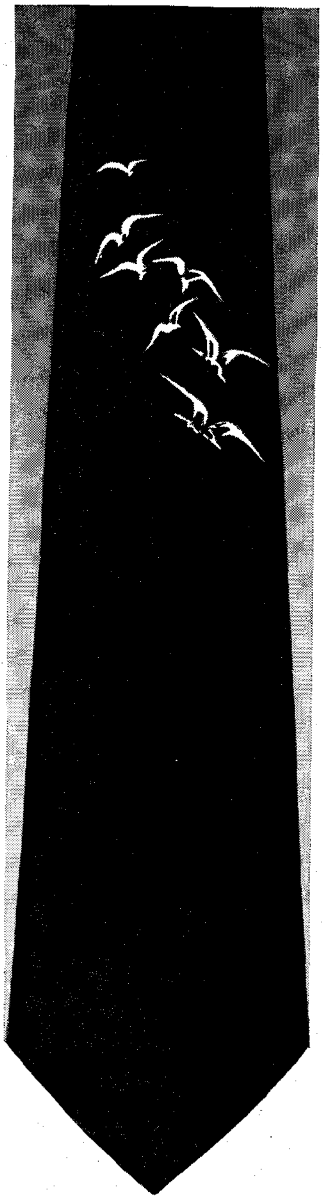

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what is virtually a one-man business, to phone in advance to make sure the man is about.) One is presided over by Miguel Ferreras, at 22 East 56th Street, who makes worldly clothes with a hint of Spain. An entrancing jacket is bolero length in front and flares wildly in back to a point a bit below the waist. It's shown in black satin, with three tucks as edging, over a slender cocktail suit; in lace, with pastel kid edging, it's to be worn with a lace dance dress in Palm Beach. Ferreras is a magnificent fitter, by the way. His telephone is Plaza 3-1866.

Edward Nace-Carroll, at 138 East 71st Street (Regent 4-0800), has a number of models plus a great many sketches to aid the customer. Among the models there are good, solid coat-dresses of Rodier wool with a high-style air; there are also chic and extreme lines, as in a V-back dress of sheer black-and-white checked wool with a cummerbund of herringbone-pattern black satin ribbon at the waist and a short jacket snug and nipped in front but bloused very, very low, for all the world like a windsock in a downdraft, in back. Beautiful lunacy is the word for a string-strap, circular-skirted dance dress of white candlewick-bedspread material, each and every tuft outlined with black sequins. It's real moonlight-in-Nassau stuff. Ferreras' prices start at $225, Nace-Carroll's at $255.

CUSTOMERS who have mourned the five-year absence of Muriel King are notified that she is showing a small collection of after-five and evening clothes, relying on sheen rather than rhinestone glitter for their elegance, at Stein & Blaine again. Order to size, this time. —LOIS LONG

•

The Welch Chorale of St. Philip Neri church, New York city, will sing at Blessed Sacrament church Sunday.

The group of young singers, conducted by James B. Welch, a native of Northampton, are vacationing at Pine Island Lake, Westhampton. At the request of Rev. James P. Sears, diocesan director of music, they are singing at various churches in the diocese. Sunday they will sing the Gregorian Browns, Oct. 25; Chicago Cards, Nov. 1; Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 8; Pittsburgh Steelers, Nov. 15; Washington Redskins, Nov. 22; Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 29; Cleveland Browns, Dec. 6; and Detroit Lions, Dec. 13.—*Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript-Telegram.*

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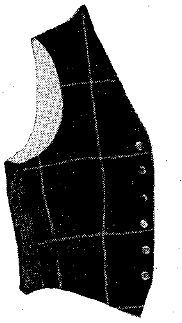

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CLOWNS IN CLOVER

MOST women have a parting shot—the eternal revival of a past injustice, which they use ruthlessly and indiscriminately, to end all arguments. My mother's was our Uncle Chookie. No matter how wrong she was (and being daily indoctrinated by her in the absolute rightness of everything she said and did, we children—my sister Kate and I, and our brother, Bernard—seldom dared admit, even to our secret selves, that sometimes she could be wrong), she put herself in the right at the end of every argument by flinging at my father, "And in all these years you never once offered to send my poor brother a ten-shilling postal order!" There, of course, she *was* right. He never had. And so, whatever the matter of the argument, we saw from my father's inability to counter the fact of this one neglect that he was wrong—wrong again—and my mother the injured.

The silence of the end of the argument hung in the air like steam in the street after a summer rainstorm—the silence of Uncle Chookie, produced in all its unfailing power. For, of course, we knew it was Uncle Chookie of whom my mother spoke, although she never mentioned him by name and she had two other brothers. Uncle Chookie's real name was Bernard, like my brother's—both were named after my grandfather, just as my mother and I were named Barbara, after my grandmother—but I suppose the childish appellation had been given Uncle Chookie when he was a baby, as such names are given to so many, pending the time when he should grow up into the other. He is about forty in my memory, so that must be about the age he was when we children began to notice him first, but because we had never known him when he was younger, or by any other name, there seemed to us nothing incongruous about knowing as "Uncle Chookie" this tall, already gray-haired, bent man—bent not of his own volition but as our tall hollyhocks were bent after a hard rain. His long hands touched everything—even your own when you greeted him—uncertainly, and they smelled, not as our father's did, of tobacco and newsprint and petrol, but of soap, like a woman's. Uncle Chookie had large, gray eyes—mournful eyes, as we called them, like my mother's and mine—and round them a recess of delicate, darkened skin. But that was as far as the family likeness went; he was loose-boned where my mother was small and neat, he was slow of movement where she was quick, and, above all, he was silent; she had a high clear voice and talked all the time. When he was in our house he seemed like a shadow of my mother—a silent creature, looking out of her eyes, sitting where she sat, following her quietly from room to room.

He came to spend a fortnight with us in Johannesburg every year, and in between these visits we children never saw him, though once a month or so my mother would bake a cake in the evening, put out her things for an early start the next morning, and say to our native maid—or to an aunt, on the telephone—"I'm going to poor Chookie tomorrow, you know. I feel I must, though it's such a drag." Then, before the three of us left for school in the morning, she would be gone to catch an early train to the Northern Transvaal town where Uncle Chookie lived—rather poorly, we gathered, but decently enough. "Of course, he's got his own room," we had overheard her telling someone once. "A few of his own things and a spirit stove for tea and so on, and there's another man next door—a schoolteacher, he was, I believe—also very nice, poor thing, and Chookie shares a bit of cake with him, and if *he* gets anything, he always takes some in to Chookie."

WE children looked forward to Uncle Chookie's fortnight, though once it came, there was little to distinguish it from any other fortnight; it merely had its place in the marking off of the year, as birthdays, Christmas, and school and holiday time did. It helped, along with the other events, in the gradual relating of the timelessness of childhood to the rigidly time-conscious adult world. Once really with us, Uncle Chookie was scarcely there. He liked to stand in a window, watching what

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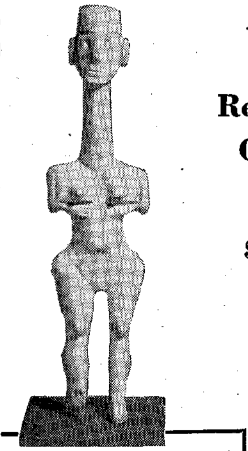

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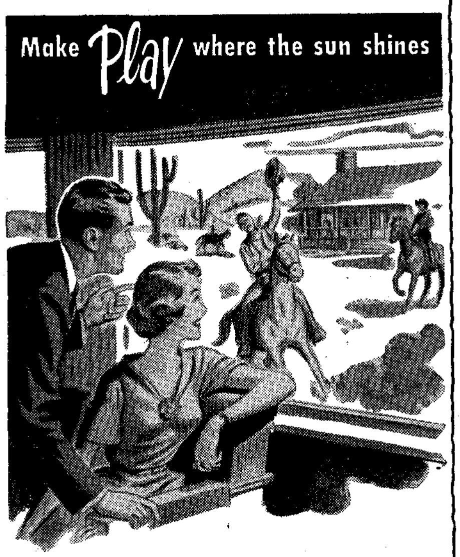
went on outside. If we came past, chasing one another across the lawn in some game, he appeared to be watching us. If we were not there, he might be watching the birds on the lawn, or the clouds. When we were indoors, he seemed always to be standing in a window, against the light, his coat peaked out at the back because of his stooping shoulders. Sometimes, he would bend down and run his hand stiffly over the spine of the cat. At meals, he hardly spoke. My mother did not make any plans while he was with us. "I won't be going anywhere much just now—while I've got Chookie with me, you know," she would apologize on the telephone. Then she would come into the room where he stood, and, her head consideringly on one side, ask him what he would like to eat, the way she would come into a room and ask you what you fancied when you were sick in bed. "I think I'll get the man to fillet us a couple of nice soles, shall I? They would be nice for lunch," I heard her say once. "Would you like them fried, or would you rather I did them with a white sauce?"

He would sigh and stare back at her with that anxious, affronted look that came to his face whenever he was spoken to, as if being addressed were a burden on him, a responsibility he didn't feel he could take. And his answers were always like the one he gave to my mother's suggestions about the filleted soles: "I don't mind, Bab. Fried will do for me. With a bit of lemon . . . I don't mind. Fried or boiled. I don't mind how I take it."

And they would stand held in the anxiousness of one another's eyes for a moment—you almost expected to see them sway, their eyes were so dark and big and fascinated—before my mother murmured heavily, "Right, then. Right," and went off to the kitchen.

The only time Uncle Chookie ever really made the fortnight his own was when he sang for us. On top of the highly polished upright on which my brother Bernard and I practiced "Für Elise," there was an untidy pile of popular music—albums of songs from the Kern and Gershwin and Rodgers-and-Hart musicals that came so thick and splendid from New York in the thirties, and "selections" from London and Broadway successes. My mother, who, difficult though it is to believe now, must still have been a young woman and interested in such things, had mastered a kind of hop and thump in the bass that was known at the time as "syncopation." We liked to stand round her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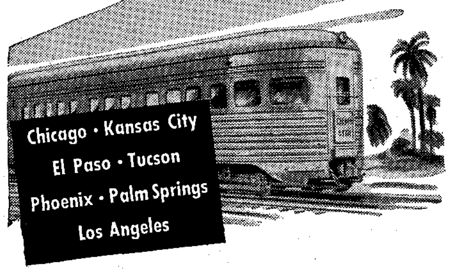

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after supper, following her curious hobbling-out of the tunes with much thin volume but little "voice;" my sister, Katie, at fifteen, managed quite sweetly on the lower notes, but disappeared entirely out of normal hearing range, perhaps into that supra-human register that dogs are said to be able to hear, on the higher ones.

My mother's brother was attracted by this gathering round the piano. He would be drawn to it, rather than consciously join us of his own free will; one moment he would be sitting in his chair, the next we would feel his coat sleeves, smell his linen-cupboard odor, among us. And he would start to sing, and we would gradually stop. He would sing on alone, in a slightly husky, mellow voice, and when one song was finished, go on to another. My mother would turn the pages and change the tune without speaking or moving her head, as if she were participating in a spell. We would fall back, literally. First our voices went, and then we ourselves, moving away from the piano to perch on the arms of chairs or lie down on the old, molting leopard-skin rug, to listen. Uncle Chookie, who apparently could bear to speak only under cover of the conversation of others, and who fell instantly silent—died out in the middle of a sentence, in fact—if he heard his own voice speaking out loud, would sing on for half an hour in the center of everyone's absolute silence and attention. He, who looked at everything from a bus ticket to a fork as if it presented some menacing challenge to him, would glance at the music sheet now and then to verify a coming note or a word of the lyric, as if the printed sheet were to him, as it would be to anyone else, merely a piece of paper. He was casual. Standing up singing alone in an attentive room, he met our eyes.

I remember particularly a song from an English revue called "Clowns in Clover;" you could be sure that if he had not joined us at the piano before, he would do so when we reached the point in the "selection" where this song began. We children would waver through the revue's "chorus" numbers, a novelty number, and what was, I think, a kind of tango, and then, with the first notes of this particular song, his voice would be there:

"I've got those Little Boy Blues,
My heart's right down in my shoes,
Just for that little boy who's
For-getting me . . ."

I realize now that this must have been a curiously inappropriate song to be sung by Uncle Chookie—one so ob-

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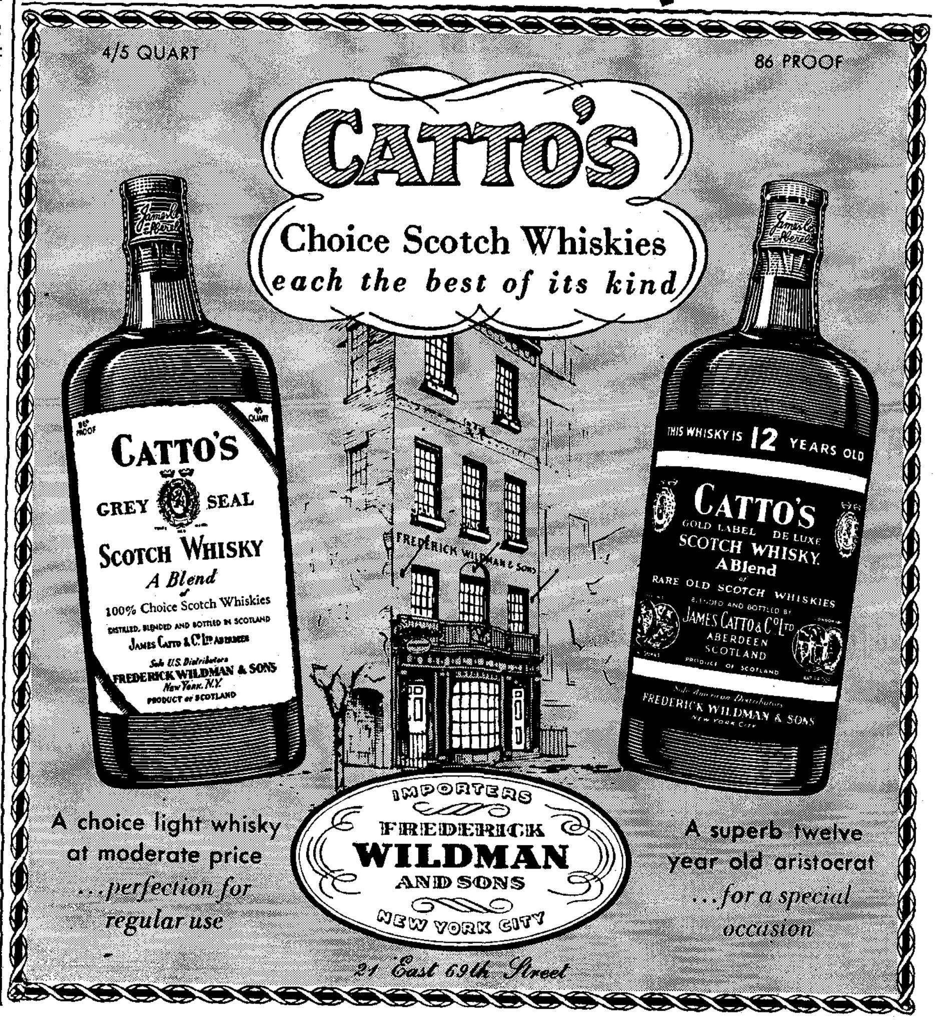
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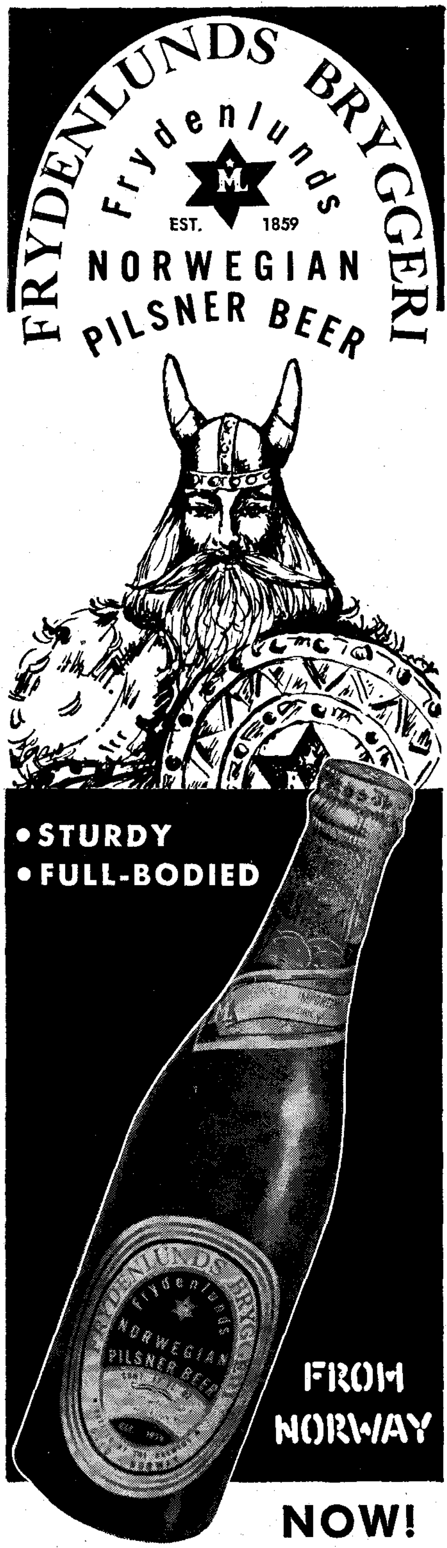

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viously meant for a Gertrude Lawrence or a Bea Lillie. Yet we—or at least Bernard and I—did not find it in the least incongruous, so I am sure that, for some equally curious reason, it wasn't. We would have been amazed, too, if anyone had found it funny. It couldn't have been that, either. Children are usually right about these things. Now, of course, I find the contrast between Uncle Chookie and his song ironic, but if children have any sort of innocence of mind left them by the time they are ten and twelve, as Bernard and I were, it is innocence of irony, so we could not have been expected to notice that.

IT was just after the McKechnies moved away from the house two doors up the street that my brother and I learned something new about Uncle Chookie. We three children were hanging about one afternoon watching the new people move in. I saw two boys about Bernard's age, with ears like the handles of pitchers, and then a rather strange-looking little girl, younger than I, with a thick neck and a babyish bow in her hair. She called out to me something that I didn't seem to hear properly, because I couldn't understand what it was she said, and then went into the house, banging the door behind her.

Bernard was not slow in getting to know people. Later in the same afternoon, he came back from playing with the two new boys.

"What's the matter with the sister?" I said. "She said something to me that I didn't hear, and then she slammed the door."

"She's loony," said Bernard, with relish. He rolled his eyes, clutched the front of his hair, and lolled his tongue out.

"You know you're not allowed to use that word," said Kate, looking at him with her customary disgust.

"Her brothers told me she's loony," said Bernard indignantly. "You know what? In their old house, she tore the pages out of the telephone book and stuffed them in the lavatory. You should just hear her—she makes the most awful noises, like an ol' cat." He gave a demonstration, brushing aside Katie's protests with "I'm loony! Ooh, I'm loony! I can't help it, I tell you, I'm loony!"

He and I fell upon one another, shrieking; I lay laughing, but he was too delighted with the idea of pretending to be mad and kept his tongue lolling out at Katie.

"Just you let Mother see you carrying on like that," said Katie. "Just you

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let her see you making fun of that kid."

"Look, my tongue's got all dry—feel it!" In his interest, Bernard forgot to be mad. When his tongue was comfortably moistened again, he said, "They'll have to send her to a loony bin when she's grown up."

"*Bernard!*" Katie was exasperated.

"Frightened of your Mommy! What will Mommy say?" Bernard taunted her.

Katie got the look on her face of having something behind her back that she didn't want to show anyone. "You know it's not that. You'll just hurt her feelings, that's all." She sat there looking at us.

"Why?" I asked, suddenly feeling awkward.

"Because," she said.

"She'd just say it was unkind to talk that way, that's all," I offered.

Katie shook her head. A hangnail on her thumb caught on the silk of her dress, and she lifted her thumb and bit at it with fierce concentration for a second or two. Then she said, "You know why. Because of Uncle Chookie. Uncle Chookie's *in* one."

Bernard shot her a fast aghast, derisive look. "*He's not!*"

"Oh, yes, he is," she said conversationally. "A mental hospital. That's where he always comes from, to visit us. Where d'you think he is all the time, and why don't we ever go to see him?"

"But he's not mad," I said, looking first at Katie and then at Bernard, and seeing Bernard as he had been a minute before, with his tongue hanging out and his eyes rolling. "Uncle Chookie's not mad?"

Katie shrugged. She put her smarting thumb to the warmth of her neck and looked at our stricken faces with a kind of ashamed satisfaction at the sight of her handiwork.

I SPENT a great deal of time trying to find out if what Katie had told us was true. I did everything but ask. That was impossible. Impossible, too, to speak about it to Bernard, who must have been as bewildered as I, or to Katie, who had accepted it and was apparently calmly going on with her life. It was true, of course, that my mother did not allow us to talk of "loonies," but then we were not allowed, either, to call black people "niggers" or "Kaffirs," nor could we, without reproof, be overheard referring to someone who squinted as "boss-eyed." So how was one to tell?

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stare, fascinated, at the thick-necked child in the garden two doors away, grunting in the dust where she wandered all day long, shut out of the house like some small, noisome animal. I watched her brothers when they came to play at our house with Bernard. I listened to my mother chattering to the native servant girl above the thick sound of batter being beaten in the kitchen.

I went into the bedroom I shared with Katie and looked at my eyes in the mirror. My mother's eyes. *His* eyes.

And when the voices of the others came out, very jolly round the piano in the evening, singing,

"... heart's right down in my shoes,
Just for that little boy who's
For-getting me..."

I dropped out of their circle, their jollity, and went off to my room, where I lay on my bed, eyes open in the dark, still hearing it.

One afternoon, when I had finished practicing, I took "Clowns in Clover" out of the pile of music and hid it in a box of my father's old technical books.

I NEVER really found out. Gradually, as I grew older, my mother began to talk as if it were accepted that I knew Uncle Chookie was in a mental hospital—as, I suppose, she had begun to talk before Katie when Katie was my age. And no doubt she expected that, like Katie, I would accept it simply as a piece of rather sad information. She never noticed the blankness with which I met the mention of his name; she never once sensed the hostility I felt—was it toward Uncle Chookie, for linking me inescapably with a world of horror and confusion that I half sensed, half imagined out of my fear, or toward my mother, until now my shield against all that was painful, for exposing me to this ugly awareness by having him for a brother, or toward myself, for carrying in my veins the blood of this gentle, kindly creature?

As we children began to grow up, the yearly visits were dropped. It may have been because my mother's brother, like a prisoner who learns to prefer the safety of prison to the bewilderment of the world outside, no longer wished to come, or maybe my mother felt that with Bernard thirteen, me almost fifteen, and Katie a young lady with suitors about, his presence might be an embarrassment. I remember what must have been the last time he came, though, and it was the last time I saw him. Immediately I had heard he was expected for the usual fortnight, I announced casually that I would be spending that par-

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ticular time with a friend with whom I often exchanged visits; I was at the age when girls have violently secretive friendships. But unfortunately he arrived a little earlier than he had been expected, and I had to meet him, after all—at the top of the stairs, in fact, just as I was coming down with my suitcase and my tennis racket in its initialled drawstring cover.

I had thought about him such a great deal and had not seen him for such a long time that the sight of him, like opening one's eyes to the plain, calm daylight of a room that has just been swollen and twisted as the *mise en scène* of a nightmare, shocked me into anticlimax. I stood there at the top of our stairs, and he stood a few steps below, holding an umbrella and a neat, shabby portmanteau, which accentuated the curve of his stoop. Each of us held back, waiting for the other to get out of the way first, like two nervous animals who do not recognize each other's scent. He was afraid, always afraid, and perhaps, for him, it was merely a confirmation of what he *knew*, to find that someone else—one of the others, outside of what he knew—was afraid, too. We met on his ground that day. As I looked at him—a graying, never-old, never-young man—guilt flamed through all my veins, as adrenalin comes with anger. But all that I had wound about him in my thoughts came up to obscure me from shame; guilt hardened into hostility and revulsion. Without a word, I bolted past him down the stairs.

In the fifteen years since, I have never had a chance to say that word I should have said then or to smile that smile. He died several years ago, out of sight, as he had lived. But the other day when I turned on the radio, I heard the song, the song from "Clowns in Clover." And I found myself remembering with real pleasure that slightly husky, mellow voice—the voice of Uncle Chookie. So perhaps I have made it all right—if such things are possible between this world and the next—between him and me.

—NADINE GORDIMER

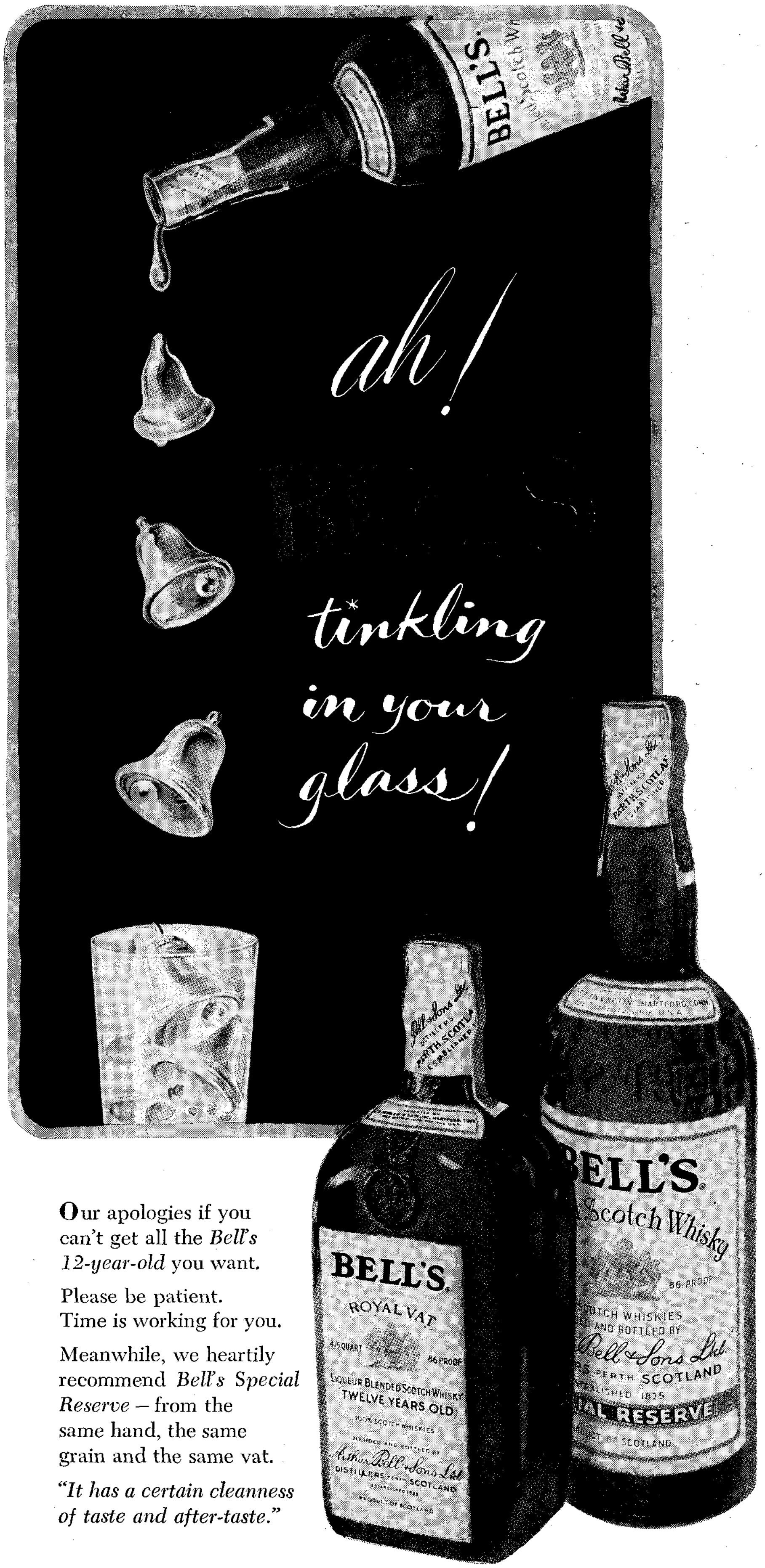
•

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

[*From the Mankato* (*Minn.*) *Free Press*]

The Book Lovers club of Mankato had its first fall get-together with the husbands of the members at a 6:30 dinner at the Burton hotel Thursday evening, September 18.

Following the dinner the group went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lloyd, 411 West Sixth street, to watch television.



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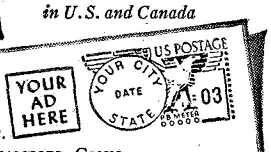

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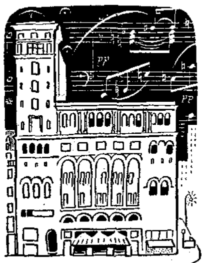


As a late-comer to the musical scene this season, I saw only the third of the week's six performances of "Sylvia" by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and hence missed the appearance of Margot Fonteyn in the title role on the opening night. I found myself quite gratified, however, by the Sylvia of Nadia Nerina, a dancer who, though perhaps lacking some of Miss Fonteyn's immaculate precision, makes up for this lack with her own good qualities, which include youth, striking looks, and a great deal of lyric spontaneity. Miss Nerina was, in fact, a constant delight, and my enthusiasm for her seemed to be shared by the packed audience, which applauded her unreservedly throughout the evening. The rest of the dancing, including that of her handsome partner, Alexis Rassine, I thought less brilliant, but all of it held to the dependable standard that one has learned to expect of the Sadler's Wells company. Aside from Miss Nerina's extraordinarily appealing performance, the memorable features of the evening lay in the production as a whole, and these were memorable indeed.

"Sylvia" is another of those full-length nineteenth-century classics that appear to be a specialty of the Sadler's Wells troupe and that it does with a mixture of antiquarian reverence and Victorian pomp such as no other I can recall has approached. It is ballet in the grand tradition, and, as such, accepts a number of challenges that do not confront the producers of more novel and less formal types of ballet. Its material—more or less conventional choreography, a quaint Second Empire plot dealing with the amorous doings of Greek gods, nymphs, and shepherds, and a score by Leo Delibes that has become dreadfully familiar as dinner music—easily lends itself to unintentional burlesque. One false move, and it would degenerate into intolerable corn. Frederick Ashton, the choreographer, and Robin and Christopher Ironside, the stage designers, not only have avoided false moves but have converted "Sylvia" into one of the most thoroughly enchanting stage spectacles seen hereabouts in some time. Part of the enchantment is in the sets, whose temples, ruins, grottoes, and improbably lush foliage recall the landscapes of Poussin and Claude Lorrain. Part also lies in the tender nostalgia with which they accept the once astounding trickery of nineteenth-century stage spectacles. In the second act, the god Eros, by a wave of the hand, causes the grotto in which the heroine is imprisoned to disappear elaborately into the surrounding shrubbery, and in the third a vision of Diana and Endymion appears between the clouds of the backdrop—and all this is done with a sort of restrained humor that invites you to recapture for the moment the awed state of mind of an onlooker who has never experienced the more realistic and commonplace spectacularity of the modern Technicolor extravaganza. You find yourself transported into an archaic world of make-believe, so archaic that you do not really believe the make-believe, but doubly entertaining for that very reason. Add to this a set of lavish costumes that enable Grecian huntresses, Persian villains, and rococo sorcerers to fit beautifully into the stage picture, and you have a total production that, in its way, is a flawless tour de force. The remaining ingredient of the enchantment is, of course, the dancing, which was everywhere adequate to the exacting needs of classical ballet. "Sylvia" is an exquisite period piece, done with affection and taste—one of the most nearly perfect things of its kind that the Sadler's Wells company has presented.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM RIGHT HERE

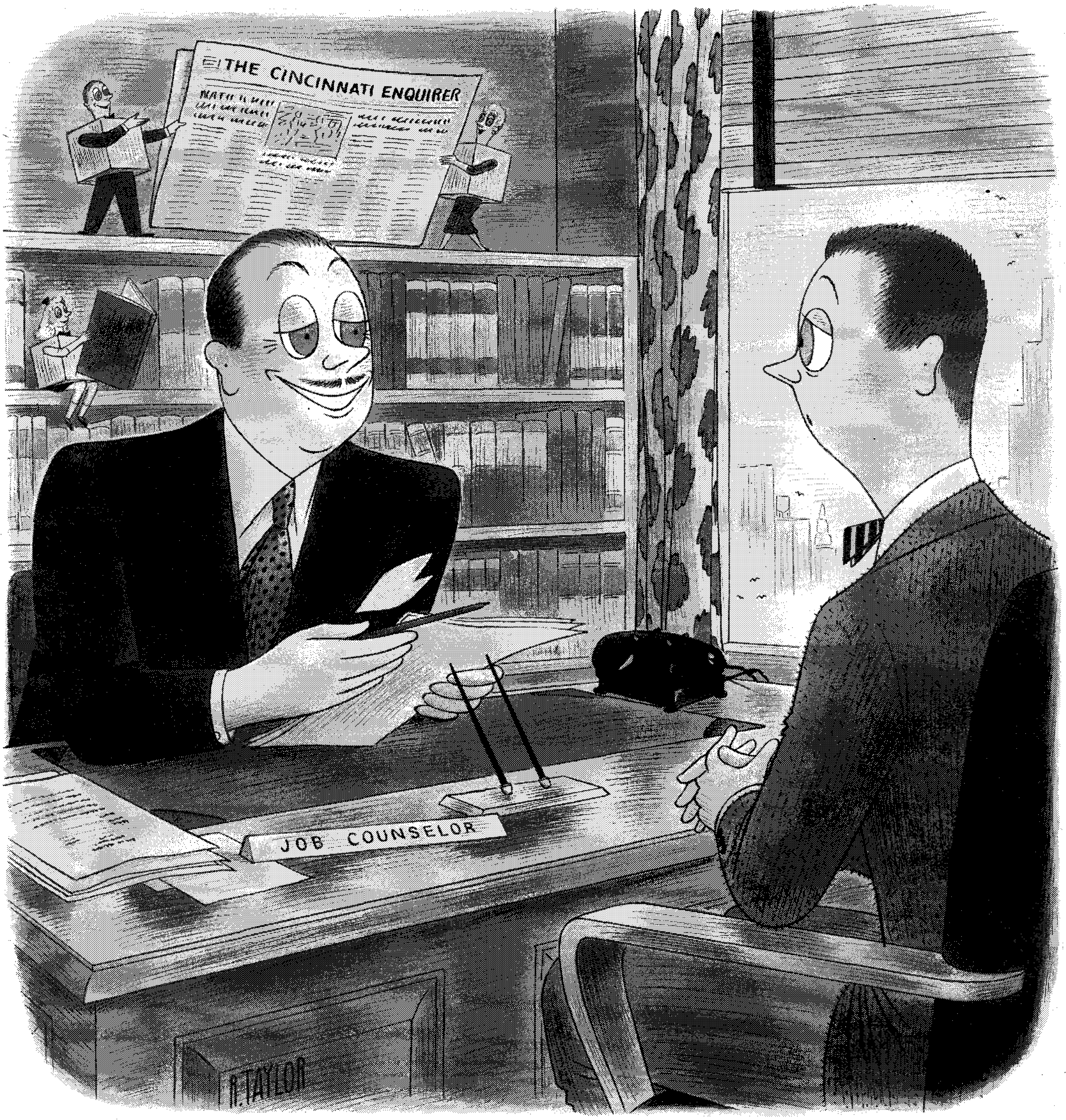
[*Charles Ventura in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

Easiest C-note she ever made, confessed socialite stylist Zita McClintock of Longine watch fortune yesterday during a Colony Restaurant party, was when she bet a scoffer that amount she could prove that U.S. Ambassador to Ceylon Philip Crowe was the right man to win friends and influence the leopard-shooting social clique in Ceylon. The scoffer ponied up post-haste when Zita took him around to the Explorer's Club and showed him a glassy-eyed cadaver of a water buffalo the Ambassador shot down in Indo-China.

•

The slow driver's offence is thoughtlessness, lack of consideration for others. It is just one factor in the traffic picture, one factor of many—for example in five days on the Pennsylvania Turnpike two drivers were murdered in their parked trucks—but even a minor cause of accidents is worth eliminating.—*Ottawa Journal.*

Oh, don't let's get *too* fussy!



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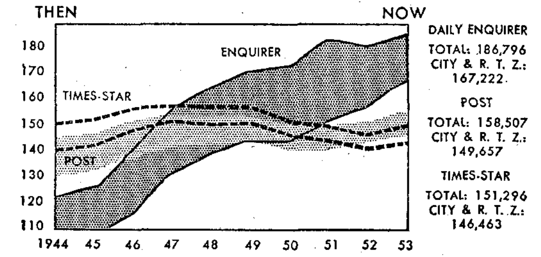

Source: A.B.C. Publishers' Statements, March 31 of each year

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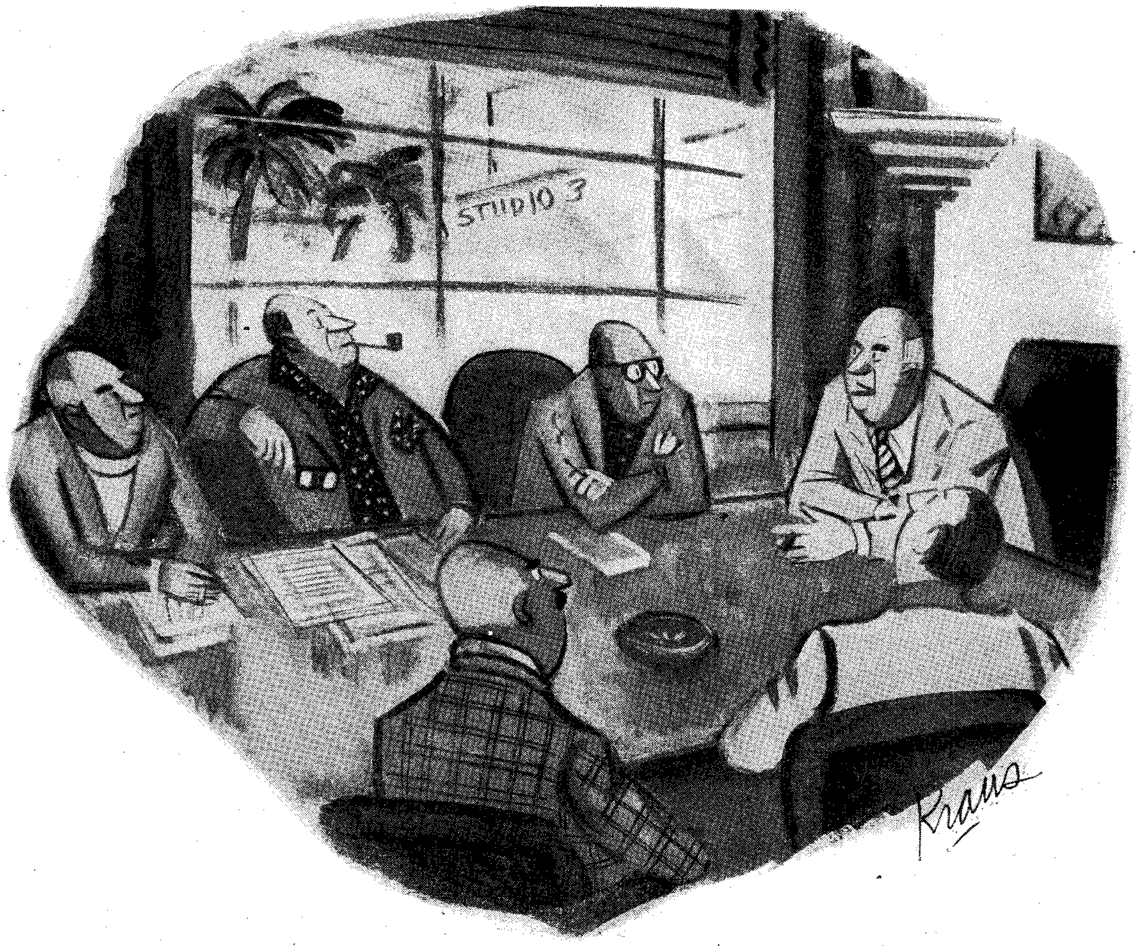
LETTER FROM VIENNA

ONE morning recently, I stopped in for breakfast at the Café Kremser, an old-fashioned Viennese coffeehouse that smells pleasantly of fresh coffee and stale tobacco smoke. The Kremser is on the Ringstrasse, halfway between the American-occupied Hotel Bristol and the Soviet-occupied Grand Hotel. Because of its location, the Kremser is a sort of Viennese Panmunjom, frequented by Americans from the Bristol and Russians from the Grand, who are equally fond of the coffee with *Schlagobers* (whipped cream) and the delicately crisp *Kaisersemmeln* (hard rolls), which are a major cultural heritage from the late Austrian monarchy. It's the kind of place where the waiter brings you a morning paper and a glass of water the moment you've sat down, and treats you as a friend after you've been there twice. On this day, the paper was well worth reading. I had arrived in Vienna the night before on my first visit in almost a year, and a lot of things had happened in my absence. The Soviets had transferred their control of Austria's Russian Zone from military to civilian hands; Ivan Ivanovich Ilyichev had been appointed High Commissioner of the Zone, replacing Colonel General Vadim P. Sviridov. They had lifted military controls over passenger and freight traffic across the Zone boundary, permitting Austrians to travel freely about their own country for the first time since the end of the war. They had authorized the resumption of airmail service between Austria and West Germany, East Germany, and Japan. They had decreed that Austrian firms no longer needed permits to export products from the Soviet Zone. They had released to the Austrians certain port installations on the Danube that previously were set aside for the Soviet Danube Fleet. And they had permitted the Austrian government once again to award decorations for meritorious service, a privilege previously denied on the ground that the political reliability of the recipients was not sufficiently taken into account. As of now, the Austrian government can award thirteen kinds of decoration, ranging from the Grand Star of the Insignia of Honor, which is reserved for the highest dignitaries, to the Bronze Medal, which people receive for saving a child from drowning, or some such. Nothing could be more gratifying to the Austrians, who love medals even better than money.

Though I hadn't yet ordered, my waiter, who had served me several times in the past, brought me an *Einspänner*, which is black coffee in a glass, and topped off with whipped cream; a Viennese waiter never forgets a guest's coffee-drinking habits. He pointed surreptitiously at a nearby table where three men and a woman were talking in Russian. "The man with the sandy hair is the composer Dimitri Shostakovich," he told me, in a low voice. "The gray-haired one is the film director Grigori Alexandrov. They have breakfast here every morning. I asked Shostakovich to sign my autograph book, but he didn't want to. Then he looked through it, and when he saw the signature of Robert Stolz, he signed right away. Here, I'll show it to you." In Vienna, it is not unusual for a waiter to carry an autograph book around with him and ask prominent guests to write in it. In the book he handed me, Shostakovich had written several words in Russian. "It says, 'On my journey to Vienna, in June, 1953, D. Shostakovich,' " my waiter informed me. On the page that had softened the composer's resistance were inscribed the first bars of the popular Viennese *lied* "Im Prater Blüh'n Wieder die Bäume" and the signature of Robert Stolz, who is also responsible for "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time" and many other songs. The waiter told me that the Russian *Herren* were good customers. "They want plenty of *Schlag* and love our *Kaisersemmeln*," he said. The Viennese approve of people who breakfast on coffee with *Schlag* and *Kaisersemmeln*, and are instinctively suspicious of those who prefer tea and toast, or grapefruit and cereal.

The presence of Shostakovich made me wonder



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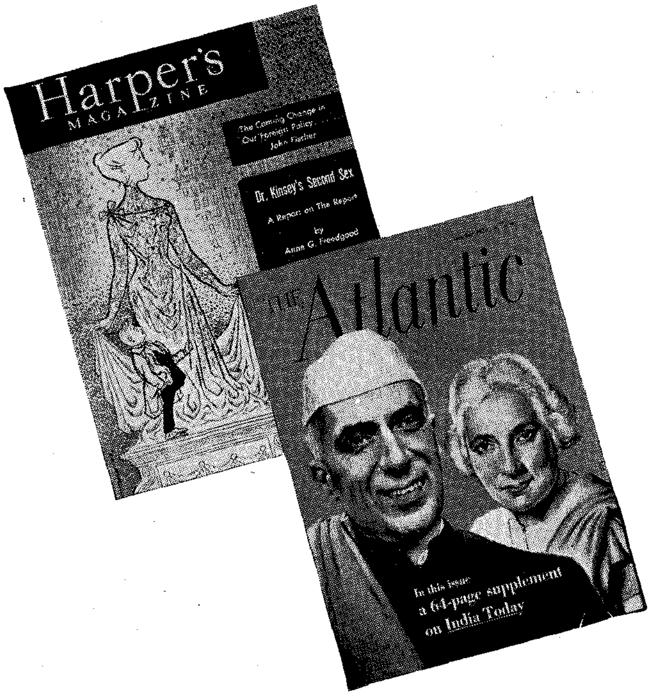
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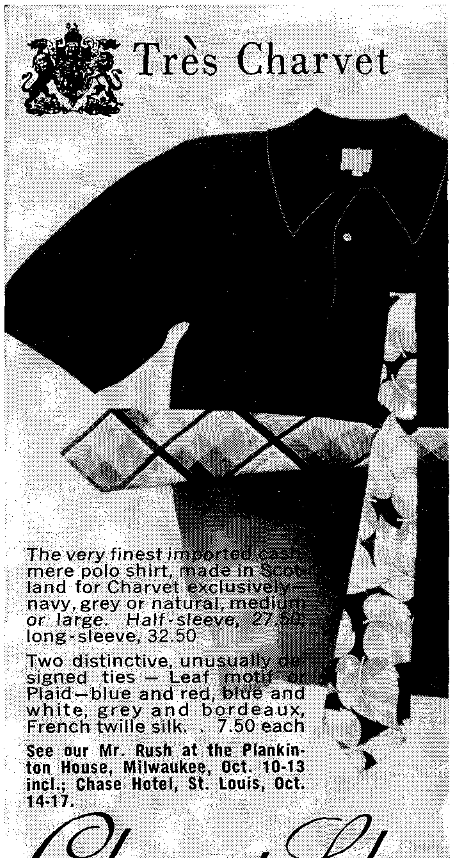

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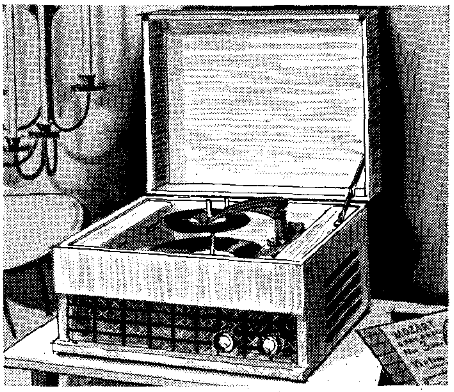
whether there might be some connection between his being seen in such a public spot and the new Soviet attitude of conciliation. Such speculation is common among Americans in Vienna, where the question "What are the Russians up to now?" is always good for another round of coffee. New arrivals from the States usually proffer a number of theories, while those who have been here a while are inclined to wait and see. But even old Vienna hands to whom I have talked recently admit that the latest Russian policy has had some potent effects. At Russian highway control points, motorists who automatically slow down to show their papers to the Soviet guards are told, "*Nix Kontroll, fahr schnell!*" and the wooden road barriers have been raised and decorated with flowers and evergreens. General Sviridov, who is still the supreme Soviet troop commander in Austria and whose public appearances in Vienna in the past were always formal and suitably grim—in uniform with all his medals—was seen attending a performance of the American Ballet Theatre at the Volksoper wearing a blue suit and a broad smile and applauding vigorously after each curtain. The next day, two pretty naïve young ladies of the ballet company walked into the Grand Hotel and asked for some luggage labels as souvenirs. A polite Soviet officer told them he was sorry but the Grand was temporarily out of labels, and the young ladies went blithely on their way. In 1947, a visiting American diplomat entered the Grand by mistake and was held prisoner for eight hours. Several months ago, in the old, tough days, an American lieutenant colonel got lost while walking in the Vienna Woods and inadvertently crossed over into the Soviet Zone; he had to spend nine hours in the Soviet Kommandantura before being released. Now American soldiers who go walking in the woods with their girls and happen to stroll across the line are picked up by Soviet patrols and handed back to the Americans with no fuss at all.

THE Austrians, in their delight over the new Russian attitude, have apparently forgotten that the Western Allies made similar concessions beginning as far back as 1946, when they let Austrians travel freely in the West's zones. In August, 1949, the Americans abolished highway controls inside their zone, and in August, 1951, they abolished military controls at the borders of their zone. There were no outbursts of joy among the population. "The Americans only did what was expected of them,"



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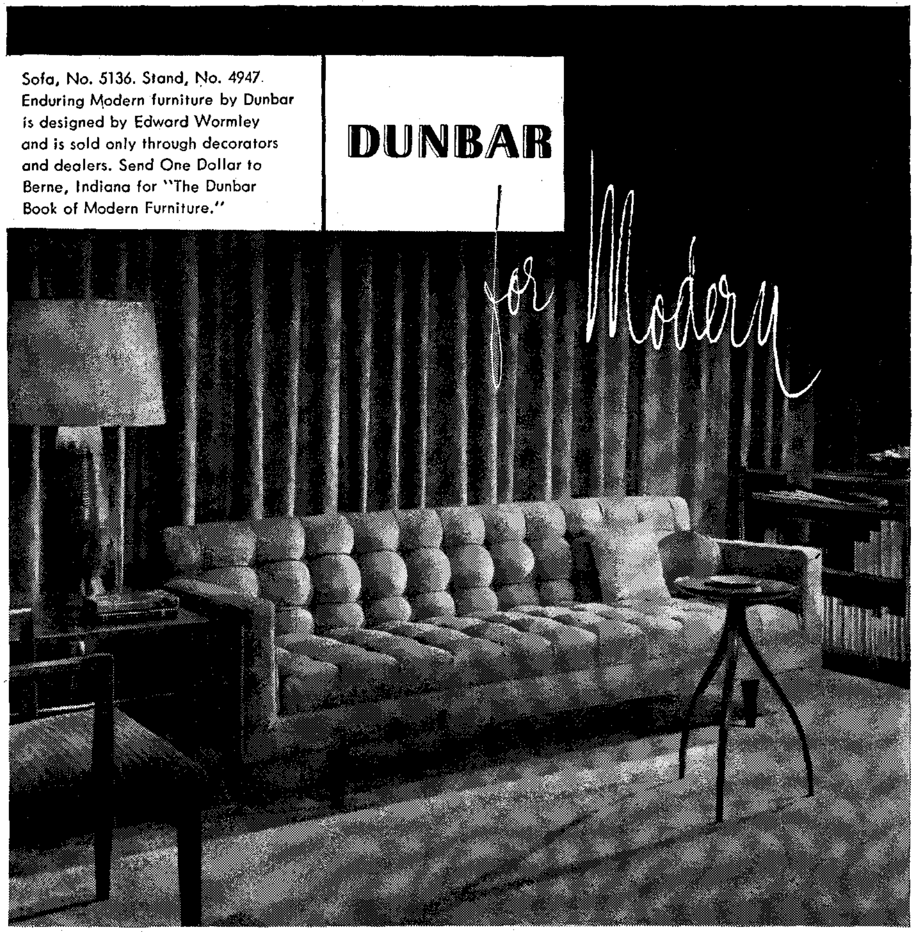
an Austrian told me blandly the other day. During the recent wave of exultation throughout the country, even Austrians in high places seem to have overlooked the fact that the Soviets have not yet made any major concessions. Chancellor Julius Raab, the forceful, ambitious leader of the business-and-industry faction in the Catholic People's Party, has proclaimed that "the Russians are prepared to come to an understanding." Actually, the Russians have offered no proof of such preparedness. The Austrian peace treaty remains unsigned. Nothing has been said about withdrawing the fifty thousand Russian troops that are now on Austrian soil. In their zone, the Russians still encroach upon Austrian jurisdiction and interfere with domestic affairs, still hold many political prisoners in the penitentiary at Stein (they have, however, agreed to release six hundred Austrian nationals who are now confined in Soviet prison camps on various political charges), and still run several large Austrian properties, among them the Zistersdorf oil fields, which have become Europe's largest source of petroleum west of the Soviet Union. Four-man teams of the International Patrol still ride around in sedans—the Western Allies supply Chevrolets for three months at a time and the Soviets a Pobeda (Victory) every fourth month—but there is never any friendliness between the Western and Russian soldiers. Not long ago, the Soviet and American members of a patrol got into a soldierly argument over who should sit next to the driver. The Russian called the American a "fat boy," and the American retorted that the Russian, who had big ears, looked like "a Viennese taxi going downhill with both doors open." This exchange of courtesies, carried on in bad German, had to be straightened out at a special meeting of the four provost marshals of the Vienna Interallied Command. On the day I arrived, two Russians killed a girl in the suburb of Mödling, in the Russian Zone. With the exception of the American-controlled *Wiener Kurier*, which calls a Russian a Russian, the Viennese papers politely referred to the criminals as "two uniformed deserters from the occupation forces."

By timing their minor concessions nicely, the Soviets have won the most recent round in the interminable tug-of-war between the East and the West in Austria. There is now neutralist talk even in anti-Communist circles; one hears the old, familiar remark that "the Russians aren't so bad, after all." The new situation appears to play directly in-



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to the hands of Chancellor Raab, whose friends give him credit for the Soviet concessions and ignore critics who point out that no one outside the Kremlin has any reason to claim credit for anything the Russians do. Raab has completely eclipsed his predecessor, Leopold Figl, a warmhearted, courageous man who steered Austria through the difficult postwar years and who once, at the unveiling of a Red Army monument in Vienna in 1946, had the audacity to utter some kind words about what the Western Allies had done for his listeners. But Figl represented the farmers' interests in the People's Party, and though the Austrian farmers constitute a powerful element in times of crisis, they always lose ground during an era of prosperity, when the businessmen and industrialists come to the fore. And the spokesman of the businessmen and industrialists is Raab, a man who talks a good deal about "realities."

In the most recent elections, last February, the Austrians voted overwhelmingly for the two parties that have made up Austria's coalition government since 1945—the People's Party and the Socialists. The Socialists led the People's Party by thirty-seven thousand votes but, owing to a peculiar twist in the election laws, got one less parliamentary seat. The extremists were decisively beaten; the Communist Party got five per cent of the vote and the neo-Nazi Verband der Unabhängigen got eleven per cent. But if Austrian politics are fairly settled, the economic facts of life are often bizarre. Until last year, an Austrian trying to open a business with fewer than twenty employees had to obtain a license from a committee of his competitors. Restrictive trade practices and archaic guild rules, some of which go back to the era of the Empress Maria Theresa, are still in force. Merchants caught keeping their stores open as little as five minutes past the closing hour are fined. Over a hundred and thirty thousand people, out of a population of seven million, are unemployed, and so far no solution has been found for this problem. But the runaway inflation, which in one year, 1951, drove prices up forty per cent, has been checked; the schilling is stable; industrial production has risen to a hundred and seventy per cent of the prewar level. These are sad days for the black-marketeers who hang around the Café Mozart; people now go to the banks to change foreign currency, at the official rate. Still, money is scarce. The shops are full of unbought goods, and doctors and dentists com-

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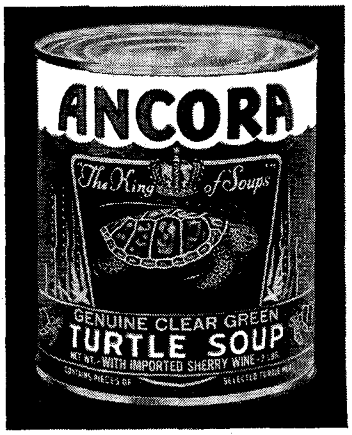

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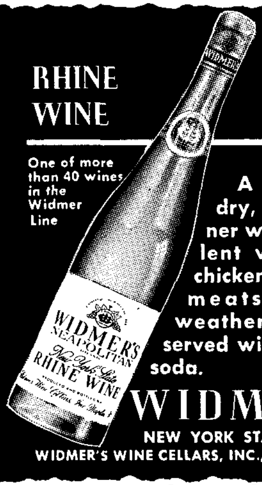

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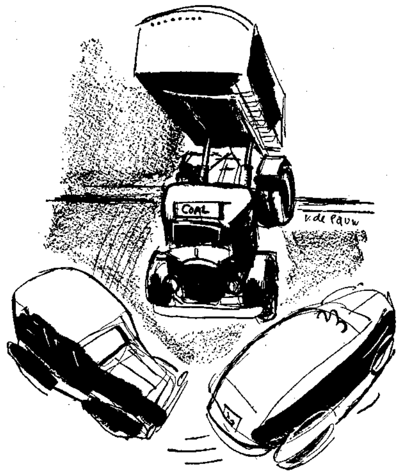
plain volubly that patients aren't paying their bills.

DESPITE all the difficulties of life here, the charm of the city seems to be indestructible. Talk of an impending Third World War has subsided, and with it the dreadful feeling of claustrophobia that used to afflict Americans in the city, surrounded (as they still are) by the Soviet Zone and its Red Army. (The American forces in Vienna at present consist of three military-police companies and one headquarters company.) Many Americans have taken up the Viennese habit of having an afternoon snack at Demel's, whose owner, Christian Demel, was once the confectioner to the Imperial Court. Veteran Demel waitresses, many of them now dignified ladies in their sixties, can recall the days when the establishment's discipline was so strict that they were marched to church in formation on Sundays. They still are forbidden to address the customers except in the third person. Demel's is always putting on some sort of special show. Currently, its large windows are filled with an exhibition of various *Torten* and their recipes, which date back to the nineteenth century.

A frequent guest at Demel's is President Theodor Körner of Austria, a slender, white-bearded man of eighty and a descendant of an old, aristocratic family whose name was originally von Körner. He was once a general in the Kaiser's Army, and right after the Second World War he became Mayor of Vienna. He is often seen in the streets of Vienna—an erect figure, despite his age, walking along without a bodyguard and without hat or topcoat, even in wintertime. He likes to shop and to talk with the people and listen to their problems—a latter-day Harun al-Rashid. Körner loves music and often attends concerts and the Opera. Every year, he



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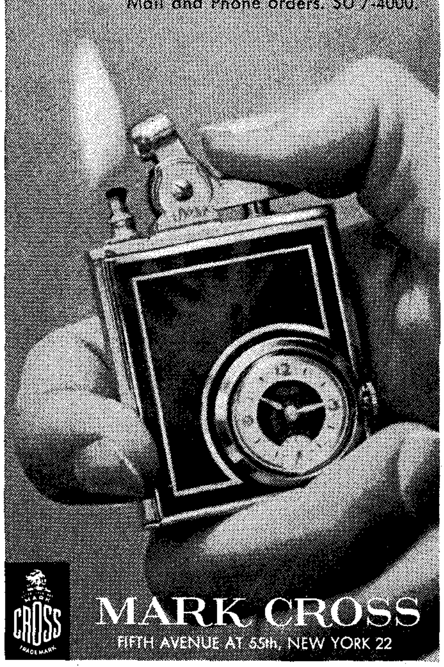

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Anyone who dislikes music would have a hard time in Vienna. When the International Chamber of Commerce convened here earlier this year, it held its sessions in the Konzerthaus, which is the largest hall in town; on the first day, the delegates listened to the Wiener Symphoniker play the "Festliches Praeludium," composed by Richard Strauss for the opening of the Konzerthaus in 1913. Throughout the delegates' stay, their business meetings were interspersed with music. When it came time to go home, a bemused American executive told one of his Viennese hosts, "I've heard more damn music during this congress than I've heard in my whole life back in the States." During the annual festival, the Vienna State Opera performed twenty-two different operas on twenty-two successive evenings. On one night recently, three State Opera companies, all of them first-rate, performed three operas simultaneously—"La Forza del Destino" at the Theater an der Wien, "Tannhäuser" at the Volksoper, and "The Marriage of Figaro" in the courtyard of Schönbrunn Palace. It is typical of this city that at the end of the third act of "The Marriage of Figaro," as Figaro and Susanna started their wedding procession, the castle was lighted up and its baroque façade became part of the stage décor. It is also typical that in the course of a lawsuit brought by a Yugoslav baritone against the Opera for breach of contract, the court held a session on the stage of the Konzerthaus, where the plaintiff rendered several arias for the judge in order to disprove the Opera's claim that he wasn't good enough. The judge happened to be a former teacher at the Music Academy, who, as one Viennese paper noted with delight, "always carries musical scores as well as lawbooks in his briefcase," and the baritone won his suit.

DURING my first week in Vienna, I saw Shostakovich every night at the Opera or at a concert and every morning at the Café Kremser, but we did not establish even a nodding acquaintance, the way two strangers who keep running into each other in less complex parts of the world often do. As an admirer of Shostakovich's music, I rather hoped that I would get a chance to meet the man, and when it became apparent that I would not at the Café Kremser, I asked a Russian correspondent for Tass, the official Soviet news agency, with whom I had a slight ac-

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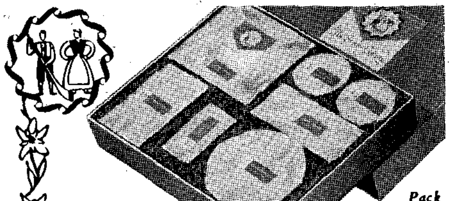

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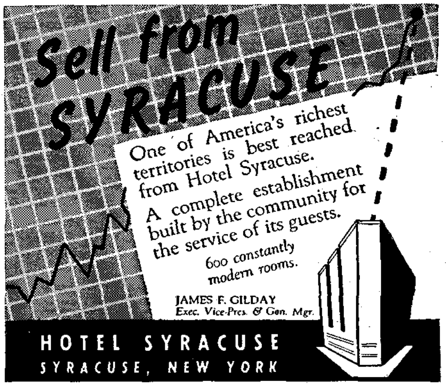

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quaintance, if he knew how it could be arranged; it seemed as good a moment as any to test the Russians’ new sweetness-and-light policy. The correspondent said sure, he could fix it up, but in view of experiences I’d had with Soviet correspondents, I assumed that that was the last I would hear from him on the subject. To my surprise, he called me up the next morning at my room in the Bristol and said, “You are invited to a private reception in honor of Shostakovich at the Soviet Embassy tonight. Where shall I bring the invitation, *Herr Kollege* [colleague]?”

I told him anyplace that suited him, and tried to think of some spot that he would consider correct and neutral. I could hardly believe my ears; as far as I knew, no American correspondent had been invited to the Soviet Embassy since the start of the cold war.

“Suppose I bring it to the Bristol?” the Tass man said.

“Would you come here?” I asked, more astonished than ever. In the past, a Soviet correspondent would have been more likely to arrange to meet an American correspondent on the moon.

“But of course,” he said. “I’ll be over in half an hour.”

He showed up as promised, and I met him in the lobby. He gave me an invitation, typed in German, that read, “A delegation of Soviet *Kulturschaffende* [culture creators] is in Vienna for a short stay. . . . The plenipotentiary of the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations with the Countries Abroad has the honor to invite you most cordially for cocktails, from 8:30 to 10:30 P.M. . . . Street clothes.”

“Just fill in your name,” said the Tass man. “I’ll be there myself, and I’ll introduce you to Shostakovich.” He looked around the lobby and said it wasn’t bad there. Mindful of the new trend, I invited him to lunch. He replied that his wife was waiting for him at home, but he accepted a drink at the bar.

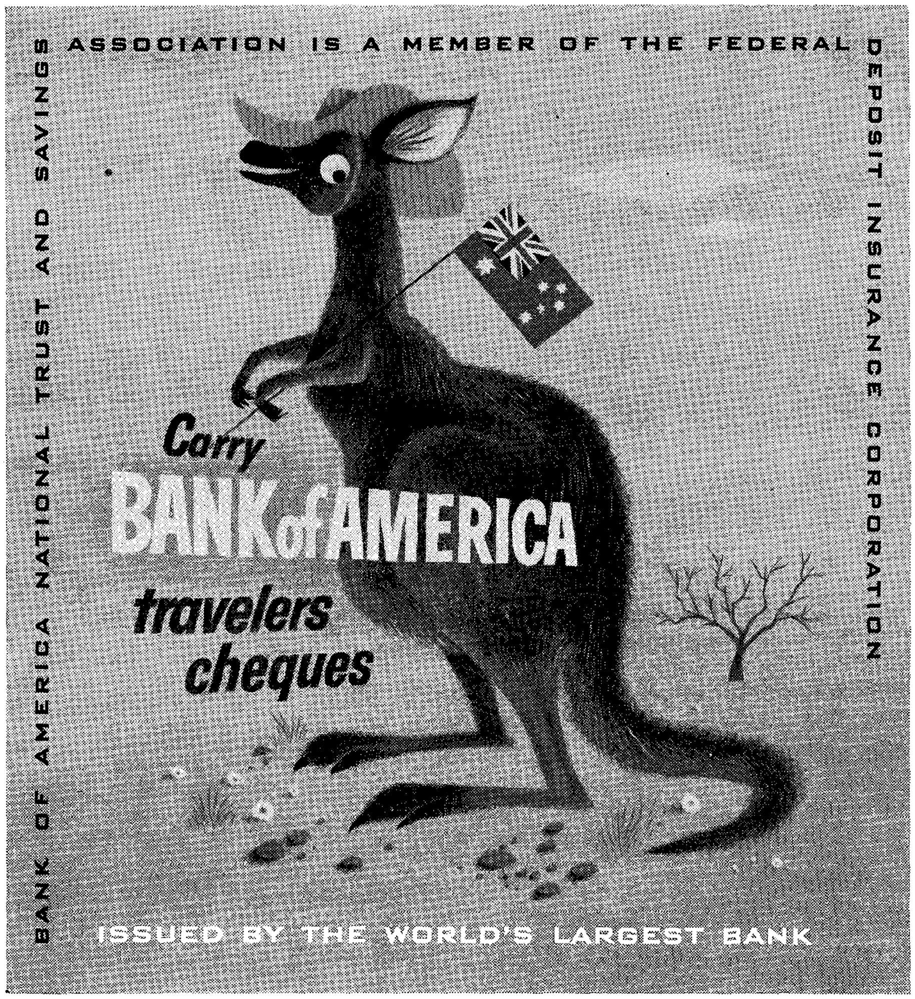
“Whiskey?” I asked.

“By all means,” he said.

When the drinks came, he raised his glass and said, “To peace.”

“To peace,” I said.

A few Americans who were seated nearby watched us curiously. The Bristol is full of Americans who have to do business with the Russians in the day-to-day operations of the Allied Council. If the Americans remain cool toward them in the months to come, the Communist press may accuse them of being “warmongers;” on the other hand, if the Americans enter into social relations



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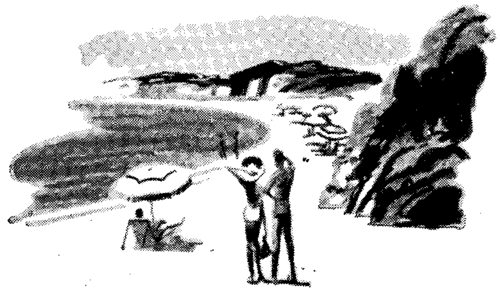

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with them, embarrassing questions may be asked back home. It's quite a dilemma.

That night, I left the State Opera before the end of a fine performance of "Ariadne auf Naxos" and drove over to the Soviet Embassy, on Reisnerstrasse. The Embassy is in the formerly aristocratic Third District, and the Third District is in the British sector—just another instance of the geographical confusion that arises in a city as split up as Vienna. The building dates from the early nineteenth century, prior to the Congress of Vienna; it was severely bombed during the last war and little remains of its original façade. It was almost completely rebuilt after the war, in accordance with Moscow specifications, which called for an ugly neoclassical style. When I arrived, the building was brilliantly lighted. The doors were wide open, and I walked in. At the foot of a large marble staircase, a man in civilian clothes wished me *Guten Abend*. When I showed him my invitation, he barely glanced at it and then asked me to go up to the second floor. There seemed to be no one else around. Upstairs, all the doors were open. Crystal chandeliers gleamed above red carpets and a profusion of marble. After walking through several rooms, I came upon a reception hall where groups of men and women were standing around talking. A large buffet had been set up along one wall. Most of the men were wearing square-cut jackets that fell straight down as though made of wood, and bell-bottomed pants. The Tass correspondent came over to me and we shook hands. I asked him who the other guests were and he pointed out members of the Soviet diplomatic colony, two high-ranking Red Army officers, and diplomats of the satellite states. Several of the guests had brought their wives. He then led me to one end of the buffet, where many small glasses of vodka were arranged on a tray. He gave me a glass and took one himself. "Russian vodka," he said, and looked at me expectantly.

I didn't let him down. "To peace," I said.

"To peace," he said.

The vodka was good but unusually mild. I remarked that a very acceptable vodka was being made in the States these days. At this point, a man who had been standing nearby, listening to us, stepped up, and the Tass correspondent introduced him as a colleague who had been in America. "You must mean Smirnoff vodka," the newcomer said, smiling agreeably. "Not bad, but the

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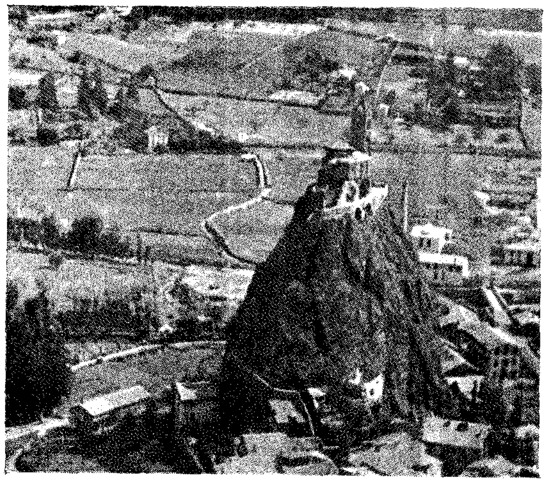

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really good vodka—all good vodka—comes from Russia."

The three of us moved along the buffet, and the Tass man filled a plate for me. "There's only red caviar," he said apologetically. "But the next time you come we'll have black. From Astrakhan."

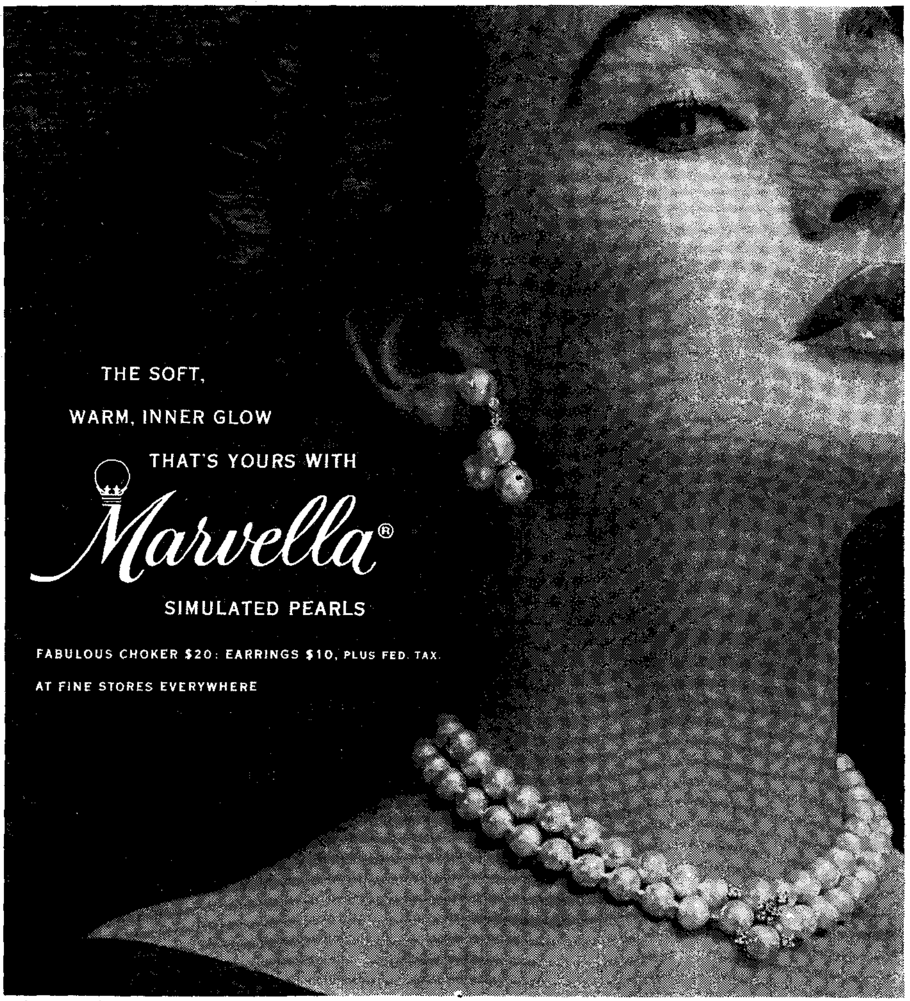
"Yes, you must come again," said the other man.

"Another vodka?" said the Tass man. "And perhaps a little walk through the hall?"

It was 1946 all over again, when we Americans were invited to the Soviet Officers' Club at the Hofburg in Vienna, and to similar receptions in Prague, Warsaw, and Budapest, at which each toast was a ritual and even the walk through the hall was part of a prearranged program, like an obligatory visit to a state farm or a new steel plant or a workers' library. The Tass man took my arm, pointing out more prominent guests and talking conversationally. Next week, his wife and child were going to Moscow, he said. It would mean a long train trip for them—three days and three nights, by way of Kiev. The child would go to school in Moscow; there was no real school in Austria for the children of Soviet Occupation personnel—only a kindergarten for the smallest of them. The Tass man went on to say regretfully that there was also no place in Vienna where he could get *borsch* and *pirogy* and other Russian dishes; the cooking at the officers' messes and at the Grand Hotel was done by Austrians. "Always Wiener schnitzel," he said. "But we have good wine from the Crimea in our stores for fourteen schillings [fifty-six cents] a bottle."

I asked him how he liked life in Vienna.

"I like my work here," he said in an expressionless voice. "And skiing in winter. I come from Siberia, where we



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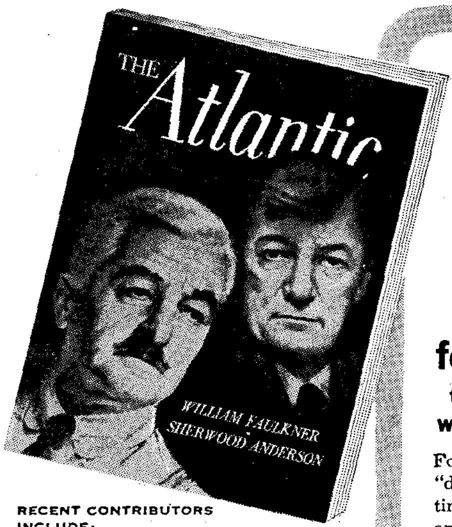

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do a lot of skiing. If you ever go to Russia, you must travel there. And you must see the wonderful new cities the Soviet Union has built in Central Asia. Tell me," he went on, lowering his voice, "that car I saw you in, it is a new one?"

I said it was a new Buick.

"Does it have what they call automatic transmission?"

"Yes, it does."

"And you do no shifting when you stop and start again? Amazing!"

I invited him to take a ride with me some day, and he accepted with pleasure.

A man in a blue suit and pearl-gray tie joined us and was introduced as the *Pravda* correspondent. "Well, well, well!" he said to me, with a smile. "Aren't you a little worried about being here alone among us? What would the people back home say if they could see you now?" The Russians enjoyed this little joke, chuckling and nudging each other. Then, for a few minutes I had to listen to the old line about how American correspondents can write only what their Wall Street employers want them to write and how they are always looking for the worst when they write about the Soviet Union. In spite of this, the *Pravda* man said, the Soviet Union had decided to let Westerners in, as soon as Intourist, the Soviet travel agency, had completed the necessary arrangements.

"And when the Americans come to Russia, they will be free to go anywhere they want," the Tass man said.

"They'll see with their own eyes what we have achieved," said the *Pravda* man.

"The *Kollege* has a new car with automatic transmission," the Tass man said to the *Pravda* man. "No shifting whatsoever. Just steps on the gas and goes."

"Do many people in America own cars like that?" the *Pravda* man asked.

"Millions," I said.

There was a short silence, and then the two Russians showed me into an adjoining room, where Shostakovich was sitting at a table with some other men. They brought him over and introduced him. Shostakovich is a frail man who looks younger than his age, which is forty-seven; his appearance makes one wonder how he could have had the physical endurance to create such a great work of art as his Seventh Symphony during the shattering siege of Leningrad twelve years ago. He was wearing brown-rimmed glasses and kept puffing nervously on a long cigarette. His hands were trembling a

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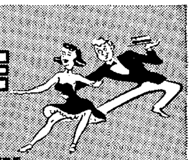

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little and he spoke in a low voice. Serious composers everywhere have their problems—such as how to make a living and be a composer at the same time—but Shostakovich must have faced a few problems that Western composers don't have to contend with. Back in 1931, when he was twenty-five, he wrote, "Music cannot be without a political basis, an idea which the bourgeoisie finds hard to understand. . . . Music is no longer an end in itself but a living weapon in the struggle." Five years later, he was accused of "counter-revolutionary tendencies," and his Fourth Symphony, which was already in the hands of the Leningrad Philharmonic, was withdrawn and has never been performed. His Fifth Symphony, which he composed in 1937, was received enthusiastically, but later, along with Prokofiev and some other Soviet composers, he appeared to be in trouble again. Presumably he is once more in good standing with the Party; otherwise, he would hardly have been allowed to travel even as far as Vienna.

Shostakovich told me, through the Tass man, that he was working on his Tenth Symphony, which would bring to an end a cycle that had started with his Seventh. Like each of his other works, he said, the Tenth will have a central theme, but he didn't want to discuss it until it was completed. He had just written a string quartet, his fifth, and was working on a violin concerto. He didn't know much about the technique and the possibilities of the violin and had been consulting the greatest living Russian violinist, David Oïstrakh, on the subject. Oïstrakh was going to perform the concerto at its première in Moscow this fall. I ventured the opinion that it would probably be a difficult concerto, adding that some of Shostakovich's chamber music seemed very difficult to me.

Shostakovich looked surprised. "That's not what Oïstrakh says," he

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replied. "*He* doesn't have any trouble with it."

Shostakovich went on to say that he was working hard, and always working. In Moscow, he gets up at seven and immediately starts composing; he has a house in the country, and when he is there he starts at five. He was aware that his works are being played in the United States; he had heard several American recordings of them and liked those conducted by Koussevitzky, Toscanini, and Stokowski best. When I asked what composers are most often performed in Russia, he named Bach, Beethoven, Glinka, and Moussorgsky. Of course, he added quickly, *all* composers are performed in Russia. Running his fingers through his short hair, he said, "Just before I left Moscow, I listened to Gustav Mahler's First Symphony. [Mahler was artistic director of the Imperial Vienna Opera from 1897 to 1907.] Only the formalism of certain moderns is rejected by our audiences."

"Schoenberg?" I asked.

"Schoenberg is performed up to the time of his *Gurre-Lieder*, in the early nineteen-hundreds," said Shostakovich. He thereupon got up and excused himself, saying he'd had a hard day, and went back to his table.

I had a last glass of vodka with my Russian *Kollegen.*

"We must have another meeting soon," the Tass man said to me.

"Yes," said the *Pravda* man. "You must come again."

Then I walked down the marble staircase and through the open doors into the dark street, and drove off in my Buick, without shifting gears once.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

The heavy rains during the latter part of last week were welcome for crops in Columbia County but were not at all helpful to the 101st Annual Columbia County Fair. Platitudes are due Harold Lochner, Fair Secretary and Manager, and the many others who worked so hard to make the Fair a worthwhile event. While the rains almost washed away the entire Fair Grounds and nullified any chance for the Fair Association to make a profit Lochner and his colleagues can know that their efforts were appreciated.—*Portage (Wis.) Columbian.*

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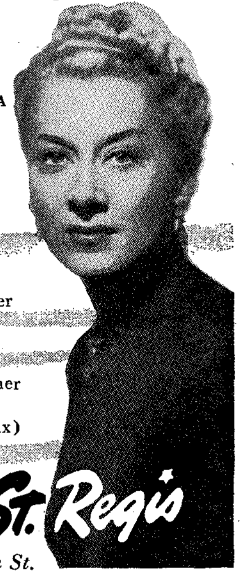

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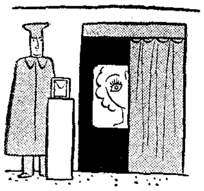

IN the four films I saw last week, one toothsome actress, three celebrated actors, and a small boy unknown to me were in evidence. The actress was Ava Gardner, the actors were Alec Guinness, Clark Gable, and Jean Gabin, and the small boy was Richie Andrusco. At the risk of being unkind to a lissome lady and to three gentlemen who have the best of intentions, I'd like to suggest that Master Andrusco is a little child who could lead them all. In "Little Fugitive," a film that shows something of the same understanding of the workings of children's minds that Richard Hughes demonstrated in his novel "The Innocent Voyage," the Andrusco lad is called upon to convey the reactions of a seven-year-old to situations that would send an adult babbling to a psychiatrist, and he never makes a false move. The film, made here in the city on a small cash outlay, is the creation of Morris Engel, who was assisted by his wife, Ruth Orkin, and by Ray Ashley. Except for the excellent photography, for which Mr. Engel is entirely responsible, the three have so mixed up their functions in making the picture that it is impossible to say where one leaves off and another takes over, so let me just indulge in one large and undetailed hurrah for all three.

The plot that holds "Little Fugitive" together is reminiscent of "The Bicycle Thief" in its simplicity, and if the film lacks some of the dramatic wallop of the De Sica picture, it has just as acute an appreciation of social decencies and confusions and is almost as skillful in keeping the observer wavering between tears and laughter. Possibly a trifle slow in getting its footing, "Little Fugitive" begins with a few scenes in Brooklyn, where Master Andrusco is supposed to be a sort of tiny albatross around the necks of his older brother and a couple of his brother's friends, who are all about twelve. A crisis is reached when the older brother finds that a scheduled trip to Coney Island has been cancelled because he has to take care of the little one. To get back at the small fry, the older boys arrange to have a shooting match with a real rifle, which one of them has stolen from his father, and in the course of the uproar, they convince Master Andrusco that he has fatally shot his brother, which he hasn't done at all. At this point, the movie really gets under way; the small hero swipes a couple of dollars from his house and then heads nervously for the subway, where he happens onto a train bound for Brighton Beach. The ensuing scenes at Coney Island are uniformly diverting, what with the seven-year-old only occasionally remembering that he is, after all, a murderer, and the rest of the time burying his very brief sorrows in a hilarious whirl among mobs of sun worshippers. Apart from offering the pleasant prospect of watching an engaging child having the time of his life, "Little Fugitive" is full of fine ironic glimpses of Coney Islanders at their play. In the supporting cast, Jay Williams and Will Lee are particularly estimable. They play a pony-ride man and a photographer, respectively, and they make you feel that they really like kids.

HAVING lingered a bit on "Little Fugitive," I'll try to be briefer about Alec Guinness in "The Captain's Paradise," Ava Gardner and Clark Gable in "Mogambo," and Jean Gabin in "The Night Is My Kingdom." Mr. Guinness, this time out, is at his superb best as the captain of a ship plying between Gibraltar and Morocco. In Gibraltar, he has a very proper wife, and with her he is a very proper husband, but in Morocco he is married to a hell of a jaunty female, and with her he is what you would expect. I must say that the two ladies in the case—Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo—make bigamy seem enormously appealing. . . . "Mogambo" features a great many wild animals on the loose in Africa, and Mr. Gable as a mighty hunter, for whose affections Miss Gardner and Grace Kelly vie. As directed by John Ford, the picture never takes itself too seriously, and unless you're exhausted with the exercises in Dark Continent zoology so common in the movies nowadays, you might find some pleasure in it. . . . "The Night Is My Kingdom," a French picture, has Jean Gabin portraying the awful plight of a railroad engineer who has been blinded while rescuing a fellow-worker from escaping steam. The film proceeds to detail the rehabilitation of the victim and explain various psychological methods an institute for the blind employs in bringing him around to living with his affliction. The documentary style used here is thoughtful and convincing, but it doesn't make for very exciting drama. —JOHN McCARTEN

PARIS MEMO

BUMPED into a tourist (from Salt Lake City) last night at a chi-chi little bar off the Champs Elysées. He turned out to be not only a gentleman, but a scholar.

"Paris sure is a nice city," I said as an opener. But he shook his head.

"Not what it used to be. I miss the old Paris, the Paris of Carpentier and Gaby DeLys. You call this Paris? Nothing's the same—except, of course, the Dubonnet. Ah (taking a sip) . . . that will never change!"

(We pause a moment to tell you why Dubonnet will never change. Parisians know it as the ideal drink at lunchtime . . . cocktail time . . . in fact, any time. Originally created to be a mild aperitif, Dubonnet now is as omni-horal to Frenchmen as tea is to Britons.)

". . . no sir, it's not like the Paris of old." It was after midnight and this Salt Lake City fellow was still drinking Dubonnet like he had a financial interest in it, so I talked him into going to Maxim's for Crepes Suzette.

Oh, yes . . . and another Dubonnet.

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THE RACE TRACK

Sizzling Steak

EVERY now and then, but not very often, a horse comes galloping along who hasn't been getting the attention he deserves. I'm thinking of Porterhouse, who won the Futurity at Belmont Park last Saturday. Although he has finished first in the last six of his seven starts, for some reason or other he has never caught the fancy of the crowd. Perhaps it was because on several occasions he was running against widely admired good things, or because the only time he was the favorite in a race he was disqualified. That was in the Saratoga Special, as you probably remember, and horseplayers, who are crotchety, superstitious folk, have been known to build up prejudices on less solid ground than that. It's more likely, however, that what bemused the aficionados was his conformation. To give him all the best of it, he's just a big, rough country horse, as they say down in Virginia, where he comes from.

Be that as it may, Porterhouse can really run. He won the Futurity easily. I watched the race from the roof of the stand, and as I saw it, he got away well, kept clear of the early scrambles for good positions, and quickly settled into a long, powerful stride. He caught Evening Out a quarter of a mile from home, and won by three lengths or so from Artismo. Best Years was third. The time—1:16 for the six and a half furlongs—wasn't much. Native Dancer did it in 1:14⅖ to win the race last year. But then Porterhouse is no Native Dancer. The runners on the whole, though, seemed to me to be the most promising collection that has turned up in years for a Futurity.

On the off chance that you haven't heard, I'll report that Porterhouse was bred by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Person at her Llangollen Farm, near Upperville, Virginia; that his sire is Endeavour II, a topnotch racer from the Argentine; and that his dam is Red Stamp. This, of course, accounts for his name. He is a brown colt, and I'd say he is nearly sixteen hands high. Anyway, his legs are so long that his stride must be at least twenty-five per cent greater than the average two-year-old's—an obvious advantage, especially on a straight course like the one the Futurity is run over. By the way, this is the second time Mrs. Person has won the Futurity; the first was with Singing Wood, twenty years ago. Last week's Futurity was the richest since 1931, the winner's share totalling $92,875. In addition, there was a breeder's premium of $3,000, and, to top off everything, the Futurity medal, a big gold piece that in my book is the most attractive trophy in racing. Quite a day for Llangollen.

LET'S move over to the amen corner for a few post-mortems. It seemed a shame to play such a trick on Evening Out as starting her against colts, and very good colts at that. Although she made a gallant try, anyone could tell after she'd gone half a mile that she wasn't going to be in the money. It will be interesting now to see how she runs the next time out. I always look for a horse in the Futurity that I believe will be worth remembering for next season, and this time I found several horses, but if I were limited to picking only one, my choice would be Artismo. I expect that sounds silly, but my feeling is that his race last weekend was simply one of those inexplicable lapses from form. I can't imagine what happened to him—and I venture to say his stable can't, either—but he didn't seem to get down to running smoothly until the last furlong, and then it was too late. Fisherman, I am told by a trusted outside man of mine, came out of the race with several nasty-looking bruises on his legs, which may have accounted for his disappointing showing. I've a notion, too, that he didn't like the straight course. Some horses, as well as some spectators, don't.

While we're on the subject, there seemed to be more bumping and banging about in the Futurity than there usually is, and I thought Palm Tree, Best Years, and Athenian got more than their share of it. Hasty Road, who came from Chicago with a string of dazzling successes at Arlington and Washington Park, and was made the favorite for this race on the strength of them, let his backers down pretty badly. He wasn't bumped, and he finished tenth. He's a huge colt—bigger, in fact, than a lot of three-year-old sprinters—and you could well believe the tall tales about his tremendous speed. I must say, though, that he didn't look as good last Saturday as he did earlier in the week. Maybe he was homesick. Colonel Martingale reports that after the Futurity he watched a man who was leaning over the rails tearing up mutuel tickets one by one and muttering, "Yes, sir, them Eastern horses always beat them Western horses."

THOUGH I'm not conspicuously gifted with second sight, I could have told anybody who cared to listen that running a mile and five furlongs in the Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont would be a very different matter from running a mile and a furlong in the Edgemere Handicap at Aqueduct, as Level Lea found out the other afternoon. He won the Edgemere a couple of weeks ago, but the best he could do in the Lawrence was finish third to Platan and Dictar. Platan, one of the lightweights in the race, paid 10–1. Another surprise of the week popped up in the Manhattan Handicap, on Saturday. Jampol led throughout the twelve furlongs to win by a neck from Alerted, and Royal Vale, the favorite, was third. It's too bad, but Royal Vale just isn't as good as he was in the spring, when he ran with Tom Fool in the Metropolitan and the Suburban. The best finish of the week—and perhaps of the meeting—was the dead heat of Canadiana and Sunshine Nell in the War Date Handicap. There's nothing closer than that.

WELL, Belmont Park will shut down this weekend, I regret to say, but the windup should be fun. How many of the colts who ran in the Futurity will come out for the Champagne Stakes is anyone's guess, but we're sure to see some newcomers, among them Turn-to, and maybe we'll have to revise our figures a bit. —AUDAX MINOR

•

OUR BENEVOLENT TYRANNY

[Letter received by a member of the Young Men's & Young Women's Hebrew Association]

DEAR MR. F——:

Sometime ago I wrote you about your failure to use our athletic facilities. Upon checking our records, I find that you still do not take advantage of them.

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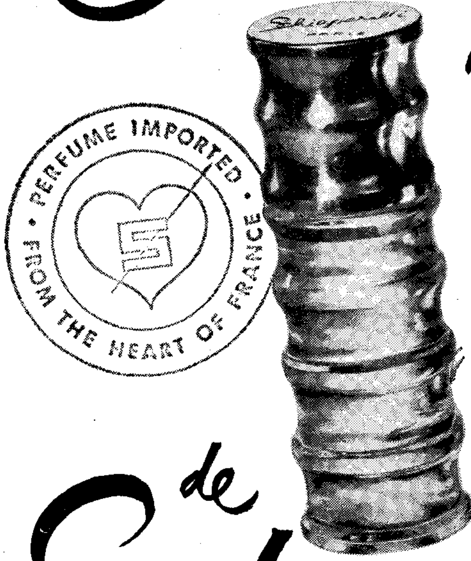
Yours very truly,
DAVID HERLING
Membership Director



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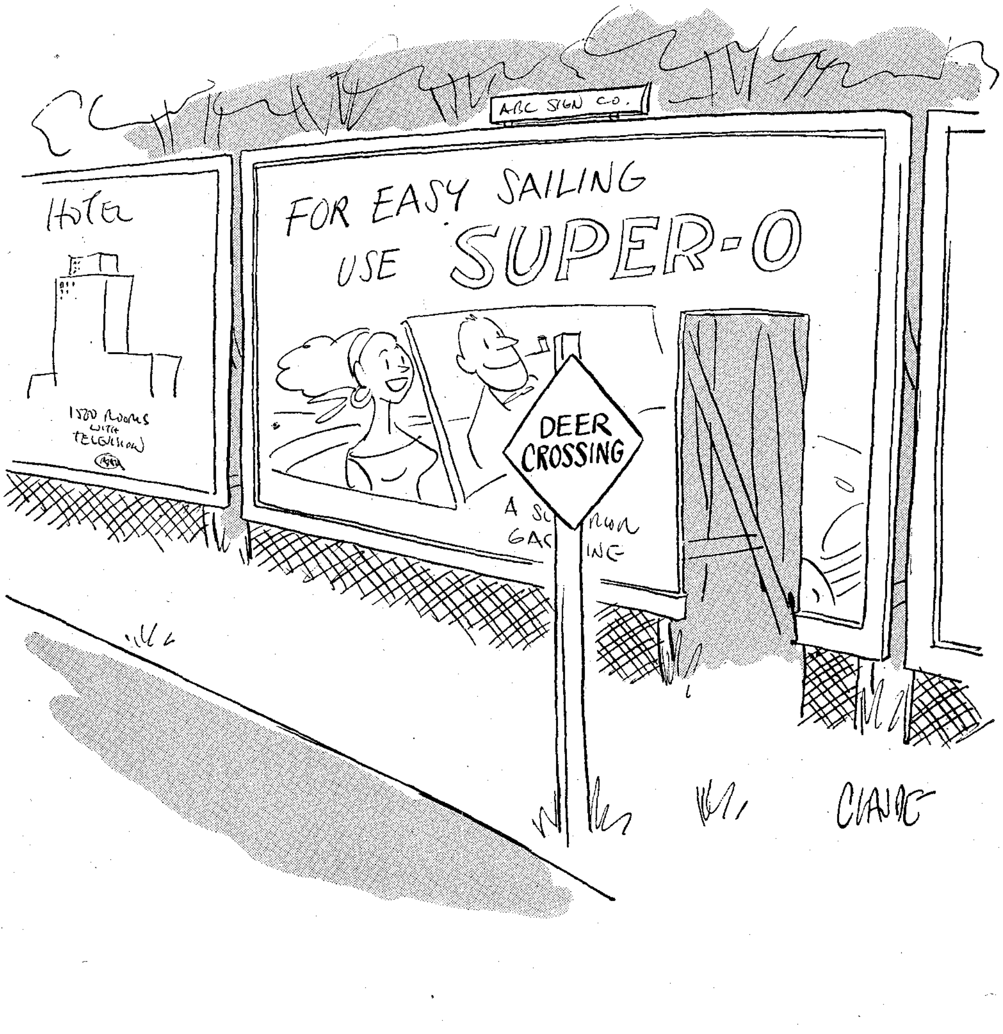
BOOKS

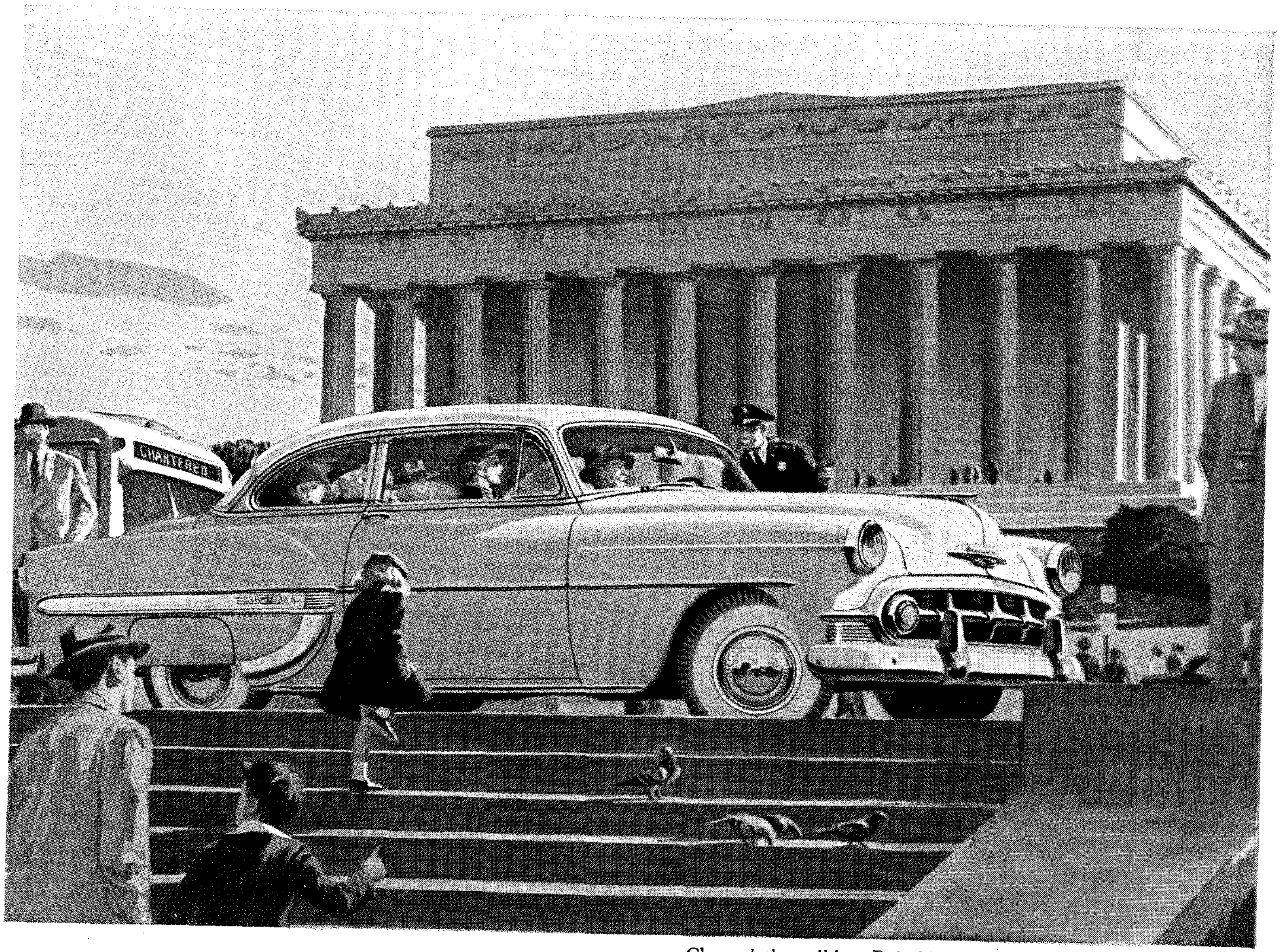
Dreamer and Healer

"SIGMUND FREUD was born at 6:30 P.M. on the sixth of May, 1856, at 117 Schlossergasse, Freiberg, in Moravia, and died on the twenty-third of September, 1939, at 20 Maresfield Gardens, London." Thus modestly, with the confidence that flourishes and excursions could only diminish the superb drama he is about to unfold, Ernest Jones begins the first chapter of the first stout volume of a projected three-volume biography of Freud. The biography as a whole is entitled "The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud," and the first volume is subtitled "1856-1900: The Formative Years and the Great Discoveries" (Basic Books). In a short preface, Dr. Jones, who has been practicing psychoanalysis in London for several decades, is the Permanent President of the International Psychoanalytical Association, and is probably best known outside the profession as the author of a rousing psychoanalytical exegesis of "Hamlet," tells us that his reasons for undertaking the present "dauntingly stupendous" task were "the considerations pressed on me that I was the only survivor of a small circle of co-workers (the 'Committee') in constant intimate contact with Freud, [and] that I had been a close friend for forty years and also during that period had played a central part in what has been called 'the psychoanalytical movement.' My having passed through the identical disciplines as Freud on the way to psychoanalysis—philosophy, neurology, disorders of speech, psychopathology, in that order—has helped me to follow the work of his pre-analytical period and its transition into the analytical one. Perhaps the fact of my being the only foreigner in that circle gave me an opportunity for some degree of greater objectivity than the others; immeasurably great as was my respect and admiration for both the personality and achievements of Freud, my own hero-worshipping propensities had been worked through before I encountered him."

At the age of twenty-eight, in a lighthearted letter to his fiancée, Freud mentioned the plight of his future biographers, whom he assumed to be "yet unborn." (In this particular, he was outwitted by the then infant Jones.) Freud wrote that he had "destroyed all my diaries of the past fourteen years, with letters, scientific notes and the manuscripts of my publications. Only family letters were spared. . . . Let the biographers chafe; we won't make it too easy for them. Let each one of them believe he is right in his 'Conception of the Development of the Hero': even now I enjoy the thought of how they will all go astray." Joking this letter may have been, but it is, after all, thanks chiefly to the writer of it that we have learned to listen for the ticking of bombs in the most harmless-looking verbal parcels. For a young man to picture subsequent generations fussing over his place in history is common enough; it is also an excellent way for him to congratulate his beloved on her choice of a mate. In Freud's case, however, we suspect the boast of being less a daydream or a device of courtship than a prophecy. For Freud was early aware of his intellectual gifts—his doubts, numerous and vexing as they were, were limited to his emotions—and few young men can ever have felt a greater longing for fame and fortune or can have fought harder, in skirmishes in school, hospital, and laboratory, to attain them. By the time he was twenty-eight, indeed, he had twice narrowly missed fame, if not fortune. On one occasion, he just failed to detect the nature of neurons, the basis of our present science of neurology; on another, he omitted to test the usefulness of cocaine as a local anesthetic in surgery. Instead, he proposed to some colleagues who were active in surgery, as he was not, that they test it. One of them did so and gained credit for the discovery.

Freud's destruction of his papers appears not to have chafed Dr. Jones, and we end this long and lively book with a feeling that, far from having gone astray, he has chosen the only possible conception of the development of his hero. Moreover, by an adroit use of the psychoanalytical deductive apparatus devised by the subject himself, Dr. Jones has managed to illuminate some obscure corners of Freud's first years with a thoroughness that would have astonished, and might well have dismayed,





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the reticent and august Freud of later years. Having outgrown hero worship, Dr. Jones is free to hail the authentic greatness of the finished man; he is equally free to point out where, on the chancy path leading up to greatness, the youth stumbled, lost heart, and turned aside. This unformed youth is, of course, all the more interesting to us because he is so unfamiliar. When we speak of Freud, what comes to mind is the beautiful head, white-bearded, with grave, deep-set eyes, of the photographs of him taken in old age. Brooding, disciplined, seeming to hold back something terrible and yet necessary to itself, the face is that of a man to whom nearly everything has happened. The frontispiece of the present volume is a photograph of Freud at the age of thirty-five, and despite an unquestionable brilliance of bearing and expression it is the face of a man to whom almost nothing has happened. The photograph shocks and perplexes us, and we are grateful to Dr. Jones for giving at length the cluster of circumstances out of which that curiously blank brilliance sprang. The circumstances were, we are shown, those of lower-middle-class life in nineteenth-century Vienna, where a colony of Jews had come to rest, though for no telling how long, in perilous ostracism among increasingly ardent anti-Semites. (Freud, who had no religious beliefs, felt intensely Jewish and had few friends who were not Jews.) Here is Freud's father, Jakob, a wool merchant, gentle and ineffectual, who, having fallen on hard times, has brought his burgeoning family from the never-quite-able-to-make-ends-meet of Freiberg to the nearly-always-able-to-make-ends-meet of Vienna. Here is Freud's mother, that sharp-witted, indulgent woman, who lived to be ninety-five and to whom Freud in his middle seventies, celebrated throughout the world, was still "*mein goldener Sigi*." And here is the household, awash with children—Sigmund was the eldest of eight—and lovingly assaulted from day to day by fresh waves of grandparents, uncles, aunts, granduncles, grandaunts, nieces, nephews, and cousins, and in the midst of tumult the tranquil Sigmund, pegging away at his studies in the narrow "cabinet" that served him as a bedroom. Oh, he is a prodigy, that one, his nose never out of a book! And what hopes the family has for him! One of his sisters must give up playing the piano; the sound of her practicing bothers Sigi.

Quietly, thoroughly, with the grace and good humor of one who knows precisely where he means to go and has ample time to spend getting there, Dr. Jones leads us along Freud's crowded *curriculum vitae*. Nothing is too small or too large for comment. We learn that the great man wet his bed when he was two; read Shakespeare when he was eight; mastered Latin, Greek, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew; was called up for a year's military service in 1879, and spent his twenty-fourth birthday under arrest for being absent without leave; fell in love with Martha Bernays, became engaged, and during the engagement quarrelled incessantly and unfairly with her family; grew to detest Vienna; loved England; thought of moving to the United States; attended Charcot's renowned clinic, in Paris; developed an interest in hysteria and in its cure through hypnosis; and then—first of his major discoveries—hit on free association as a method of therapy in psychopathology. From that point on, as Josef Breuer, one of his old mentors and collaborators, noted, Freud's intellect soared like a hawk. And what it soared into and hovered over was the then wholly unmapped world of the unconscious, whose very existence was doubted by most of the leading doctors of the day. It found there (often slowly, often with reluctance) astounding things. Among them were the sexual etiology of neuroses, the nature of repression and transference, the function of dreams, infantile sexuality, the Oedipus complex—things that have become, to us, half a century later, colossal commonplaces, as indispensable to art, scholarship, and law as they are to medicine. In 1897, his father just dead, Freud undertook his own self-psychoanalysis—the first in history. At the same time, he began that literary and scientific masterpiece, "The Interpretation of Dreams," which, when it was finished, revealed itself to him "as a piece of my self-analysis, as my reaction to my father's death; that is, to the most important event, the most poignant loss, in a man's life." The first volume of Dr. Jones' more than labor of love closes shortly after the publication of "The Interpretation of Dreams" (six hundred copies were printed, and it took eight years to sell them). We leave Freud with his future uncertain. He is suffering from what Dr. Jones describes as "a very considerable psychoneurosis." His theories are nearly everywhere angrily condemned. He has few patients and, with a wife and six children, heavy expenses. He is past forty, and despite his immense gifts, despite all those weeks and months and years of effort, he has

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MAUD MARTHA, by Gwendolyn Brooks (Harper). Miss Brooks is a young Negro poet who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1949. This book, her first try at fiction, is really not a novel but a series of sketches, each based on a significant moment or incident in the life of Maud Martha, a spunky, sophisticated Negro girl growing up in Chicago. It is through Maud Martha's eyes that we see her family and friends—among the latter a university student trying to act at ease with his new white companions, the Negro proprietress of a beauty shop blandly accepting the word "nigger" from a fatheaded saleswoman, and a little boy quietly taking care of himself while his mother is out at work all day. The author's impressionistic style—a hopeful piling up of small details to achieve a single effect—is adequate for dealing with a kind of conventional sensitivity, but while it seldom gets in the way, it is not quite sharp or firm enough to do justice to her remarkable gift for mimicry and her ability to turn unhappiness and anger into a joke.

THE MIDNIGHT DIARY, by Michael Burn (Lippincott). A novel about some citizens of postwar Budapest. Most of it is written in the form of a rather implausible diary kept by an Austrian woman who goes there on a visit after she is released from a Nazi concentration camp and, partly out of weariness and inertia (and partly because the author just seems to need her around), stays on while the Communists move into power. Mr. Burn, a correspondent for the London *Times*, has worked in Hungary. One of his aims in writing the book, according to a note on its jacket, is to show the effect of slowly increasing fear on an "ordinary person." Even though some of his scenes are credible and moving, his heroine is so inhumanly (and, on occasion, unbearably) wise, tolerant, detached, and brave that she is not much use for demonstration purposes.

IN LOVE, by Alfred Hayes (Harper). A two-hundred-and-thirteen-page hard-luck story, in which a middle-

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aged man tells of a bleak affair he has had with a woman in her early twenties who left him to marry someone much richer than he. Mr. Hayes' style is mannered and irritating. He is the author of "The Girl on the Via Flaminia."

GENERAL

THE GREAT PEACE, by Raja Hutheesing (Harper). Two years ago, the author—an Indian politician turned journalist—was invited to visit China on behalf of the India-China Friendship Association. Disillusioned with his own government and anxious to see "the achievements of the Chinese people," he accepted eagerly, and spent six weeks there. Last year, he returned with a cultural delegation headed by Mme. Pandit. His survey makes grim reading. The celebrated land reform has nearly ruined the Chinese agricultural economy, he says, and industry is at a standstill; the people are apathetic about their "New Democracy" and terrified of its leaders; and Mao Tse-tung, who has adopted the honorific Saving Star, is permitting the deification, or Stalinization, of himself and has become aloof and oracular. In Peiping, the author was shown the famous "germ-bomb" exhibits, and annoyed his hosts by not being sufficiently impressed. Mr. Hutheesing is a careful writer, who particularizes and avoids sweeping judgments, and in the end he comes to the conclusion that the Great Peace is a fraud, that China is a new slave state, and that her rulers are embarked on a dangerous imperialism.

JOURNEY BY JUNK, by Willard Price (John Day). This book starts out as the jaunty and carelessly written log of a trip the author and his wife recently took through the Inland Sea of Japan in a chartered junk, and winds up as a disturbing report on Japan since the American occupation. The author, who lived there for several years before the war, had read General MacArthur's statement that Japan had undergone a "spiritual revolution," embraced democracy, and forever forsworn war, and he wanted to see all this with his own eyes. From his account, it appears that the General exaggerated. Mr. Price says the Japanese war machine and the outlawed big-business cliques—the *zaibatsu*—are beginning to roll again, emperor worship is as strong as ever, and most of the reforms imposed by the Allied military

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authorities are being quietly shelved by the Japanese. As for the Inland Sea voyage itself, it was full of hair-raising incidents. The Prices were once captured by pirates, and on another occasion their junk, captained by a Japanese fisherman named Wide-Margin-of-Safety (a staggering misnomer), was nearly lost in a hurricane. All this is recounted with such verve that the sobering estimate of the occupation seems to belong in a separate book. Photographs.

Benjamin Franklin, by I. Bernard Cohen (Bobbs-Merrill). The third volume of the new series called Makers of the American Tradition. It is not a biography but a study of Franklin as a thinker and as an arbiter of what the author calls "the style of being an American." Most of it is in Franklin's own words, and in them we see some of his sides that are seldom mentioned—the moralizer who couldn't always keep a straight face, the ingenious artist of the hoax, and the man with a weakness for off-color stories, puns, and drinking songs. Of course, the book also presents the well-known Franklin of the mutual-aid societies, as well as the advocate of self-improvement and self-help, the empiricist, the gadgeteer, and the true believer in the individual. An excellent portrait of a deathless personality.

The Way of a Ship, by Alan Villiers (Scribner). When Mr. Villiers says "ship," he means the square-rigger—the Cape Horner. Nothing else that sails quite merits the name, as far as he is concerned. This book is a history and obituary of the square-rigged ship, written out of a lifetime's devotion by a man who has both sailed before the mast on Cape Horners and commanded them. He tells how they were developed, how they were rigged and sailed, and what kind of men worked them; he also goes into the economics of sail, and the ethics and the poetry of it. To bring his book into focus, he centers it on some of the most famous ships (the clipper Cutty Sark is one, and the Preussen, "the greatest sailing-ship the world has ever seen," is another) and provides biographies of their masters. Illustrated with many fine photographs, and just about as complete and satisfactory a piece of work on the subject as could be desired.

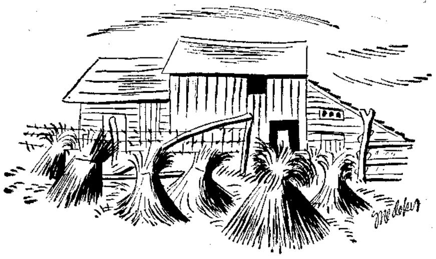
Monarchism in the Weimar Republic, by Walter H. Kaufmann (Bookman Associates). An analytical history of the German monarchist movement from 1918 to 1933. Perhaps no state has ever been so strenuously beset from within as the Weimar Republic. The conservatives were against it, the radicals hated it, and both labor and heavy industry fought it; the monarchists, who wanted to restore a Hohenzollern to the throne, joined forces with now one and now another of these hostile elements, so that at all times they constituted the most influential force opposing it. The monarchists' struggle for supremacy is a remarkable story of stupidity, chicanery, and political ineptitude. Ignoring the messianic aspects of Nazism, as well as its well-grounded popular appeal, they aided the National Socialists to attain power, feeling sure that once Hitler was in office, they would know how to deal with him. Dr. Kaufmann's determination to tell everything he knows may account for some of the dull stretches in his book, but he has certainly made it clear that one of the major, and most dangerous, paradoxes of our time is the appalling political naïveté of a nation that is in so many other ways among the most advanced in the world.

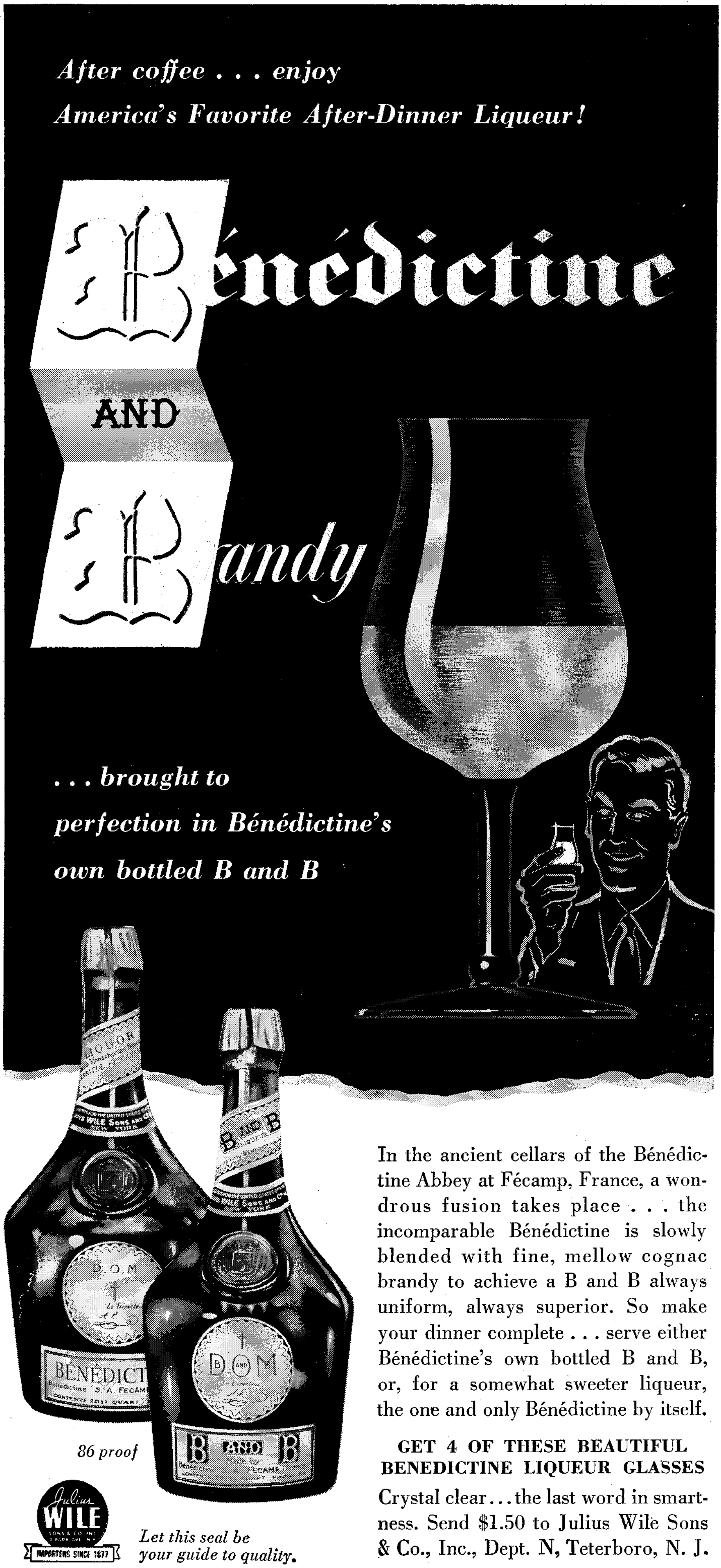
American Indians in the Pacific, by Thor Heyerdahl (Rand McNally). The aim of the voyage of the Kon-Tiki was to prove at least the navigational feasibility of Mr. Heyerdahl's anthropological theory that Polynesia was settled by westward voyagers from America rather than by eastward voyagers from Asia, and here, in a half-million-word book so big it needs only a centerboard and sail to be able to carry a crew across the Pacific, the arguments for his theory are marshalled. Mr. Heyerdahl draws his evidence from physical anthropology, linguistics, material culture, archeology, ethnobotany, social organization, and myth (which he rather trustfully tends to read as history), as well as from his experiences on the Kon-Tiki. The illustrations, maps, and bibliography are similarly prodigious. It all adds up to a fascinating but still unproved hypothesis and a monumental labor of love and obsession.

Conversation with the Earth, by Hans Cloos, translated by E. B. Garside (Knopf). An abridgment of the personal papers of a celebrated peripatetic German geologist of poetical bent who died in 1951 at the age of sixty-five. Dr. Cloos was a pioneer in unveiling the structural secrets of the venerable Erongo Mountains in southwest Africa, he was an early scientific visitor to the uplands of Java and Borneo, and he also tapped his way through all of Germany, most of Scandinavia, and much of the American West. In this book, completed shortly before his death, he retraces his many steps, recalling with equal enthusiasm his triumphs, his speculations, and the minutiae of bed and board and wilderness trails. That he has much of interest to tell us about the endlessly altering face of the earth would be hard to deny. Unfortunately, however, these riches are buried in a prose so granitic and so littered with gravelly aphorisms (geology is "the music of the earth") that their excavation is hardly worth the trouble. Photographs, drawings, and maps.

The Living Brain, by W. Grey Walter (Norton). A subduing tour, arranged for the general visitor, through the hall of mirrors erected by modern neurophysiology to enable the human brain to contemplate itself in action. The awesome instrument of revelation is the electroencephalograph. Although it was conceived less than a generation ago and is still far from fully developed, it has already, by rendering visible the incandescent rhythms with which the brain responds to stimuli, charted for the first time something of the mechanism of mentality. It has also opened the way to a thorough exploration of the physical basis of personality and behavior, the author, a physiologist at the Burden Neurological Institute, in Bristol, England, and a pioneer in electroencephalographic research, tells us, and he includes in his discussion some of the early reports from beyond that twilit frontier. An excellent and absorbing book, written with both clarity and wit. Photographs and charts.

Johnswood, by Charlie May Simon (Dutton). When the poet John Gould Fletcher died in 1950, his widow, the author of this book, wanted to cut herself off from painful memories, so she decided to sell

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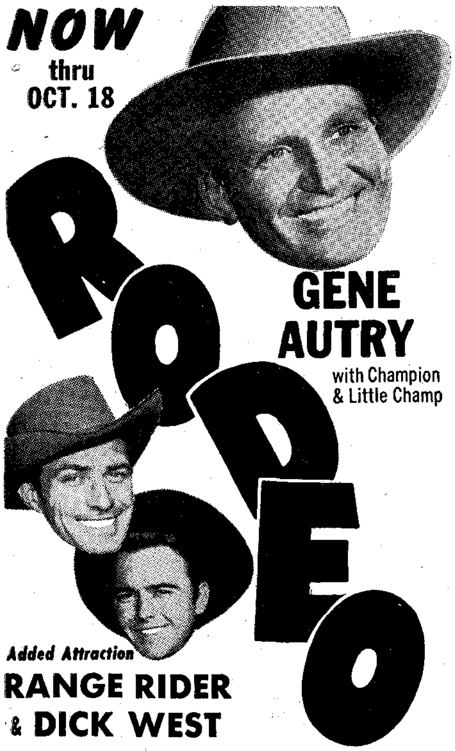

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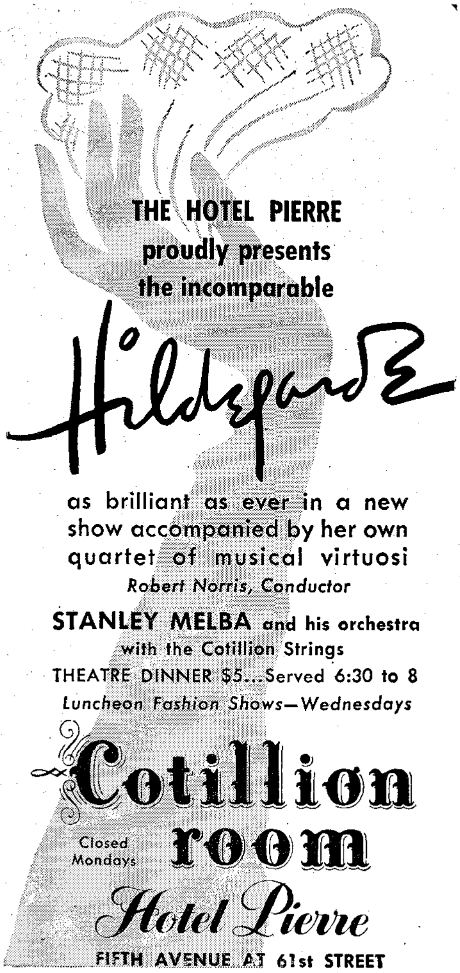

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Johnswood, the house they had built in the Arkansas woods. The book opens with her sitting in her husband's study while a prospective buyer stamps through the house, testing the floors. It then drifts into a simply and beautifully written memoir of her husband and their last years together, and ends with her decision to keep the house, where she feels that her husband still lives in spirit. John Gould Fletcher was a hypersensitive and very lonely Southerner, who wanted no more of life than to enrich his own little corner of the world as best he could. He was racked by arthritis, had a temper that boiled over easily, and suffered all his life from a recurrent melancholy, which finally drove him to suicide. Living with him wasn't all sailing with the wind, and the author, who writes without sentimentality, does not disguise the fact, but her poignant chronicle makes one realize what a profound relationship a marriage can be.

TUSITALA OF THE SOUTH SEAS, by Joseph W. Ellison (Hastings House). This highly readable narrative stresses the intimate aspects of Robert Louis Stevenson's life rather than his literary achievement. His day-to-day doings from the moment he embarked on the seventy-four-ton yacht Casco at San Francisco, through his journey to the Marquesas, his stay at Honolulu, his further journey on the schooner Equator, and his final settling at Samoa are all pictured vividly but without fictional embroidery. His wife, Fanny, his doughty Scotch mother, and his stepson Lloyd Osbourne, with whom he sometimes collaborated, accompanied him, and they all got along together marvellously. Stevenson's espousal of the cause of the Samoans against the rapacious whites, especially the dictatorial Germans, whose knuckles were eventually rapped by Bismarck himself, is described here in considerable detail, calling attention to an episode in history that is perhaps too little known.

ADAM IN OCHRE, by Colin Simpson (Praeger). An episodic portrait of the surviving Stone Age inhabitants of Arnhem Land, the remote and still largely unexplored tropical tip of Australia's Northern Territory, based on the observations of a 1948 scientific safari sponsored by the Commonwealth of Australia, the National Geographic Society, and the Smithsonian Institution. The author, a Sydney journalist who spent several

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF The New Yorker published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 131 East 66th Street, New York 21, N. Y. Editor, William Shawn, 1150 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y. Managing Editor, G. S. Lobrano, Chappaqua, N. Y. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, New Jersey. Business Manager, None. 2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Gardner Botsford, 240 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Stephen B. Botsford, 243 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Raymond B. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Peter F. Fleischmann, 1050 Park Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.; Raoul H. Fleischmann, 131 East 66th Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Leila Gibbon and Peter F. Fleischmann, Trustees, 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Jane Grant, c/o The Fiduciary Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Geoffrey T. Hellman, 228 East 61st Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Kingsley & Co., Box 491, Church Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., 42 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Vivian M. Samuels, 433 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.; E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, N. J.; R. Hawley Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Katharine S. White, North Brooklin, Me. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above was 267,449. E. R. Spaulding, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1953. (Seal). William G. Gebert. (Commission expires March 30, 1955.)

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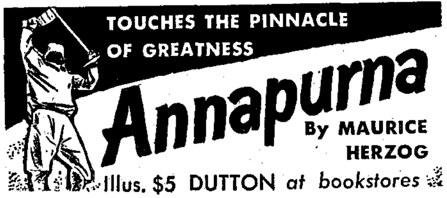

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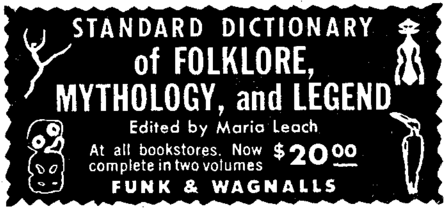

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months in the field with the expedition, pictures for us, with sympathy and a fine eye for revelatory detail, such aspects of aboriginal life as buffalo hunts, fishing trips, and tribal initiation ceremonies. He also goes into the totems, taboos, and myths of creation and procreation that shape the structure of bush society, and there is an especially rewarding chapter on native art. A handsome book, handsomely illustrated with photographs, many in color, and numerous reproductions of primitive paintings and drawings.

MICHELANGELO, by Ludwig Goldscheider (Phaidon). In spite of the vast amount of printed material on its subject, this book is the first ever to contain reproductions of absolutely all of Michelangelo's work in painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the compilation makes for a much fuller understanding of the artist's astonishing genius. Apart from a brief introductory essay and a *catalogue raisonné* by Mr. Goldscheider, the book is practically all pictures—three hundred or more of them, many in color. Detail studies, particularly of such famous pieces as the "David," the Tomb of Pope Julius II, and the "Madonna of Bruges," are abundant; the sculpture subjects are consistently well lighted to bring out the modelling; and both the photography and the reproduction are of unusually high quality.

CÉZANNE: A STUDY OF HIS DEVELOPMENT, by Roger Fry (Macmillan). This book, originally published in 1927 and now reissued, is a curious reminder of the extraordinary rapidity of Cézanne's climb to fame. Even in 1927 the French master's work was still not very widely known or appreciated, and it's frequently evident that Mr. Fry, an early champion of the modernist movement, felt almost as much obliged to justify Cézanne's revolutionary techniques as he did to analyze them. Despite this tendency, however, his remarks have lost surprisingly little of their cogency, and except for the earlier sections, in which he is a shade too apologetic about Cézanne's "crudeness," his analysis, if at times a bit pedantic, is both thoroughgoing and illuminating. The fifty-odd reproductions, in halftone, are competent, though not exceptional.

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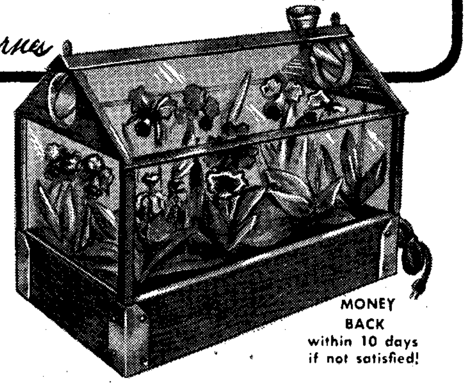

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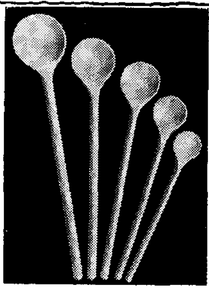

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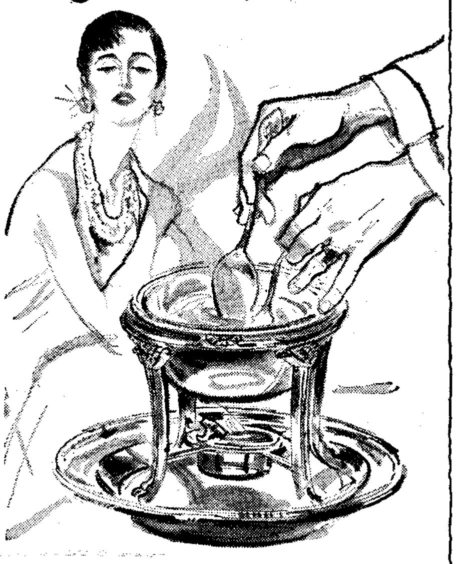

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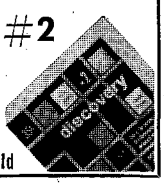

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born in the Orkneys in 1887, has remained undisturbed by the poetic upheavals of his time. Applying himself with a rare sincerity to an exploration of his own nature and of his era, he has kept to a deceptively simple and rather colorless lyric style. But his curiosity about things of the spirit has grown in depth and range with the years, and he has been able to keep free from the snares of allegory and abstraction, as well as from the monotony that tends to afflict the purely meditative poetry of any period.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF DYLAN THOMAS (New Directions). This volume traces the development of Thomas from his early phase as a roaring boy, exhilarated with Welsh rhetoric and international Surrealism, into his present status as a master of effects and a poet whose continuing exuberance does not entirely dissemble a reverence for existence. It contains a new poem ("Author's Prologue"), a characteristic prose note, and a portrait.

A READER'S GUIDE TO T. S. ELIOT: A POEM-BY-POEM ANALYSIS, by George Williamson (Noonday). Professor Williamson avoids the niggling approach of many Eliot exegesists by dealing at the outset with the poet's large purposes and principal methods. An elucidation of specific detail follows quite naturally, and the entire analysis has order, depth, and scale. An invaluable vade mecum for the general reader and student.

•

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA DEPT.
(INFORMALITY DIVISION)

[*From the Villager*]

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who returned Tuesday of last week from a visit to the Far East, was the guest of honor last Sunday evening, August 9, at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Francois Laurence at their country home, the Good Earth Farm, at Claverack, N. Y.

The evening was spent informally, and was broadcast over the local radio station, WHCD.

•

OKLAHOMA DOESN'T FIT IN
AS LOCATION FOR 'OKLA.'

Magna-Todd-AO productionites, scouting Oklahoma locations for their forthcoming filming of Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!" have decided against using the backgrounds of that state for the hit musical.

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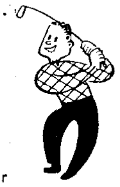

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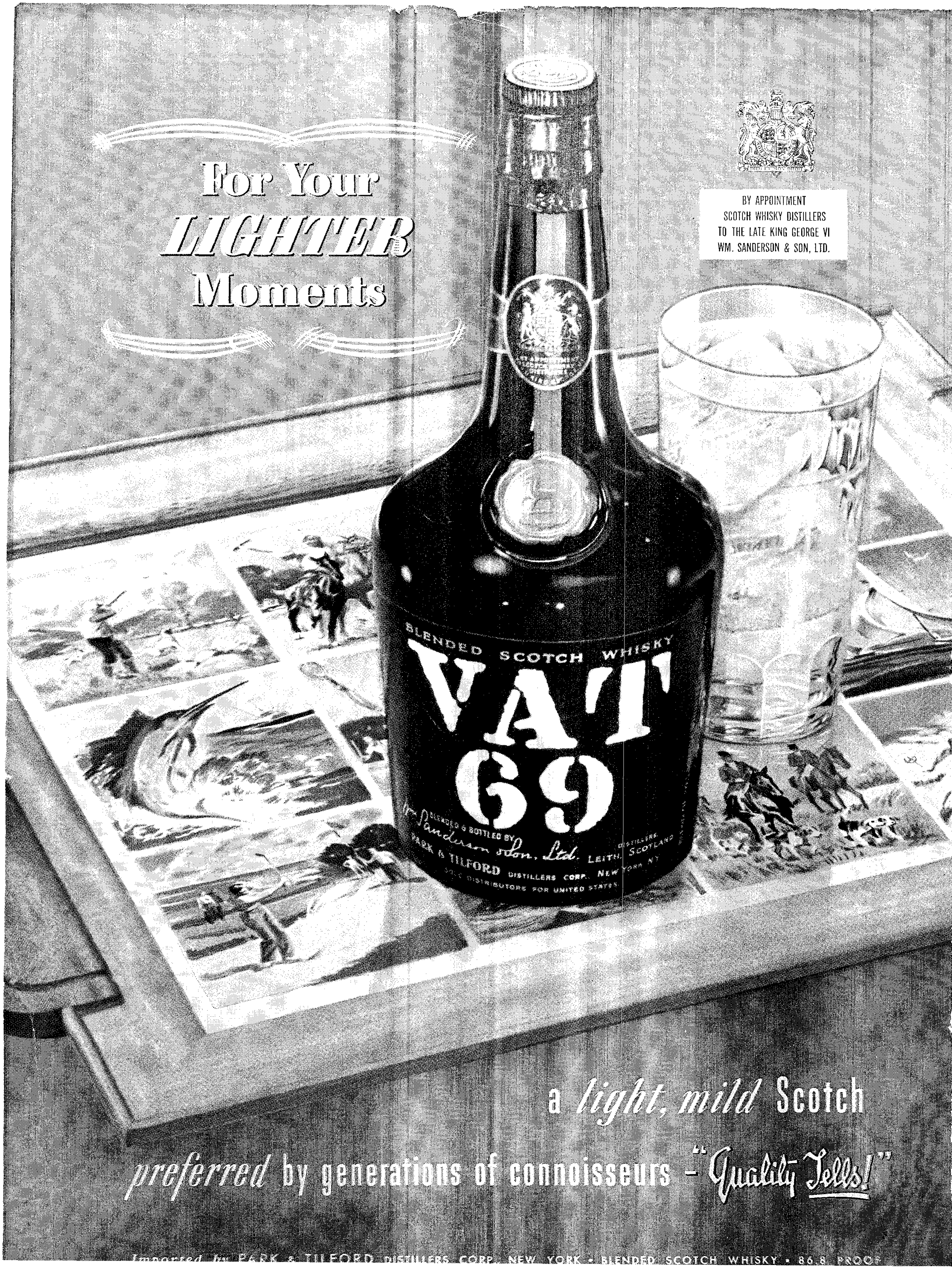
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